

The book cover features a central title area flanked by two tall, fluted columns. The left column is inscribed with the virtues: PATIENCE, KINDNESS, CHARITY, and BRAVERY. The right column is inscribed with: WISDOM, AMBITION, CLEANLINESS, and HONESTY. The columns are entwined with grapevines and clusters of grapes. In the background, a temple with a pediment and columns is visible, with a path leading towards it. The overall style is a dark, monochromatic illustration with a textured, halftone-like background.

THE FOURTH GOLDEN RULE BOOK

THE
GOLDEN
RULE
BOOKS





The Golden Rule Books

A SERIES EMBODYING
A GRADED SYSTEM OF
MORAL INSTRUCTION

**THE FOURTH
GOLDEN RULE BOOK**

5

THE JOURNAL
OF THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

THE FOURTH GOLDEN RULE BOOK



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P R E F A C E

WE are permitted by the kindness of the publishing houses named below to use the following selections : " A Hero of the Fishing Fleet " and " The Loss of the ' Ocean's Pride,' " from *The Harvest of the Sea*, by Wilfred T. Grenfell (Fleming H. Revell Company) ; " The Apostle of the Lepers " and " Palissy the Potter," from *The Red Book of Heroes*, by Mrs. Lang (Longmans, Green & Company) ; " Geirald," from *The Brown Fairy Book*, by Andrew Lang (Longmans, Green & Company) ; " Anselmo," by Jean Ingelow (Longmans, Green & Company) ; " Father Mathew " and " General Havelock," from *The True Citizen* (American Book Company) ; " A Great Repentance and a Great Forgiveness," from *Chinese Fables and Folk Stories*, by Mary Hayes Davis and Chow-Leung (American Book Company) ; " Justice, Mercy, Charity," from *Lilliput Lectures*, by William Brighty Rands (James Bowden) ; " The True Knight," by P. S. Worsley (William Blackwood & Sons) ; " A Song " from *Afterwhiles*, by James Whitcomb Riley (The Bobbs-Merrill Company) ; " Henry Hudson," from *Great Explorers* (Thomas Nelson & Sons) ; " Who Owns the Mountains ? " by Henry Van Dyke (Charles Scribner's Sons) ; " The Goblin and the Huckster," from *Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales* (Ginn and Company) ; " Laura Secord," from *Poems*, by Charles Edwin Jakeway (William Briggs) ; " The House by the Side of the Road," from *Dreams in Homespun*, by Sam Walter Foss (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company) ; " Franz Abt," by Eugene Field (Charles Scribner's Sons) ; " Columbus," from *The*

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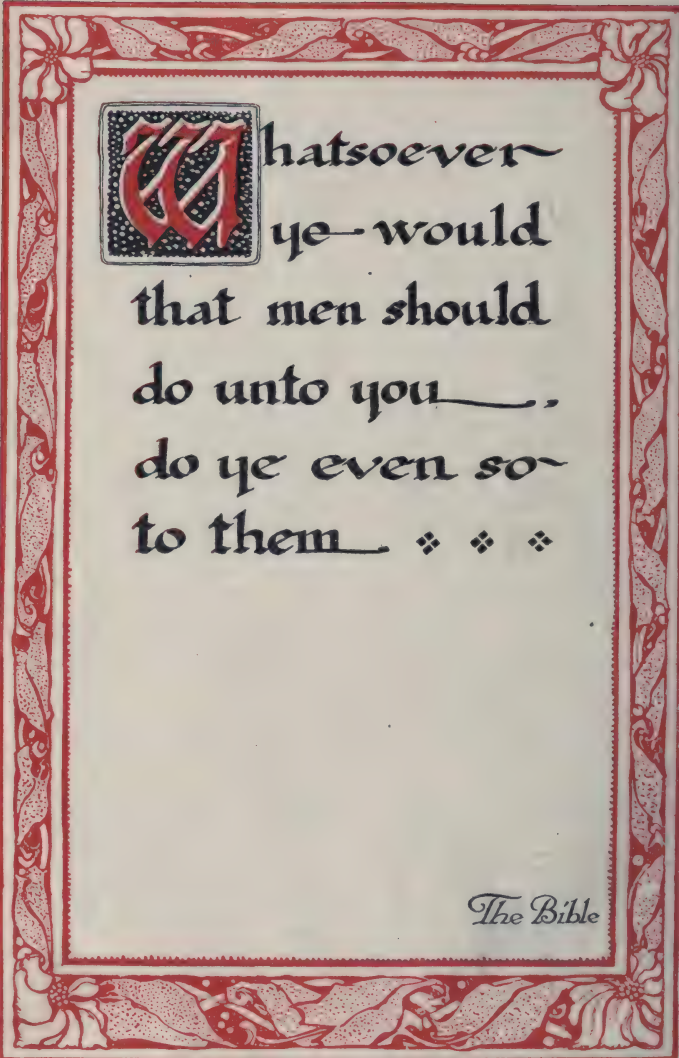
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Whatsoever
ye would
that men should
do unto you—
do ye even so—
to them ❖ ❖ ❖

The Bible

THE FOURTH GOLDEN RULE BOOK

THE TRUE KNIGHT

Who once hath chosen the ranks of right,
With clenched resolve by his choice to stand,
Saves a people oft in their own despite,
And loveth wisely his native land.

He bears a praying heart in the strife,
Sworn knight and true of the Christian cross,
Against all evil wars to the knife,
And is firm of faith, though he suffer loss.

Better tenfold take any defeat,
Than rise to success by a doubtful deed,
Or craven-like, after the risk and heat,
Gather safe laurels where others bleed.

He doth not count his coffers his own,
Nor teach his children to scrape and save,
No living worker dares to disown,
Nor brands on his brother the name of slave.

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He cannot conform to the worldling's part,
Never despairs of a righteous cause,
Stands up for God's poor with hand and heart,
And scorns to defend unequal laws.

Yet dares not to count a death sublime
For poets in distant years to sing,
But bravely, in God's own place and time,
Yields up his life without questioning.

—P. S. WORSLEY

By kind permission of Messrs. Wm. Blackwood.

NOT FOR MONEY

One day, early in the reign of Charles II, the shades of a stormy autumn afternoon closed over the North Sea. The howling wind and rising waves foretold a coming storm ; but the English fleet, under as much sail as the ships could safely carry, steered to seaward. The admiral of the fleet, Sir John Narborough, was not the man to fear danger or shun difficulties. Many years before he had been a cabin-boy, but by his cleverness, courage, and good conduct, he had raised himself to the highest rank in his profession. From the very bottom of the ladder he had climbed to the highest rung.

On that gloomy afternoon the admiral slowly paced the quarter-deck, and gazed eastwards. England was then at war with Holland, and, at any moment, the Dutch men-of-war might come in sight. All of a

sudden there was joy on board, as, far away, the tall masts of the enemy's ships appeared on the horizon. The English blood was up, and the sailors eagerly awaited the approach of the Dutch fleet. The enemy on his part was equally ready for action, and as soon as the opposing ships were within musket range they entered into a deadly combat.

During the fierce struggle that ensued the English flagship was surrounded by the enemy, several of her guns were disabled, her masts were shot away, and her decks strewn with dead and dying. Those on board could tell that on the whole the English were getting the best of the fight, but they feared that help would come too late to save them. The admiral wished to draw assistance from another quarter, but he could hold no communication beyond the circle of ships which inclosed him, as no signal would be visible on account of the blinding smoke.

Not knowing what else to do, Sir John Narborough wrote a note, and offered fifty guineas to the man who would deliver the message. The sailors knew that death was probably in store for him who attempted such a task but at once many offered to perform the daring feat, and among the number was the cabin-boy whose childish voice was heard above the rest. "Let me go, your honour," said he; "let me go;" and, as he spoke he stepped forward and saluted the admiral and pleaded so hard, that at last he was permitted to undertake the task. "Off with you," said Sir John; "and may God keep you safe."

The boy placed the message in his mouth; then there was a plunge, and he was gone. The billows raged, and the shot fell thick around the boy, while those

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on board strained their eyes to catch the first sign that he had passed the enemy's line and accomplished his mission. Soon the mighty English ships bore down upon the Dutch vessels, and the flag of England once more ruled the waves.

It was a proud moment for the youthful hero when he stood on deck surrounded by the crew, who had been called together to do him honour. The admiral advanced and handed him a purse of gold ; but, to the surprise of all, the lad indignantly refused the reward. " I did not do the job for money," said he ; " I did it for the sake of the flag ; and if you are satisfied, that is all I want." Sailors can bravely face death, and remain quite cool in the hour of danger, but even the presence of the Admiral of the Fleet was insufficient to maintain order, and a deafening cheer arose from the assembled crew. " God bless you, my boy," said Sir John ; and the sailors knew by the admiral's cheery tones and smiling face that their little breach of discipline had met with his approval.

The brave cabin-boy rose step by step to the highest rank in the navy, and thirty years after, when, as Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he returned to England in triumph, one of the first to welcome him was Sir John Narborough.

—SELECTED

Oh, the good, kind month of September !

It giveth the poor

The fruit of the moor ;

And young and old

In the sheaves of gold

Go gleaning in rich September !

THE LESSON OF THE FERN

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern leaf green and slender—
Veining delicate and fibres tender—
Waving, when the wind crept down so low ;
Rushes tall, and moss and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way ;
Earth was young, and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain ;
Nature revelled in grand mysteries,
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees ;
Only grew and waved its sweet wild way—
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth one time put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean ;
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood ;
Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
Covered it, and hid it safe away ;
O, the long, long centuries since that day !
O, the agony ! O, life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost !

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Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
Searching nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibres, clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

—MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

BEHIND TIME

A railway train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station, at which the cars usually passed each other. The conductor was late, so late that the period during which the down train was to wait had nearly elapsed; but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity; and all because a conductor had been "behind time."

A great battle was going on. Column after column had been hurled for eight mortal hours on the enemy posted along the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west; re-inforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight; it was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or everything

would be lost. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country and, if it came up in season, all would yet be well. The great conqueror, confident in its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and ordered them to charge the enemy. The whole world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena because one of his marshals was "behind time."

A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had enormous assets on the Pacific coast, it expected remittances by a certain day; and if the sums promised arrived, its credit, its honour, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week passed without bringing the gold. At last came the fatal day on which the firm had bills maturing to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at daybreak; but it was found that she brought no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents, but it was too late; they were ruined, because their agent had been "behind time."

It is continuously so in life. The best-laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the welfare of nations, honour, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time." Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should

be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality ; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being " behind time."

—FREEMAN HUNT.

THE PARROT

Now it came to pass that the Buddha was re-born in the shape of a parrot, and he greatly excelled all other parrots in his strength and beauty. And when he was full grown, his father, who had long been the leader of the flock in their flights to other climes, said to him : " My son, behold my strength is spent ! Do thou lead the flock, for I am no longer able." And the Buddha said : " Behold thou shalt rest. I will lead the birds." And the parrots rejoiced in the strength of their new leader, and willingly did they follow him. From that on, the Buddha undertook to feed his parents, and would not consent that they should do any more work. Each day he led his flock to the Himalaya Hills, and when he had eaten his fill of the clumps of rice that grew there, he filled his beak with food for the dear parents who were waiting his return.

Now there was a man appointed to watch the rice fields, and he did his best to drive the parrots away, but there seemed to be some secret power in the leader of this flock which the keeper could not overcome.

He noticed that the parrots ate their fill and then flew away, but the Parrot-King not only satisfied his hunger, but carried away rice in his beak.



THE BRAHMIN AND THE BUDDHA

Fearing that there would be no rice left, the man went to his master, the Brahmin, to tell him what had happened; and even as the master listened there came to him the thought that the Parrot-King was something higher than he seemed, and he loved him even before he saw him. But he said nothing of this, and only warned the keeper that he should set a snare and catch the dangerous bird. So the man did as he was bidden : he made a small cage and set the snare, and sat down in his hut, waiting for the birds to come. And soon he saw the Parrot-King amidst his flock, who, because he had no greed, sought no richer spot, but flew down to the same place in which he had fed the day before.

Now, no sooner had he touched the ground than he felt his feet caught in the noose. Then fear crept into his bird heart, but a stronger feeling was there to crush it down, for he thought : " If I cry out the Cry of the Captured, my kinsfolk will be terrified, and they will fly away foodless. But if I lie still, then their hunger will be satisfied, and they may safely come to my aid." Thus was the parrot both brave and prudent.

But alas ! he did not know that his kinsfolk had nought of his brave spirit. When *they* had eaten their fill, though they heard the thrice-uttered Cry of the Captured, they flew away, nor heeded the sad plight of their leader.

Then was the heart of the Parrot-King sore within him, and he said : " All these my kith and kin, and not one to look back on me ! Alas ! what sin have I committed ? "

The watchman now heard the cry of the Parrot-

King and the sound of the other parrots flying through the air. "What is that?" he cried, and, leaving his hut, he came to the place where he had laid the snare. There he found the captive parrot, and he tied his feet together and brought him to the Brahmin, his master. Now, when the Brahmin saw the Parrot-King, he felt his strong power, and his heart was full of love to him, but he hid his feelings and said in a voice of anger: "Is thy greed greater than that of all other birds? They eat their fill, but thou takest away each day more food than thou canst eat. Dost thou this out of hatred for me, or dost thou store up the food in some granary for selfish greed?"

And the Great Being made answer in a sweet human voice: "I hate thee not, O Brahmin. Nor do I store the rice in a granary for selfish greed. But this thing I do. Each day I pay a debt that is due, each day I grant a loan, and each day I store up a treasure."

But the Brahmin could not understand the words of the Buddha, because true wisdom had not entered his heart, and he said: "I pray thee, O Wondrous Bird, to make these words clear unto me."

And then the Parrot-King made answer: "I carry food to my ancient parents, who can no longer seek that food for themselves; thus I pay my daily debt. I carry food to my callow chicks, whose wings are yet ungrown. When I am old they will care for me—this my loan to them. And for other birds, weak and helpless of wing, who need the aid of the strong, for them I lay up a store; to these I give in charity."

Then was the Brahmin much moved, and showed the love that was in his heart. "Eat thy fill, O

Righteous Bird, and let thy kinsfolk eat too, for thy sake." And he wished to bestow a thousand acres of land upon him, but the Great Being would only take a tiny portion around which were set boundary stones.

And the Parrot-King returned with a head of rice, and said : " Arise, dear parents, that I may take you to a place of plenty." And he told them the story of his deliverance.

—Retold from THE JATAKA.

A RECKONING

Ye who would reckon with England—
 Ye who would sweep the seas
 Of the flag that Rodney nailed aloft
 And Nelson flung to the breeze—
 Count well your ships, and your men,
 Count well your horse and your guns,
 For they who reckon with England
 Must reckon with England's sons.

Ye who would challenge England—
 Ye who would break the might
 Of the little isle in the foggy sea
 And the lion-heart in the fight—
 Count well your horse and your swords
 Weigh well your valour and guns,
 For they who ride against England
 Must sabre her million sons.

Ye who would roll to warfare
Your hordes of peasants and slaves,
To crush the pride of an empire
And sink her fame in the waves—
Test well your blood and your metal,
Count well your troops and your guns,
For they who battle with England
Must war with a Mother's sons.

—THEODORE ROBERTS.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

King Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urban and of the Emperor Valemond, was a prince of great courage and renown but of a temper so proud and impatient that he did not choose to bend his knee to Heaven itself. One day, while he was present at Vespers, his attention was excited by some words in the "Magnificat." Being far too great and warlike a prince to know anything about Latin, he asked a chaplain near him the meaning; and being told that the words meant "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek," he said that men like himself were not so easily put down.

The chaplain made no reply; and his Majesty, partly from the heat of the weather, and partly to relieve himself from the rest of the service, fell asleep. After some time, he woke up in more than his usual state of impatience, and was preparing to vent it,

when to his astonishment he saw that the church was empty. Every soul was gone, except a deaf old woman who was turning up the cushions. He addressed her to no purpose. He spoke louder and louder, and was about to see, as well as rage and wonder would let him, whether he could walk out of the church without a dozen lords before him, when, catching sight of his face, the old woman uttered a cry of "Thieves!" and shuffling away, closed the door behind her.

King Robert looked at the door in silence, then round about him at the empty church, then at himself. His cloak of ermine was gone. The coronet was taken from his cap, the very jewels from his fingers. "Thieves, verily!" thought the king, turning white from shame and rage. "Here is open rebellion! Horses shall tear them all to pieces. What, ho, there! Open the door! Open the door for the king!"

"For the constable, you mean," said a voice through the keyhole. "You're a pretty fellow!"

The king said nothing.

"Thinking to escape, in the king's name," said the voice, "after hiding to plunder his closet. We've got you."

Still the king said nothing.

The sexton could not refrain from another gibe at his prisoner.

"I see you there," said he, "by the big lamp, grinning like a rat in a trap."

The only answer King Robert made was to dash his foot against the door, and burst it open. The sexton, who felt as if a house had given him a blow in

the face, fainted away ; and the king, as far as his sense of dignity allowed him, hurried to his palace, which was close by.

" Well," said the porter, " what do *you* want ? "

" Stand aside, fellow ! " roared the king, pushing back the door with his foot.

" Seize him ! " cried the porter.

" On your lives ! " cried the king. " Look at me, fellow ! Who am I ? "

" A madman and a fool. That's what you are ! " cried the porter. " Hold him fast ! "

In came the guards, with an officer at their head, who had just been dressing his curls at a looking-glass. He had the glass in his hand.

" Captain Francavilla," said the king, " is the world run mad ? or what is it ? Your revellers pretend not even to know me ! Go before me, sir, to my rooms ! " And as he spoke, the king shook off the men, as a lion does curs, and moved onwards.

Captain Francavilla put his finger gently before the king to stop him, and said in a very mincing tone, " A madman."

King Robert tore the looking-glass from the captain's hands, and looked himself in the face. *It was not his own face.*

" Here is witchcraft ! " exclaimed King Robert. " I am changed." And, for the first time in his life, a feeling of fear came upon him, but nothing so great as the rage and fury that remained.

" Bring him in—bring him in ! " now exclaimed other voices, the news having reached the royal apartments ; " the king wants to see him."

King Robert was brought in ; and there, amidst

roars of laughter, he found himself face to face with *another King Robert*, seated on his throne, and as like his former self as he himself was unlike, but with more dignity.

"Hideous impostor!" exclaimed Robert, rushing forward to tear him down.

The court, at the word "hideous," roared with greater laughter than before, for the king, in spite of his pride, was at all times a handsome man; and there was a strong feeling, at present, that he had never in his life looked so well.

Robert, when half-way to the throne, felt as if a palsy had smitten him. He stopped, and tried to vent his rage, but could not speak. The figure on the throne looked him steadily in the face. Robert thought it was a wizard, but hated far more than he feared it, for he was of great courage. It was an angel. But the angel was not going to make himself known yet, nor for a long time.

"Since thou art royal-mad," said the new sovereign, "and in truth a very king of fools, thou shalt have crown and sceptre, and be my fool. Fetch the cap and bauble, and let the King of Fools have his coronation."

Robert felt that he must submit.

The proud King Robert of Sicily lived in this way for two years, always raging in his mind, always sullen in his manners, and, without the power to oppose, bearing every slight that his former favourites could heap on him. All the notice the king took of him consisted in his asking, now and then, in full court, when everything was silent, "Well, fool, art thou still a king?" Robert for some weeks loudly answered that he was; but, finding that the answer was but the

signal for a roar of laughter, he turned his speech into a haughty silence, until, seeing that the laughter was greater at this dumb show, he acted in a way that showed neither defiance nor agreement, and the angel for some time let him alone.

Meantime, everybody but the unhappy Robert blessed the new, or, as they supposed him, the altered, king ; for everything in the mode of government was changed. Taxes were light ; the poor had plenty ; work was not too heavy. Half the day was given to industry, and half to healthy enjoyment ; and the inhabitants became at once the manliest and tenderest, the gayest and most studious people in the world. Wherever the king went, he was loaded with blessings ; and the fool heard them, and wondered.

At the end of these two years, or nearly so, the king announced that he was to pay a visit to his brother the Pope and his brother the Emperor, the latter coming to Rome for the purpose. He went accordingly with a great train, all clad in the most magnificent garments except the fool, who was dressed in foxtails, and put side by side with an ape dressed like himself.

The people poured out of their houses, and fields, and vineyards, all struggling to get a sight of the king's face and to bless it ; the ladies strewing flowers, and the peasants' wives holding up their rosy children, which last sight seemed to delight the sovereign. The fool came after the court pages, by the side of his ape, causing shouts of laughter ; though some persons were a little astonished to think how a monarch, so kind to all the rest of the world, should be so hard upon a sorry fool. But it was told them that this fool was the most insolent of men towards the prince himself ; and

then, although their wonder hardly ceased, it was full of wrath against the unhappy wretch, and he was loaded with every kind of scorn and abuse. The proud King Robert seemed the only blot and disgrace upon the island.

The fool had still a hope that, when his Holiness saw him, the magician's arts would be at an end. The good man, however, beheld him without the least sign of knowing him ; so did the Emperor ; and when he saw them both gazing with admiration at the new king, and not with the old look of pretended good-will and secret dislike, a sense of awe and humility for the first time fell gently upon him.

It happened that it was the same day as that on which, two years before, Robert had scorned the words in the "Magnificat." Vespers were sung before the sovereigns ; the music and the soft voices fell softer as they came to the words ; and Robert again heard, with far different feelings, "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble." Tears gushed into his eyes, and, to the astonishment of the court, the fool was seen with his hands clasped upon his bosom in prayer, and the tears pouring down his face.

When the service was over, the king spoke of giving the fool his discharge ; and he sent for him, having first dismissed every other person. King Robert came in his fool's cap and bells, and stood humbly at a distance before the strange great Unknown, looking on the floor and blushing. By the hand he had the ape, who had long courted his goodwill, and who, having now obtained it, clung closely to his human friend.

“ Art thou still a king ? ” said the Angel, putting the old question, but without the word “ fool.”

“ I am a fool,” said King Robert, “ and no king.”

“ What would’st thou, Robert ? ” returned the Angel in a mild voice.

King Robert trembled from head to foot, and said, “ Even what thou would’st, O mighty and good stranger, whom I know not how to name—hardly to look at ! ”

The stranger laid his hand on the shoulder of King Robert, who felt a great calm suddenly spread itself over his being. He knelt down, and clasped his hands to thank him. “ Not to me,” said the Angel, in a grave but sweet voice ; and, kneeling down by the side of Robert, he said, as if in church, “ Let us pray.”

King Robert prayed, and the Angel prayed, and after a few moments the king looked up, and the Angel was gone ; and then the king knew that it was an Angel indeed. And his own likeness returned to King Robert, but never an atom of his pride ; and, after a blessed reign, he died, telling this history to his weeping nobles, and asking that it might be set down in the Sicilian Annals.

—Adapted from LEIGH HUNT.

Hope is like a harebell trembling from its birth,
Love is like a rose the joy of all the earth ;
Faith is like a lily lifted high and white,
Love is like a lovely rose the world’s delight :
Harebells and sweet lilies show a thornless growth,
But the rose with all its thorns excels them both.

PRINCE MAGHA

There was once a nobleman's son who was known as "Magha the young Brahmin." His parents procured him a wife from a family of equal rank ; and, increasing in sons and daughters, he became a great giver of gifts, and kept the Five Commandments.

In that village there were as many as thirty families ; and one day the men of those families stopped in the middle of the village to transact some village business. Magha removed with his feet the lumps of soil on the place where he stood, and made the spot convenient to stand on ; but another came up and stood there. Then he smoothed out another spot, and took his stand there ; but another man came and stood upon it. Still Magha tried again, and again, with the same result, until he had made convenient standing room for all the thirty. The next time he had an open-roofed shed put up there ; and then pulled that down, and built a hall, and had benches spread in it, and a water-pot placed there.

Whilst these men were so living they used to rise early, go out with bill-hooks and crowbars in their hands, tear up with the crowbars the stones in the four highroads and village paths and roll them away, take away the trees which would be in the way of vehicles, make the rough places plain, form causeways, dig ponds, build public halls, and give gifts.

Now the village headman said to himself : " I used to have great gain from fines, and taxes, and pot money, when these fellows drank strong drink, or took life, or broke the other commandments. But

now Magha has determined to have the commandments kept, and permits none to take life, or to do anything else that is wrong. I'll make them keep the commandments with a vengeance!" And he went in a rage to the king, and said: "O King! there are a number of robbers going about sacking the villages!"

"Go and bring them up!" said the king in reply.

So the headman went, and brought back all those men as prisoners, and had it announced to the king that the robbers were brought up. And the king, without inquiring what they had done, gave orders to have them all trampled to death by elephants! Then they made them all lie down in the courtyard, and fetched the elephant. And Magha exhorted them saying: "Keep the commandments in mind. Regard them all—the slanderer, and the king, and the elephant—with feelings as kind as you harbour towards yourselves!" And they did so.

Then men led up the elephant; but though they brought him to the spot, he would not begin his work, but trumpeted forth a mighty cry, and took to flight. And they brought up another and another, but they all ran away.

"There must be some drug in their possession," said the king; and gave orders to his servants to have them searched. This was done, but nothing was found, and they told the king so.

"Then they must be repeating some spell. Ask them if they have any spell to utter."

The officials asked them, and Magha said there was. And they told the king, and he had them all called before him, and said, "Tell me that spell you know!"

Then Magha spoke, and said : “ O King ! we have no other spell but this—that we destroy no life, not even of grass ; that we take nothing which is not given to us ; that we are never guilty of unfaithfulness, nor speak falsehood, nor drink intoxicants ; that we exercise ourselves in love, and give gifts ; that we make rough places plain, dig ponds, and put up resthouses—this is our spell, this is our defence, this is our strength ! ”

Then the king had confidence in them, and gave them all the property in the house of the slanderer, and made him their slave ; and bestowed, too, the elephant upon them, and made them a grant of the village.

—MARIE SHEDLOCK.

PROGRESS

As we surpass our fathers' skill,
Our sons will shame our own ;
A thousand things are hidden still
And not a hundred known.

And had some prophet spoken true
Of all we shall achieve,
The wonders were so wildly new,
That no man would believe.

Meanwhile, my brothers, work, and wield
The forces of to-day,
And plough the Present like a field,
And garner all you may !

You, what the cultured surface grows,
 Dispense with careful hands :
 Deep under deep forever goes,
 Heaven over heaven expands.

—LORD TENNYSON.

From "Mechanophilus."

A STRONG BODY AND A HEALTHY MIND

The famous author, Sir Walter Scott, is a striking example of the beneficial effects of an out-of-door life. On account of extremely delicate health, a large part of his childhood was spent in the out-of-door country air, where he developed a deep fondness for walking and riding through the beautiful highland regions of Scotland. Although lame from babyhood, the early years in the open air helped him to build such a vigorous body that in school he was noted for activity and endurance. During the first thirty years of manhood his literary labours were prodigious, the English-reading world being delighted with story after story from his pen. Nevertheless, his health did not suffer, because of the rugged constitution with which the years of life in the open air had equipped him, and his continued devotion to brisk daily rides and walks.

At the age of fifty-five, through the failure of a publishing house with which he was connected, a debt of \$600,000 was suddenly thrust upon him. Many friends urged that he relieve himself of this crushing load by going into bankruptcy, and depend upon

his popularity to cause people soon to forgive such action. But Sir Walter Scott said, "No!" The years of devotion to out-of-door exercise had equipped him with rugged honesty as well as rugged health. With the lofty courage of the most chivalrous knight in his own stories, he declared that if God gave him health, the debt should be paid in full, and that no one should lose one penny on his account. Henceforth his great aim in life was to pay this vast sum of money by the work of his pen. During the ensuing years almost every waking moment was spent in writing, story after story being published and gaining wide popularity.

An ordinary man could not have endured such strenuous mental labour. His constitution had grown so strong, however, through years of devotion to active exercise in the bracing air, that he was able to keep up this terrible pace nearly five years, before paralysis compelled him to stop. He died a few months later, happy in the thought that the sale of his books would soon wipe out the debt; but leaving his friends and admirers sad in the belief that, had the old habits of daily exercise in the open air been kept up, his life might have been spared many years. What an inspiration for sickly boys and girls is the life of this great poet and novelist! Devotion to out-of-door life enabled him, a puny lad, to become one of the most prolific of English authors. The character developed under such circumstances helped him to furnish an example of devotion to high ideals of honour and duty that will be an inspiration as long as the records of his noble life exist.

—COLUMBUS N. MILLARD.

LOUIS PASTEUR

One would think, to read the old stories, that the worst enemies to fight are giants ; but we know now that the worst enemies are germs. They are so small that only a strong microscope can make them visible, but for that reason they are securely hidden, and are able to poison people without being discovered. Now, at last, they are being found out, and the doctors are fighting them. The first great attack was made in France by Louis Pasteur.

The grapes in France were sick. Something seemed to be the matter with all the vineyards. Almost all the wine one year turned sour. Pasteur examined the disease. He discovered that what we call " turning sour," whether in wine or in milk, is caused by the growth of millions of microscopic germs, and this growth is hastened or hindered by certain conditions. That was the beginning of great changes in medicine. For Pasteur said, " If germs make such disturbance in milk and in wine, why not in the blood that is in the veins ? " And so it proved. There was a plague among the French cattle, and Pasteur examined the blood of these animals, and found the germs. Then there was an increase in the number of sufferers from the bites of mad dogs, and Pasteur found that there were germs in the blood of those who were thus bitten.

The next thing was to discover how to fight the germs. They had been discovered in their ambush, but what could be done with them ? Pasteur found that germs could be cultivated, as a gardener cultivates plants. Then he found that by cultivating them in certain

ways their strength could be diminished, and that if they were introduced in this weakened state into the blood, they began at once to fight the germs that were there already. Pasteur set the germs to fight the germs.

The result was that a number of ancient diseases that nobody had ever understood were now opposed by an effective medicine. And this method is being applied in new directions. The germs that cause various diseases are being discovered, and the weakened germs are made to war against them. Pasteur's discoveries have probably saved more lives than the prescriptions of all the other doctors in France. But these discoveries he made by perceiving that some of the least things in life are the most important. He studied these with long patience. "Work," he said, "work always." Thus he gained his great results.

—SELECTED.

CHEERY PEOPLE

O the comfort of them ! There is but one thing like them,—that is sunshine. It is the fashion to state the comparison the other end foremost,—that is, to flatter the cheery people by comparing them to the sun. I think it is the best way of praising the sunshine to say that it is almost as bright and inspiring as the presence of cheery people.

That the cheery people are brighter and better even than sunshine is very easily proved ; for who has not seen a cheery person make a room and a day bright in spite of the sun's not shining at all,—in spite

of clouds and rain and cold, all doing their very best to make it dismal? The more you think of it, the more you see how wonderfully alike the two are in their operation on the world. The sun on the fields makes things grow,—fruits and flowers and grain ; the cheery person in the house makes everybody do his best,—makes the one who can sing feel like singing, and the one who has an ugly, hard job of work to do feel like shouldering it bravely and having it over with. And the music and mirth and work in the house, are they not like the flowers and fruits and the grain in the field?

The sun makes everybody glad. Even the animals run and leap, and seem more joyous when it shines out ; and no human being can be so cross-grained, or so ill, that he does not brighten up a little when a great, broad, warm sunbeam streams over him and plays on his face. It is just so with a cheery person. His simple presence makes even animals happier. Dogs know the difference between him and a surly man. When he pats them on the head and speaks to them, they jump and gambol about him just as they do in the sunshine.

And when he comes into the room where people are ill, or out of sorts, or dull and moping, they brighten up, in spite of themselves, just as they do when a sudden sunbeam pours in,—only more so ; for we often see people so ill that they do not care whether the sun shines or not, or so cross that they do not even see whether the sun shines or not ; but I have never yet seen anybody so cross or so ill that the voice and the face of a cheery person would not make him brighten up a little.

If there were only a sure recipe for making a cheery

person, how glad we should all be to try it ! How thankful we should all be to do good like sunshine ! To cheer everybody up and help everybody along !—to have everybody's face brighten the minute we came in sight !

People who have done things which have made them famous, such as winning great battles or filling high offices, often have what are called " ovations." Hundreds of people gather together and make a procession perhaps, or go into a great hall and make speeches all to show that they recognize what the great man has done. After he is dead they build a stone monument to him, perhaps, and celebrate his birthday for a few years. Men work very hard sometimes for a whole lifetime to earn a few things of this sort.

But how much greater a thing it would be for a man to have every man, woman, and child in his own town know and love his face because it is full of kindly good cheer ! Such a man has a perpetual " ovation," year in and year out, whenever he walks on the street, whenever he enters a friend's house.

—Adapted from HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

If you think a word will please,
 Say it, if it is but true ;
 Words may give delight with ease
 When no act is asked from you.
 Words may often soothe and soften.
 Gild a joy and heal a pain ;
 They are pleasures yielding pleasures
 It is wicked to retain.

A SONG

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear ;
There is ever a something sings alway :
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.
The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree ;
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair,
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
There is ever a song somewhere !

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
In the midnight black, or the midday blue ;
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
And the cricket chirrups the whole night through ;
The buds may blow, and the fruit may grow,
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sear :
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair,
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
There is ever a song somewhere !

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

*From "Afterwhiles," by kind permission of
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THE HIGH COURT OF INQUIRY

It must have been three weeks or a month after I entered the school that, on a rainy holiday, I was met by two boys who ordered me peremptorily to "halt." I was led directly to my own room, which I was surprised to find quite full of boys, all of whom were grave and silent.

"The prisoner will stand in the middle of the room and look at me," said the presiding officer, in a tone of dignified severity.

I was accordingly marched into the middle of the room and left alone, where I stood with folded arms, as became the grand occasion.

"Arthur Bonnicastle," said the officer before mentioned, "you are brought before the High Court of Inquiry on a charge of telling so many lies that no dependence whatever can be placed upon your words. What have you to reply to this charge? Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I am not guilty. Who says I am?" I exclaimed indignantly.

"Henry Hulm, advance!" said the officer.

Henry rose, and, walking by me, took a position near the officer at the head of the room.

"Henry Hulm, you will look upon the prisoner and tell the Court whether you know him."

"I know him well," replied Henry.

"What is his general character?"

"He is bright and very amiable."

"Do you consider him a boy of truth and veracity?"

"I do not."

"Has he deceived you?" inquired the officer. "If he has, please to state the occasion and the circumstance."

"No, your honour; he has never deceived me. I always know when he lies and when he speaks the truth."

"Have you ever told him of his crimes, and warned him to desist from them?"

"I have," replied Henry; "many times."

"Has he shown any disposition to mend?"

"None at all, your honour."

"What is the character of his falsehood?"

"He tells," replied Henry, "stories about himself. Great things are always happening to him, and he is always performing the most wonderful deeds."

I now began with great shame and confusion to realize that I was exposed to ridicule. The tears came into my eyes and dropped from my cheeks, but I would not yield to the impulse either to cry or to attempt to fly.

"Will you give us some specimens of his stories?" said the officer.

"I will," responded Henry; "but I can do it best by asking him questions."

"Very well," said the officer, with a polite bow. "Pursue the course you think best."

"Arthur," said Henry, addressing me directly, "did you ever tell me that when you and your father were on the way to this school your horse went so fast that he ran down a black fox in the middle of the road and cut off his tail with the wheel of the chaise, and that you sent the tail home to one of your sisters to wear in her hat?"

"Yes, I did," I responded, my face flaming and painful with shame.

"And did said horse really run down said fox in the middle of said road and cut off said tail, and did you send home said tail to said sister to be worn in said hat?" inquired the judge, with a low, grim voice. "The prisoner will answer so that all can hear."

"No," I replied; and looking for some justification of my story, I added, "but I did see a black fox, a real black fox, as plain as day!"

"Oh! oh! oh!" ran around the room in chorus. "He did see a fox, a real black fox, as plain as day!"

"The witness will pursue his inquiries," said the officer.

"Arthur," Henry continued, "did you or did you not tell me that when on the way to this school you overtook Mr. and Mrs. Bird in their wagon, that you were invited into the wagon by Mrs. Bird, and that one of Mr. Bird's horses chased a calf on the road, caught it by the ear, and tossed it over the fence and broke its leg?"

"I suppose I did," I said, growing desperate.

"And did said horse really chase said calf, and catch him by said ear, and toss him over said fence, and break said leg?" inquired the officer.

"He didn't catch him by the ear," I replied doggedly, "but he really did chase a calf."

"Oh! oh! oh!" chimed in the chorus. "He didn't catch him by the ear, but he really did chase a calf!"

"Witness," said the officer, "you will pursue your inquiries."

"Arthur, did you or did you not tell me," Henry

went on, "that you have an old friend who is soon to go to sea, and that he has promised to bring you a male and a female monkey, a male and a female bird of paradise, a barrel of pineapples, and a Shetland pony?"

"It doesn't seem as if I told you exactly that," I replied.

"Did you or did you not tell him so?" said the officer, severely.

"Perhaps I did," I responded.

"And did your friend who is to go to sea really promise to bring you said monkeys, said birds of paradise, said pineapples, and said pony?"

"No," I replied; "but I really have an old friend who is going to sea, and he'll bring me anything I ask him to."

"Oh! oh! oh!" swept round the room again. "He really has an old friend who is going to sea, and he'll bring him anything he asks him to!"

Nods and winks passed from one to another, and Hulm was told that no further testimony was needed. They were evidently in a hurry to conclude the case, and felt themselves cut short in their forms of proceeding. At this moment a strange silence seized the assembly. All eyes were directed towards the door upon which my back was turned. I wheeled around to find the cause of the interruption. There, in the doorway, towering above us all, and looking questioningly down upon the little assembly, stood Mr. Bird.

"What does this mean?" inquired the master.

I flew to his side and took his hand. The officer who had presided explained that they had been trying to break Arthur Bonnicastle of lying, and that they were about to order him to report to the master for

correction. Then Mr. Bird took a chair and patiently heard the whole story.

"The boy has a great deal of imagination," he said, "and a strong love of approbation. Somebody has flattered his power of invention, probably, and to secure admiration, he has exercised it until he has acquired the habit of exaggeration. I doubt whether he has done much that was consciously wrong. I am glad if he has learned, even by the severe means which have been used, that if he wishes to be loved and admired he must always tell the exact truth, neither more nor less. If you had come to me, I could have found a better mode of dealing with him. But I venture to say that he is cured. Aren't you, Arthur?" And he stooped and lifted me to his face and looked into my eyes.

"I don't think I shall do it any more," I said.

Bidding the boys disperse, he carried me downstairs into his room and charged me with kindly counsel. I went out from the interview humbled, and without a revengeful thought in my heart towards the boys who had brought me to trial. I saw that they were my friends, and I was determined to prove myself worthy of their friendship.

—JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
 Ye signs and wonders of the elements,
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

THE CURATE AND THE MULBERRY TREE

Did you hear of the curate who mounted his mare,
And merrily trotted along to the fair ?
Of creature more tractable none ever heard ;
In the height of her speed she would stop at a word ;
But again with a word, when the curate said, " Hey,"
She put forth her mettle and galloped away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,
While the sun of September all brilliantly glowed,
The good priest discover'd, with eyes of desire,
A mulberry tree in a hedge of wild briar ;
On boughs long and lofty, in many a green shoot,
Hung, large, black, and glossy, the beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry and thirsty to boot ;
He shrunk from the thorns, though he long'd for the
fruit ;
With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,
And he stood up erect on the back of his steed ;
On the saddle he stood while the creature stood still,
And he gather'd the fruit, till he took his good fill.

" Sure never," he thought, " was a creature so rare,
So docile, so true, as my excellent mare.
Lo, here now I stand," and he gazed all around,
" As safe and as steady as if on the ground ;
Yet how had it been, if some traveller this way,
Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced to cry,
' Hey ' ? "

He stood with his head in the mulberry tree,
And he spoke out aloud in his fond reverie ;
At the sound of the word the good mare made a push,
And down went the priest in the wild-briar bush.
He remember'd too late, on his thorny green bed,
Much that well may be thought cannot wisely be
said.

—THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

GOOD-WILL

I suppose you all, my boys, are looking for some sort of success in life ; it is right that you should ; but what are your notions of success ? To get rich as soon as possible, without regard to the means by which your wealth is acquired ? There is no true success in that ; when you have gained millions, you may yet be poorer than when you had nothing ; and it is that same reckless ambition which has brought many a bright and capable boy, not to great estate at last, but to miserable failure and disgrace ; not to a palace, but to a prison.

Wealth rightly got and rightly used, rational enjoyment, power, fame,—these are all worthy objects of ambition ; but they are not the highest objects, and you may acquire them all without achieving true success. But if, whatever you seek, you put good-will into all your actions, you are sure of the best success at last ; for whatever else you gain or miss, you are building up a noble

and beautiful character, which is not only the best of possessions in this world, but also is about all you can expect to take with you into the next.

I say, good-will in all your actions. You are not simply to be kind and helpful to others ; but, whatever you do, give honest, earnest purpose to it. Thomas is put by his parents to learn a business. But Thomas does not like to apply himself very closely. "What's the use?" he says. "I'm not paid much, and I'm not going to work much. I'll get along just as easily as I can, and have as good times as I can." So he shirks his tasks ; and instead of thinking about his employer's interests, or his own self-improvement, gives his mind to trifles—often to evil things, which have a ruinous effect upon his daily duties ; he is off with his companions, having what they call a good time ; his heart is with them even while his hands are employed in the shop or store. He does nothing thoroughly well,—not at all for want of talent, but solely for lack of good-will. He is not preparing himself to be one of those efficient clerks or workmen who are always in demand, and who receive the highest wages.

There is a class of people who are the bane of every community—workmen who do not know their trade, men of business ignorant of the first principles of business. They can never be relied upon to do well anything they undertake. They are always making blunders which other people have to suffer for, and which react upon themselves. They are always getting out of employment, and failing in business. To make up for what they lack in knowledge and thoroughness, they often resort to trick and fraud, and become

not merely contemptible, but criminal. Thomas is preparing himself to be one of this class. You cannot, boys, expect to raise a good crop from evil seed.

By Thomas's side works another boy, whom we shall call James—a lad of only ordinary capacity. If Thomas and all the other boys did their best, there would be but small chance for James ever to become eminent. But he has something better than talent; he brings good-will to his work. Whatever he learns, he learns so well that it becomes a part of himself. His employers find that they can depend upon him. Customers soon learn to like and trust him. By diligence, self-culture, good habits, cheerful and kindly conduct, he is laying the foundation of a generous manhood and a genuine success.

In short, boys, by slighting your tasks you hurt yourself more than you wrong your employer. By honest service you benefit yourself more than you help him. If you were aiming at mere worldly advancement only, I should still say that good-will was the very best investment you could make in business. By cheating a customer, you gain only a temporary and unreal advantage. By serving him with right good-will—doing by him as you would be done by—you not only secure his confidence, but also his good-will in return. But this is a sordid consideration compared with the inward satisfaction, the glow and expansion of soul which attend a good action done for itself alone. If I were to sum up all I have to say to you in one last word of love and counsel, that one word should be—Good-will.

—JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

HENRY HUDSON

In the year 1551 a number of London merchants formed themselves into a company for the purpose of trading with Russia, Turkey, and other places. This company was called the "Company of Merchant Adventurers," but was commonly known as the "Muscovy Company." In 1600 another company was formed to trade with the East, and especially with India; this was the since famous "East India Company." Although the primary purpose of these companies was trade, yet it is to their honour that they had before them another object—that of increasing the power and wealth of England by undertaking voyages of discovery, mainly for the purpose of opening up new trade routes. In pursuing this object, they both early directed their attention to endeavouring to find out a new route to India and the East by the north-east or the north-west. Thus under the auspices of these London merchants, English Arctic exploration was first begun.

Nothing was known at that time of the immense barriers of impenetrable ice which everywhere guard the approaches to the Pole—that is, to sailing ships such as these ancient mariners possessed. It is not so surprising, therefore, that these worthy merchants of 1607 should not see any very great difficulty in sailing across the Polar Sea into the North Pacific.

An expedition was fitted out for this purpose by the Muscovy Company, and placed under the command of a tried and skilful seaman who had been long in the service of the Company. This commander was

Henry Hudson. It is unfortunate that we know little of him except during the last few years of his life ; all we do know is that he was a citizen of London, where he had a wife and family. We do not even know the year he was born, but it is probable that when he sailed on his first Arctic voyage he would be between forty and fifty years of age.

Hudson's ship was a little vessel of eighty tons, called the *Hopewell*, with a crew of ten men and a boy. The vessel sailed from Gravesend on the 1st of May, 1607, and the first land sighted was a part of the east coast of Greenland. Leaving this coast, where, as he says himself, the air was as temperate as that of England, he stood out in a north-easterly direction for Spitzbergen. But when he reached that place, ice, fog, and tempestuous weather, besides the lateness of the season, made him despair of proceeding any farther. Having no stores sufficient to last through a long Arctic winter, he began his return home, and arrived safely in the Thames on the 15th of September.

Next year the Muscovy Company again sent Hudson to the north to seek a passage to China by the north-east. This time his crew consisted of sixteen men. The expedition, however, proved no more fortunate than the first. Time spent in trading, in order to help pay the expense of the expedition, and the exploration of a river on the mainland of Europe delayed him so long that the end of the season drew near. Finding, that he could get no further without being frozen in, he returned to England.

Although these first two voyages had failed in their object, they were not without result. They led

to an extensive whale-fishery in the seas around Spitzbergen, to the great profit of those engaged in the trade. In addition Hudson became known as a bold and enterprising Arctic navigator; and it was this, no doubt, that led to his being employed the next year by the Dutch.

The object of this voyage is not very clear, although in its results it was one of the most important in the history of North America. Hudson set sail early in 1609 in a small vessel called the *Half-Moon*, and steered towards the North Cape, intending, it is supposed, to make the North-East Passage. Soon after rounding the Cape he changed his mind, possibly from the quantity of ice met with, his experience teaching him that it would be useless to persevere. Putting about his vessel he crossed the Atlantic to Newfoundland, and sailed down the coast as far as Chesapeake Bay in Virginia. Returning, on coming to Long Island, he sailed in past Sandy Hook, and entered the beautiful river which bears his name. He explored it as far as where Albany now stands, and to within sight of the Catskill Mountains. On his return to England in the fall of the same year he was not permitted to go to Holland, as the English were at that time extremely jealous of Dutch maritime enterprise and success.

And now comes the last scene in the life of Hudson. Two daring merchants of London had resolved to send out an expedition to make the North-West Passage, for they were confident that such a passage existed. If there was one man more fitted than any other to be successful in the enterprise, it was the well-tried and resolute Henry Hudson, and the command was accordingly intrusted to him. A little vessel of fifty-

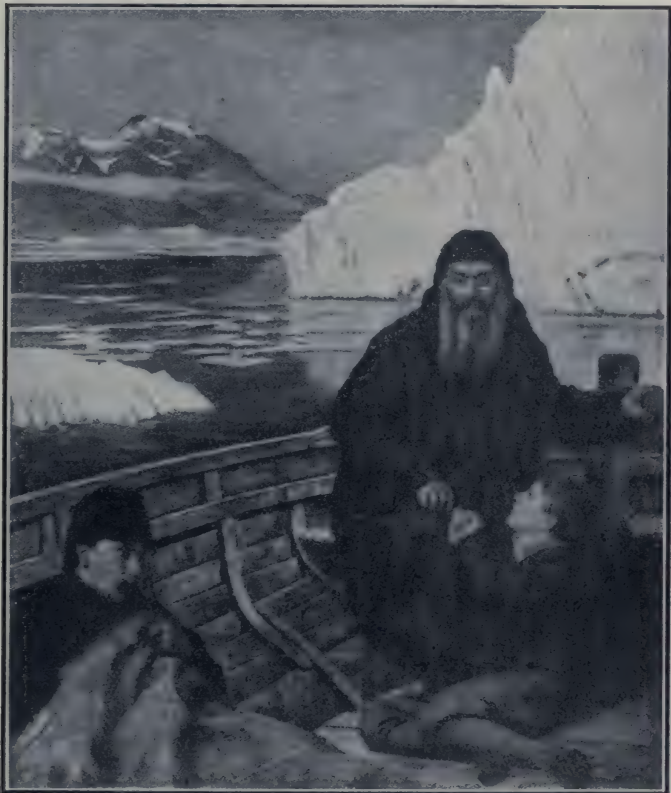
five tons—about the size of a fishing smack of the present day—called the *Discovery*, was provisioned for six months, and furnished with a crew of twenty-four men, including Hudson's son, who had accompanied his father on all his voyages.

The *Discovery* left the Thames on the 22nd of April, 1610, and Hudson made, in the first place, for Iceland. Sailing thence, he doubled Cape Farewell, and entered Davis Strait, where he was baffled by ice and contrary winds. Persevering, however, and sailing through the strait named after him, he came to a cape, which he called Cape Wolstenholme, apparently the north-westerly point of Labrador. At the same time he discovered a cluster of islands to the north-west, the nearest headland to which he called Cape Digges. Turning to the southwards a great sea opened out before him; this sea is the bay which bears the name of the intrepid navigator—Hudson Bay.

The season was now advanced and Hudson saw that unless he wintered where he was, he must return at once. He called his crew together and gave them their choice of returning or remaining. He himself wished to remain so as to be able to resume his explorations in the spring, and he appears to have prevailed on the majority of the crew to side with him. But this roused a spirit of discontent among the others, which was fostered by the mate and the boatswain. Hudson thought to check this mutinous spirit by severe measures, so he disgraced these two officers and put others in their places; but this severity increased the discontent.

Meanwhile Hudson had pressed on southwards, and after a three months' voyage through a labyrinth

of islands and intricate channels, entered a bay in the south-east on the 1st of November. Here the ship was immediately hauled on shore, and a few days



later they were frozen in. The provisions brought from England had by this time been used up, but there was no lack of food. The forests surrounding the winter-quarters abounded in partridges, which

kept the crew abundantly supplied. But as the winter advanced, these were succeeded by geese, ducks, and other fowls more difficult to catch, and the men were reduced to eat frogs and moss. When spring came and the ice began to break up, large quantities of fish were taken ; but this resource also soon failed.

This continued scarcity of provisions added to the discontent already existing among the men, and this was inflamed by a young man named Greene. This Greene was of respectable connections, but his dissolute habits had caused him to be cast off by his family. Hudson, finding him destitute, had befriended him and had taken him to his house. Indeed, as a means of reforming Greene, he had taken him with him on the voyage in the capacity of clerk.

When the ice was sufficiently broken up, Hudson left his winter quarters. He divided among the crew the stock of provisions which remained and which was just sufficient to last for fourteen days. But Greene and the disgraced mate and boatswain now formed a despicable plot to get rid of the captain and the sick men, of whom there were three or four, and share their provisions among the remainder. On the morning of the fourth day after sailing the mutiny broke out. As Hudson was coming from his cabin, he was seized by three of the mutineers, and his hands tied behind him. The carpenter and two other men, hearing the noise, ran on deck and attempted to rescue their captain, but they were soon overpowered.

The shallop was now hauled alongside, and the sick men forced into her ; also the three men who had defended Hudson. The carpenter would have been allowed to remain, but he declared that rather than

live with such a pack of ruffians he would die with his captain. Hudson's son, and lastly himself, were then hustled into the boat, making nine in all. A fowling-piece, some ammunition, a little meal, and an iron pot were thrown in and the tow-rope was cut.

The ship stood away, but was presently hove to, to allow the mutineers to ransack the captain's cabin. The men in the boat pulled after the ship with all their might; but the scoundrels on board, when they saw this, quickly got under way again, and left their unfortunate captain and his boat's crew adrift among the floating ice. Such was the fate of poor Henry Hudson; he and his boat's crew were never seen or heard of again.

Swift retribution followed the ringleaders of the mutiny. On reaching Cape Digges, Greene, who had made himself captain, and four men went on shore to barter with the Eskimos for provisions. Owing to some roguery on Greene's part he and his party were suddenly attacked by the natives and nearly all massacred. Only one man escaped, the four killed being, as it happened, the principal mutineers. The survivors, now reduced to desperate extremities, endeavoured to shape their course for Ireland. When at last they dropped anchor at Beerhaven, only five, and these but living skeletons, were left.

Henry Hudson was one of the pioneers of Arctic exploration, and it was he who made the first deliberate attempt to reach the North Pole. He failed in his various attempts because nature conquered him; but he was one of England's hardiest mariners, and if it were only for the discovery of the river and the bay which bear his name, he would always be famous.

—Abridged from GREAT EXPLORERS.

IF I WERE A VOICE

If I were a Voice !—a persuasive Voice—

That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true.

I'd fly, I'd fly, o'er land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale or singing a song,
In praise of the Right—in blame of the Wrong.

If I were a Voice !—a consoling Voice—

I'd fly on the wings of air ;
The homes of Sorrow and Guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To save them from Despair.

I'd fly, I'd fly, o'er the crowded town,
And drop, like the happy sunlight, down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to rejoice again.

If I were a Voice !—a pervading Voice—

I'd seek the kings of earth ;
I'd find them alone on their beds at night,
And whisper words that should guide them
right—

Lessons of priceless worth.
I'd fly more swift than the swiftest bird,
And tell them things they never heard—
Truths which the ages for aye repeat,
Unknown to the statesmen at their feet.

If I were a Voice !—an immortal Voice—

I'd speak in the people's ear ;
And whenever they shouted " Liberty,"
Without deserving to be free,

I'd make their error clear.
I'd fly, I'd fly, on the wings of day,
Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way,
And making all the earth rejoice—
If I were a Voice !—an immortal Voice.

—CHARLES MACKAY.

THE FIRST GRENADIER

When Napoleon was emperor of France he fought many battles and won many famous victories. He was greatly loved by his soldiers, and his praise was one of the highest honours they cared to win.

One day, one of his soldiers, named La Tour d'Auvergne, was sent away from the main army alone to attend to some important business. While on his way he heard that a regiment of Austrians had been sent to besiege a French fort that guarded a narrow path, or pass through the mountains.

This pass was a very important place ; and if the Austrians gained possession, it would be a sad thing for the French army. La Tour d'Auvergne knew this, and he determined to try to reach the fort and warn the commander before the Austrians arrived. He climbed the mountain with all speed ; but when he reached the fort, he found that the French soldiers who had been there had fled.

Thirty good muskets and plenty of ammunition had been left behind ; and the look-out had even left his telescope lying on the watch tower. Looking through the telescope, La Tour d'Auvergne saw that the Austrians were still some distance away, and he bravely determined to try to hold the fort alone as long as possible. He knew that it would be of great service to Napoleon to have the enemy's advance checked even for a little while.

The pass was steep and narrow, and the Austrians could enter it only two at a time ; so that one man with thirty muskets ready could do much to check the advance of the enemy. He hastily blocked up the main entrance to the fort with all the lumber that could be found, then loaded every gun, and placed extra ammunition where it could easily be reached when the guns needed reloading. By this time it was dark, and there was nothing to be done but to wait for the Austrians to come. About midnight he heard the sound of many feet. In an instant his hand grasped a musket ; and as soon as he thought the enemy had entered the pass, he fired once, twice, as rapidly as possible. No return shots were fired ; and from the short, quick commands of the officers, he decided that the Austrians had been surprised and confused by his greeting.

Nothing further was heard until sunrise the next morning, when the Austrian commander called upon the garrison to surrender. La Tour d'Auvergne received the messenger bearing the flag of truce.

" Tell your commander," he said to the messenger, " that the garrison will defend the pass to the last man."

When the messenger reported to his commander, a gun was hauled into the pass to open fire upon the fort. The only place upon which the cannon could be stationed was opposite the tower, within easy musket range. As soon as the gun was in place, La Tour d'Auvergne sent such a rain of lead upon the gunners that the enemy were forced to withdraw. The Austrians bravely followed their leaders a second time up the narrow pass ; but La Tour d'Auvergne's firing was so rapid and so sure that fifteen men fell before the whole body retreated. A third time they tried, and again they had to retreat.

By sunset the Austrians had lost forty-five men, and at dark the commander sent a second messenger under a flag of truce to demand that the fort surrender.

The day had seemed endless to the poor French soldier. He was very much in need of food and rest and sleep ; but what were weariness and hunger if he could only hold the fort twelve hours longer ? In that time, he knew the French commander would be able to make all necessary preparations against the Austrian army. So he sent the messenger back to tell his commander that he would surrender the fort at sunrise the next morning on condition that the garrison be allowed to march out with its arms to join the French army. To these terms, the Austrians gladly agreed.

At sunrise the Austrian troops were drawn up in line on either side of the pass, leaving a space open for the garrison from the fort. The heavy door swung open, and La Tour d'Auvergne, staggering under his load of thirty muskets, passed slowly down between the lines of troops. Not a soul followed him out of the fort.

"Why does not the garrison appear?" asked the surprised commander.

"I am the garrison, Colonel," said La Tour d'Auvergne, saluting.

"What!" said the colonel, "do you mean to tell me that you have held that fort single-handed against my whole regiment?"

"I have had that honour, Colonel," answered the grenadier.

"What possessed you to try to do such a thing, Grenadier?"

"The honour of France was at stake."

The colonel looked at La Tour d'Auvergne with admiration. Then raising his hat he said: "Grenadier, I salute you. You are the bravest of the brave."

Under a flag of truce, La Tour d'Auvergne returned to his army with the honours of a conqueror, the thirty muskets borne before him. The Austrian colonel wrote a message to the French commander, telling of La Tour d'Auvergne's brave service. Napoleon would have given the hero high honours, but he refused them all. By the emperor's special order, however, he was called the First Grenadier of France, and by that title he was known by both friends and foes.

—SELECTED

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true;
To think, without confusion, clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

LETTER TO A SCHOOL-BOY

MY DEAR LITTLE FELLOW,

You are now going to settle at school, and may consider this as your first entrance into the world. As my health is so indifferent, and I may not be with you long, I wish to leave you some advice (the best I can) for your conduct in life, both that it may be of use to you, and as something to remember me by. I may at least be able to caution you against my own errors, if nothing else.

As we went along to your new place of destination, you often repeated that you durst say they were a set of stupid, disagreeable people, meaning the people at the school. You were to blame in this. It is a good old rule to hope for the best. Always, my dear, believe things to be right till you find them the contrary; and even then, instead of irritating yourself against them, endeavour to put up with them as well as you can, if you cannot alter them. You said you were sure you should not like the school where you were going. This was wrong. What you meant was that you did not like to leave home. But you could not tell whether you should like the school or not, till you had given it a trial. Otherwise, your saying that you should not like it was determining that you would not like it. Never anticipate evils; or, because you cannot have things exactly as you wish, make them out worse than they are, through mere spite and wilfulness.

You seemed at first to take no notice of your school-fellows, or rather to set yourself against them, because they were strangers to you. They knew as little of

you as you did of them ; so that this would have been a reason for their keeping aloof from you as well, which you would have felt as a hardship. Learn never to conceive a prejudice against others because you know nothing of them. It is bad reasoning, and makes enemies of half the world. Do not think ill of them, till they behave ill to you ; and then strive to avoid the faults which you see in them. This will disarm their hostility sooner than pique or resentment or complaint.

I thought you were disposed to criticise the dress of some of the boys as not so good as your own. Never despise any one for anything that he cannot help—least of all, for his poverty. I would wish you to keep up appearances yourself as a defence against the idle sneers of the world, but I would not have you value yourself upon them. I hope you will neither be the dupe nor the victim of vulgar prejudices. Instead of saying above, “ Never despise any one for anything that he cannot help,” I might have said, “ Never despise any one at all ” ; for contempt implies a triumph over and pleasure in the ill of another. It means that you are glad and congratulate yourself on their failings or misfortunes.

You complain since, that the boys laugh at you and do not care about you, and that you are not treated as you were at home. My dear, that is one chief reason for your being sent to school, to inure you betimes to the unavoidable rubs and uncertain reception you may meet with in life. You cannot always be with me, and perhaps it is as well that you cannot. But you must not expect others to show the same concern about you as I should. You have hitherto been a spoiled child, and have been used to have your

own way a good deal, both in the house and among your playfellows, with whom you were too fond of being a leader ; but you have good-nature and good sense, and will get the better of this in time. You are now among other boys who are your equals, or bigger and stronger than yourself, and who have something else to attend to besides humouring your whims and fancies, and you feel this as a repulse or piece of injustice. But the first lesson to learn is that there are other people in the world besides yourself.

There are a number of boys in the school where you are, whose amusements and pursuits (whatever they may be) are and ought to be of as much consequence to them as yours can be to you, and to which therefore you must give way in your turn. The more airs of childish self-importance you give yourself, you will only expose yourself to be the more thwarted and laughed at. True equality is the only true morality or true wisdom. Remember always that you are but one among others, and you can hardly mistake your place in society. In your father's house you might do as you pleased : in the world you will find competitors at every turn. You are not born a king's son, to destroy or dictate to millions ; you can only expect to share their fate, or settle your differences amicably with them. You already find it so at school, and I wish you to be reconciled to your situation as soon and with as little pain as you can.

I am, dear little fellow,

Your ever affectionate father,

W. HAZLITT.

THE GREAT HORSEMAN

The king of Benares fled after a lost battle, and so came into a little village. At the sight of him, in armour and on a splendid horse, the simple people took refuge in their houses. Only one man stayed to meet him.

"Who are you?" said the man, "and on whose side do you fight? Are you for the king or against him?"

"I am for the king," he said.

Then the man took him to his home, and gave him his best chair, and fed his horse; and at night the man and his wife slept on the floor, and gave the stranger the best bed. Thus they kept him for several days. But all the time they knew not that their guest was the king. It was enough that he was a stranger in need of food and lodging.

When the king took his leave, he said to his host: "I am the Great Horseman. My house is in the middle of the city. Should you come to town, I shall be glad to see you. Stand at the door on the right hand and ask the porter where the Great Horseman lives."

At last the king came home in victory, and he called the porter. "Porter," he said, "a man will come here by and by, and will ask you where the Great Horseman lives. Take him by the hand and bring him in to me." But days passed, and days passed, and the man did not appear.

By and by, the king increased the tax on the village where the man lived. Still he did not come. And the king increased the tax a second, and then a third time. Then the neighbours said to the man: "Friend,

since the Great Horseman stayed with you we have had tax on tax. Go now to him, and ask his help."

So the man stood at the right-hand door of the house in the middle of the city and in his hand he had a bag of cakes for the Great Horseman, and also a suit of clothes for him and a dress for his wife. These were the gifts that he brought with him. At last he was ushered into the presence of the king. And the king made him sit beside him on his throne, under the white umbrella, and the queen waited upon him. The cakes were put into a golden dish and the noble lords and ladies of the court ate them. Then the king put off his royal robes and put on the suit that the villager had brought, and the queen wore the dress that the villager's wife had made. The king gave the man a splendid cloak, and a thousand pieces of pure gold, and, calling his court together, he gave him half of his kingdom. When the prince came in anger to know what all this meant, the king said: "My son, do you know who took me in when I fled from the battle? It was this friendly man. I will now be his friend as he was mine."

And the village was never again asked for taxes.

—Retold from THE JATAKA.

A creed is a rod,
And a crown is of night ;
But this thing is God,
To be man with thy might :
To grow great in the strength of thy spirit,
And live out thy life as the light.

THIS CANADA OF OURS

Let other tongues in older lands
Loud vaunt their claims to glory,
And chant in triumph of the past
Content to live in story.
Tho' boasting no baronial halls,
Nor ivy-crested towers,
What past can match thy glorious youth,
Fair Canada of ours ?
Fair Canada,
Dear Canada,
This Canada of ours !

We love those far-off ocean Isles
Where Britain's monarch reigns ;
We'll ne'er forget the good old blood
That courses through our veins ;
Proud Scotia's fame, old Erin's name,
And haughty Albion's powers,
Reflect their matchless lustre on
This Canada of ours,
Fair Canada,
Dear Canada,
This Canada of ours

May our Dominion flourish then,
A goodly land and free,
Where Celt and Saxon, hand in hand,
Hold sway from sea to sea ;

Strong arms shall guard our cherished homes
When darkest danger lowers,
And with our life-blood we'll defend
This Canada of ours.
Fair Canada,
Dear Canada,
This Canada of ours !

—SIR JAMES EDGAR.

THE BOY AND THE CIGARETTE

As tobacco is a narcotic, the pleasant sensations it gives to the practised smoker are due to the benumbing influence it has upon the nerves. This means that the nerves lose some of their power and cannot therefore do their work so well.

Dr. Carver, the famous rifle shot, created a great sensation in England by his marvellous quickness and accuracy in shooting. He would take a handful of glass marbles, throw them up into the air, and then shoot and smash each one before any of them reached the ground. This required the utmost quickness of eye and sureness of touch—in a word, his nerves had to be kept in a high state of efficiency. To continue his feats he found it necessary to abstain altogether from tobacco as well as from alcohol. Athletes preparing for serious competitions find it necessary to leave tobacco alone. In deadening the power of the nerves it looses the muscles from the full control of the man himself, and prevents him from calling on his

muscles for their highest effort at the crisis of the race or game.

If this is true of the full-grown and well-developed athlete, what of the growing and undeveloped boy? It means in the boy's case that the nerves and brain are hindered in their growing; and if the habit is persisted in, he will become mentally dwarfed. Men distinguished for their brain power have been smokers, but in almost every case the habit was formed *after* reaching manhood, sometimes not till middle life; and while smoking cannot be called a good habit for any one, there is all the difference in the world between the smoking man and the smoking boy.

Tobacco has also an injurious effect on the blood: it makes the blood thinner and weaker. Notice the boys who smoke much: how pale and weedy they seem; how bloodless their faces are; how disinclined they are for real fun and hearty play! Whenever anything reduces the vitality of the blood the general vigour of the body is at once lowered.

Tobacco has a bad effect upon the heart in two ways: first, by narcotizing the nerves of the heart some control is lost, and the heart beats faster; then, by the effect on the blood, tobacco makes the heart soft and flabby. Excessive tobacco smoking produces in some men what is called the "smoker's heart"; in boys this evil is greatly increased, and many are injured for life.

The effects of tobacco on the stomach are generally the first experience that the ordinary boy has of it, and tobacco is responsible for severe forms of indigestion. The boy who constantly indulges in cigarettes, even if he escapes the more terrible consequences

of the practice, is only too likely to lay up for himself a manhood cursed with indigestion—and a more miserable condition it would be difficult to imagine.

Another result is the injury to eyesight. Perhaps the commonest question put by an oculist to a man who consults him is: How much do you smoke? In affecting the nerves tobacco affects all the senses, but it seems to have a peculiar dislike for the eyes.

—WILLIAM FINNEMORE.

THE PEARL

Once a Persian ruler owned a beautiful pearl. He had three sons, and he decided to give the jewel to the one who showed the greatest nobility of character and conduct. One day the sons were called into his presence, and each one was asked what was the most worthy act he had done during the last quarter of a year.

The eldest son was the first to reply. He said that the previous week he had been intrusted with some precious jewels. The merchant who committed this important trust to him had taken no particular account of them. "If I had taken a few of the jewels," said the young man, "the merchant would never have known it. But I chose to be honest, and delivered them as safely as if they had been my own."

This was undoubtedly a praiseworthy act, and the father commended his son for it. "Well done," he said; "but you could hardly have done otherwise.

It would have been shameful to rob a man who had placed such confidence in you."

The ruler then turned to the second son, who said : " As I walked by the lake the other day I saw a child playing near the water. As I watched him he fell in. I quickly jumped into the lake and saved him from drowning."

" Your heroism is certainly to be commended," said the father. " But it would have been cowardly and ignoble to allow the child to drown. You could hardly have done other than you did and have preserved your self-respect."

Then the third son spoke. He said : " Recently, as I was crossing the mountains, I saw one of my worst enemies sleeping near the edge of a precipice. He was a man who had done me a great deal of harm. I could very easily have passed by and allowed him to remain in his dangerous position. However, I felt that it was my duty to wake him, and thus probably to save his life. I knew that he would not thank me for my kindness. Indeed ! I felt sure that he would not understand it, and would be angry with me. Nevertheless, I waked him and my only reward was his wrath ! "

" That was indeed a noble act," said the father. " Take the pearl, my son, it is yours."

—SELECTED.

Think for thyself—one good idea,
But known to be thine own,
Is better than a thousand gleaned
From fields of others sown.

THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY

There's music in my heart all day,
I hear it late and early,
It comes from fields are far away,
The wind that shakes the barley.
Ochone !

Above the uplands drenched with dew,
The sky hangs soft and pearly,
An emerald world is listening to
The wind that shakes the barley.
Ochone !

Above the bluest mountain crest
The lark is singing rarely,
It rocks the singer into rest,
The wind that shakes the barley.
Ochone !

Oh, still through summers and through springs
It calls me late and early.
Come home, come home, come home, it sings,
The wind that shakes the barley.
Ochone !

—KATHARINE TYNAN-HINKSON

One by one thy duties wait thee ;
Let thy whole strength go to each ;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

WHO OWNS THE MOUNTAINS ?

Then said the lad, lying on the grass beside me, " Father, who owns the mountains ? "

I happened to have heard, the day before, of two or three lumber companies that had bought some of the woodland slopes ; so I told him their names, adding that there were probably a good many different owners, whose claims taken all together would cover the whole Franconia range of hills.

" Well," answered the lad, after a moment of silence, " I don't see what difference that makes. Everybody can look at them."

They lay stretched out before us in the level sunlight, the sharp peaks outlined against the sky, the vast ridges of forest sinking smoothly toward the valleys, the deep hollows gathering purple shadows in their bosoms, and the little foothills standing out in rounded promontories of brighter green from the darker mass behind them.

They were all ours, from crested cliff to wooded base. The solemn groves of firs and spruces, the plumed sierras of lofty pines, the stately pillared forests of birch and beech, the wild ravines, the tremulous thickets of silvery poplar, the bare peaks with their wide outlooks, and the cool vales resounding with the ceaseless song of little rivers,—we knew and loved them all ; they ministered peace and joy to us ; they were all ours, though we held no title deed and our ownership had never been recorded.

What is property, after all ? The law says there are two kinds, real and personal. But it seems to me

that the only real property is that which is truly personal, that which we take into our inner life and make our own for ever, by understanding and admiration and sympathy and love. This is the only kind of possession that is worth anything.

What does it profit a man to be the landed proprietor of countless acres unless he can reap the harvest of delight that blooms from every rood of God's earth for the seeing eye and the loving spirit? And who can reap that harvest so closely that there shall not be abundant gleanings left for all mankind? The most that a wide estate can yield to its legal owner is a living. But the real owner can gather from a field of golden-rod, shining in the August sunlight, an unearned increment of delight.

We measure success by accumulation. The measure is false. The true measure is appreciation. He who loves most has most.

—HENRY VAN DYKE.

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THE FATHERLAND

"When I was fifteen years of age," said a French veteran, "I began to visit an old uncle who had lost a leg in the wars, and who was now pensioned off.

"One day I found him looking very grave. 'Jerome,' he said, 'knowest thou what goes on at the frontier?' 'No, uncle,' I answered.

“ ‘ Well then,’ he went on very solemnly, ‘ the fatherland is in peril.’ ”

“ Then seeing that I did not quite understand, he laid his hand on my shoulder and said, ‘ Thou hast never thought, perhaps, what the *fatherland* means. It means everything that surrounds thee, everything that has reared and nourished thee, everything thou hast loved. ”

“ ‘ That green country thou seest, those trees, those young girls passing and laughing yonder—that is the *fatherland* ! ”

“ ‘ The laws which protect thee, the bread that pays thee for thy work, the words thou exchangest, the joy and the sadness which come to thee from the people and things amongst which thou livest—that is the *fatherland* ! ”

“ ‘ The little room where thou used to see thy mother, the memories she has left behind her, the ground in which she rests—that is the *fatherland* ! ”

“ ‘ Thou seest it, thou breathest it everywhere ! Picture to thyself thy rights and thy duties, thy affections and thy needs, thy recollections and thy gratitude ; join all these under a single name, and that name will be the *fatherland* ! ’ ”

—From the French of SOUVESTRE.

And for success, I ask no more than this—
 To bear unflinching witness to the truth.
 All true whole men succeed ; for what is worth
 Success's name, unless it be the thought,
 The inward surety, to have carried out
 A noble purpose to a noble end.

GRACE DARLING

The clouds on the ocean scowled,
Flushed with a stormy red ;
And the angry billows rose on high,
And back to the dark and wrathful sky
Tossed their defiance dread.

And the surge of the awful wave,
And the foam of the boiling sea,
Cresting the billows fierce and white,
Curled o'er a steamer bound that night
For the harbour of brave Dundee.

Woe for the trembling crew,
Drenched with the blinding spray !
Ye whom the spoiler shall not part,
Folding each other heart to heart,
Nought may ye do but pray.

Hark ! from the doomed ship
The shriek of her living freight !
For the hidden rock, it hath rent her sore
And the breakers are telling with sullen roar
Of the homes made desolate.

High on the lighthouse tower,
Father and daughter brave
Marked off the rocky isles in sight
The nine who had weathered that stormy night,
Battling with wind and wave.

And the maiden's great warm heart
 Swelled in her dauntless breast :
 " Oh, to the rescue haste ! " she cried ;
 But the old man gazed on the raging tide
 Hopeless, and sore distress.

She hath won with her urgent plea !
 Yes, on that morning wild,
 Over the seething, roaring waste,
 Bound on their holy mission, haste
 Father and fearless child.

The arch of the great green wave
 Bent the light bark above,
 What with its awful might could cope ?
 Oh, 'twas not higher than woman's hope,
 Stronger than woman's love.

Now in the billow's trough,
 Now on its crest on high
 Calmly the maiden plied her oar,
 Fearless of ocean's dash and roar,
 As the light tern floating by.

Clinging to rope and spar,
 Her coming the shipwrecked see,
 Praying her skiff the storm may brave
 To Him who silenced the maddened wave
 On the Lake of Galilee.

The cormorant croaked above
 From the heights of his island home ;
 And the scream of the sea-bird heard afar
 Answered the thrilling, wild " Hurrah ! "
 That rose 'mid the breakers' foam.

'Mid the warfare of wind and wave,
And dash of the blinding spray,
That chilled not her hope, nor hand, nor heart
Nobly the maiden played her part,
Winning the hard-fought day

Seamen and maiden brave,
This is life's proudest hour !
Now while the billows roar and chafe,
Gaze on the lost ye rescued—safe !
Safe in your lonesome tower !

Swiftly the tidings flew
Of the heroine's deed of love ;
And her courage ten thousand bosoms stirred,
And the name of "Grace" was a household word.
Dearest, all names above.

They offered her gems and gold ;
But hers was a richer meed—
The peace that soft in her bosom slept,
And the tide of wealth to her heart that swept
Back from the generous deed.

She is lying and sleeping now
Under the verdant turf.
Ah, there were breakers she might not ride !
And her hair grew damp in that strong, dark tide,
But not with the briny surf.

And out of her lonely grave
She bids us this lesson prove,
That the weakest may wipe some tears that flow
And the strongest power for good below
Is the might of unselfish love.

ANONYMOUS.

THE YOUTH OF GEORGE STEPHENSON

As every child in a poor man's house is a burden until his little hands can be turned to profitable account and made to earn money towards supplying the wants of the family, George Stephenson was put to work as soon as an opportunity of employment presented itself. A widow, who kept a number of cows, at that time occupied a neighbouring farmhouse. She needed a boy to herd these cows to prevent their straying upon the neighbours' property. George petitioned for this position, and to his great joy he was appointed at the wage of twopence a day. It was light employment, and he had plenty of spare time on his hands, which he spent in bird-nesting, making whistles out of reeds, and in erecting little mills in the streams that ran into the bog near by. But his favourite amusement at this early age was erecting clay engines, in conjunction with a chosen playmate of his own age. They found the clay for their engines in the adjoining bog, and the hemlock which grew about supplied them with an abundance of imaginary steam-pipes.

As George grew older and more able to work, he was set to lead the horses when ploughing, though scarce big enough to stride across the furrows. He was also employed to hoe turnips and do similar farm work, for which he was paid the advanced wage of fourpence a day. But his great ambition was to be taken on at the colliery where his father worked; and there he shortly joined his elder brother James, being employed in clearing the coal of stones and dross. His wages were now advanced to sixpence a day, and

afterwards to eightpence, when he was set to drive the Gin-horse. Shortly afterwards he went to another colliery to drive the Gin there. As the colliery lay about two miles from his home, he walked that distance early in the morning to his work, returning home late in the evening.

At this time the boy is described as being very quick-witted and full of fun and tricks. There was nothing under the sun that he did not try to imitate. He was usually foremost in the sports and pastimes of youth. Among his first strongly developed tastes was the love of birds and animals. Blackbirds were his special favourites. He had also a stock of tame rabbits for which he built a little house behind the cottage, and for many years he continued to pride himself upon the superiority of his breed.

After he had driven the Gin for some time, George was at length taken on as assistant to his father in driving the engine at the colliery where he was employed. This was a step of promotion which he had anxiously desired, his only fear being lest he should be found too young for the work. Indeed, he afterwards used to relate how he was accustomed to hide himself from sight when the owner of the colliery went round lest he should be thought too little a boy thus to earn his small wages. From the time that he had modelled his clay engines in the bog, his young ambition was to be an engineman. And to be an assistant fireman was the first step towards this position. Great therefore was his exultation when, at about fourteen years of age, he was appointed assistant fireman, at the wage of a shilling a day.

The children of the Stephenson family were now

growing up apace, and were most of them at an age to be able to earn money at various kinds of colliery work. James and George, the two eldest sons, worked as assistant firemen ; and the younger boys worked as pickers on the bank tops. The two girls helped their mother with the household work. On the whole the family were in fairly comfortable circumstances. During this time George continued to live with his parents, but other workings being opened up in the neighbourhood, he removed to one of these as a fireman on his own account. His wages were still a shilling a day, and a day's work consisted of twelve full hours.

He was now fifteen years of age. His ambition was yet limited to attaining the standing of a full workman, at a man's wages ; and with this in view he endeavoured to attain such a knowledge of his engine as would eventually lead to his employment as an engineman, with its accompanying advantage of higher pay. He was a steady, sober, hard-working boy, and nothing more, according to the estimate of his fellow-workmen. All this time he was devoting a great deal of his leisure to the cultivation of his bodily strength, his favourite pastimes being lifting heavy weights, throwing the hammer, and putting the stone. Before he was seventeen he was in receipt of twelve shillings a week. On coming out of the foreman's office that Saturday evening on which he received the advance, he announced the fact to his comrades, adding triumphantly, " I am now a made man for life ! "

Soon after this important event George was promoted to the position of engineman in charge of a pumping-engine. He had thus at the early age of seventeen got ahead of his father in his status as a workman,

for the engineman holds a higher grade than the fireman, requiring more practical knowledge and skill, and usually receiving higher wages.

From the time when Stephenson was appointed fireman, and more particularly afterwards as engineman, he devoted himself so assiduously and so successfully to the study of the engine and its gearing—taking the machine to pieces in his leisure hours for the purpose of cleaning and mastering its various parts—that he very soon acquired a practical knowledge of its construction and mode of working. His engine became a sort of pet with him, and he never wearied of watching and inspecting it with devoted admiration.

While studying to master the details of his engine, to know its weaknesses, and to quicken its powers, Stephenson gradually acquired the character of a clever and improving workman. Whatever he was set to do, that he endeavoured to do well and thoroughly, never neglecting small matters, but aiming to be a complete workman at all points. Thus he gradually perfected his own mechanical capacity, and secured at the same time the respect of his fellow-workmen and the increased confidence and esteem of his employers.

—Abridged from SAMUEL SMILES.

The linnet is singing the wild wood through ;
 The fawn's bounding footsteps skim over the dew.
 The butterfly flits round the blossoming tree,
 And the cowslip and bluebell are bent by the bee ;
 All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay,
 And why should not I be as merry as they ?

THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming ;
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon-balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger ;
We'll win our battle by its aid—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming ;
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And right, not might, shall be the lord
In the good time coming.
Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger,
The proper impulse has been given—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming ;
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger,
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming ;
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger,
'Twill be strong enough one day—
Wait a little longer.

—CHARLES MACKAY.

THE GOBLIN AND THE HUCKSTER

There was once a regular student who lived in a garret, and had no possessions. And there was also a regular huckster, to whom the house belonged, and who occupied the ground floor. A goblin lived with the huckster because at Christmas he was always given a large dish full of jam, with a great piece of butter in the middle. The huckster could afford this ; and therefore the goblin remained with the huckster, which was very cunning of the goblin.

One evening the student came into the shop through the back door to buy candles and cheese for himself ; he had no one to send, and therefore he came himself ; he obtained what he wished, and then the huckster and his wife nodded good evening to him ; the wife was a woman who could do more than merely nod, for she usually had plenty to say for herself. The student nodded in return as he turned to leave, then suddenly stopped, and began reading the piece of paper in which

the cheese was wrapped. It was a leaf torn out of an old book—a book that ought not to have been torn up, for it was full of poetry.

“Yonder lies some more of the same sort,” said the huckster ; “I gave an old woman a few coffee berries for it ; you shall have the rest for sixpence if you will.”

“Indeed I will,” said the student ; “give me the book instead of the cheese ; I can eat my bread and butter without cheese. It would be a sin to tear up a book like this. You are a clever man and a practical man ; but you understand no more about poetry than that cask yonder.”

This was a very rude speech, especially rude to the cask ; but the huckster and the student both laughed, for it was only said in fun. However, the goblin felt very angry that any man should venture to say such things to a huckster who was a householder, and sold the best butter. As soon as it was night and the shop closed and every one in bed except the student, the goblin stepped softly into the bed-room where the huckster’s wife slept, and took away her tongue, which, of course, she did not want then. Whatever object in the room he placed this tongue upon immediately received voice and speech, and was able to express its thoughts and feelings as readily as the lady herself could do. It could only be used by one object at a time, which was a good thing, as a number speaking at once would have caused great confusion. The goblin laid the tongue upon the cask, in which lay a quantity of old newspapers.

“Is it really true,” he asked, “that you do not know what poetry is ? ”

“Of course I know,” replied the cask ; “poetry

is something that always stands in the corner of a newspaper, and is sometimes cut out ; and I may venture to affirm that I have more of it in me than the student has, and I am only a poor tub of the huckster's."

Then the goblin placed the tongue on the coffee-mill ; and how it did go to be sure ! Then he put it on the butter-tub and the cash-box, and they all expressed the same opinion as the waste-paper tub ; and a majority must always be respected.

" Now I shall go to tell the student," said the goblin ; and with these words he went quietly up the back stairs to the garret where the student lived. He had a candle burning still ; and the goblin peeped through the keyhole, and saw that he was reading in the torn book, which he had bought out of the shop. But how light the room was ! From the book shot forth a ray of light which grew broad and full like the stem of a tree, from which bright rays spread upward and over the student's head. Each leaf was fresh, and each flower was like a beautiful female head ; some with dark and sparkling eyes, and others with eyes that were wonderfully blue and clear. The fruit gleamed like stars ; and the room was filled with sounds of beautiful music. The little goblin had never imagined, much less seen or heard of, any sight as glorious as this. He stood still on tiptoe, peeping in, till the light went out in the garret. The student no doubt had blown out his candle and gone to bed ; but the little goblin remained standing there, nevertheless, and listening to the music, which still sounded on, soft and beautiful, a sweet cradle song for the student who had lain down to rest.

" This is a wonderful place," said the goblin . " I

never expected such a thing. I should like to stay here with the student ; ” and then the little man thought it over, for he was a sensible little sprite. At last he sighed, “ But the student has no jam ! ” But after what he had seen, he could no longer sit and listen quietly to the wisdom and understanding downstairs ; so, as soon as the evening light glimmered in the garret, he took courage, for it seemed to him as though the rays of light were strong cables, drawing him up, and obliging him to go and peep through the keyhole ; and, while there, a feeling of vastness came over him such as we experience by the ever-moving sea, when the storm breaks forth ; and it brought tears into his eyes. He did not himself know why he wept, yet a kind of pleasant feeling mingled with his tears. “ How wonderfully glorious it would be to sit with the student under such a tree ; ” but that was out of the question ; he must be content to look through the keyhole, and be thankful for even that.

There he stood on the cold landing, with the autumn wind blowing down upon him through the trap-door. It was very cold ; but the little creature did not really feel it till the light in the garret went out, and the tones of music died away. Then how he shivered, and crept downstairs again to his warm corner, where he felt homelike and comfortable. And when Christmas came again, and brought the dish of jam and the great lump of butter, he liked the huckster best of all.

Soon after, in the middle of the night, the goblin was awakened by a terrible noise and knocking against the window shutters and the house doors, and by the sound of the watchman’s horn ; for a great fire had broken out, and the whole street appeared full of flames.



THE GOBLIN ON THE CHIMNEY

Was it in their house or a neighbour's ? No one could tell, for terror had seized upon all. The huckster's wife was so bewildered that she took her gold ear-rings out of her ears and put them in her pocket, so that she might save something at least. The huckster ran to get his business papers, and the servant resolved to save her black silk mantle, which she had managed to buy. All wished to keep the best things they had. The goblin had the same wish ; for, with one spring, he was upstairs in the student's room. He found him standing by the open window, looking quite calmly at the fire, which was raging at the house of a neighbour opposite. The goblin caught up the wonderful book, which lay on the table, and popped it into his red cap, which he held tightly with both hands.

The greatest treasure in the house was saved ; and he ran away with it to the roof, and seated himself on the chimney. The flames of the burning house opposite illuminated him as he sat, with the treasure clasped tightly in his hands ; and then he found out what feelings really reigned in his heart, and knew exactly which way they tended. And yet, when the fire was extinguished, and the goblin again began to reflect, he hesitated, and said at last, " I must divide myself between the two ; I cannot quite give up the huckster because of the jam."

And this is a representation of human nature. We are like the goblin ; we all go to visit the huckster " because of the jam."

—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Learn to obey and you will know how to command.

BOAT SONG

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances !

Honoured and blessed be the ever-green
Pine !

Long may the Tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line !

Heaven send it happy dew,

Earth lend it sap anew,

Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,

While every Highland glen

Sends our shout back agen,

“ Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe ! ”

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,

Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade ;

When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the
mountain,

The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.

Moored in the rifted rock,

Proof to the tempest's shock,

Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow ;

Menteith and Breadalbane, then,

Echo his praise agen,

“ Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe ! ”

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,

And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied ;

Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in
ruin,

And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her
side.

Widow and Saxon maid
 Long shall lament our raid,
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe ;
 Lenox and Leven-glen
 Shake when they hear agen,
 " Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe ! "

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG'S REVENGE

I was always fond of dogs. Goldsmith, in his touching and eloquent plea for the dog, in alluding to a sort of mania for dog killing, which prevailed at the time of which he speaks, says, among other fine things, that the dog is the only animal which will leave his own kind voluntarily to follow man. It is true, and this truth should bind man to be the dog's protector and friend.

The brig *Cecilia*, under the command of Captain Symmes, on one of her voyages, had on board a splendid specimen of the Newfoundland breed, named Napoleon, and his magnificent size and proportions, his intelligent head, white feet, and white-tipped tail, the rest of his body being black, made him as remarkable as his peerless namesake, who would, no doubt, have been proud to possess him. The captain, however, was not partial to animals of any kind, and had an unaccountable and especial hatred of dogs. This dislike he one day manifested in a shocking manner ; for Napoleon had several times entered his room, and, by wagging his great banner of a tail,

knocked paper and ink off his desk. On the next occasion that this happened, the captain seized a knife and cut off the poor animal's tail.

The dog's howl brought his master, a sailor named Lancaster, to the spot, and, seeing the calamity and the author of it, without a moment's hesitation he felled Captain Symmes to the cabin floor, with a sledge-hammer blow, which, had it hit the temple, would have for ever prevented him from cutting off any more dogs' tails. The result was that Lancaster was put in irons, from which he, however, was soon released. Captain Symmes repented his cruel deed on learning that Napoleon had once saved his owner's life.

But a few days elapsed after this catastrophe to poor Napoleon, ere he became the hero of a more thrilling occurrence. During the interval, the noble beast was not at all backward in exhibiting, by his growls, his wrath at the captain whenever he approached. In vain did his master, fearful for the life of his dog, try to check these signs of his anger. Captain Symmes, however, made allowance and offered no further harm to him.

One morning, as the captain was standing on the bow-sprit, he lost his footing and fell overboard, the *Cecilia* then running at about fifteen knots. "Man overboard! Captain Symmes overboard!" was the cry, and all rushed to get out the boat as they saw the captain striking out for the brig, which was at once rounded to; and as they felt especially apprehensive on account of the white sharks in those waters, they regarded his situation with the most painful solicitude. By the time the boat reached the water, their worst fears were realized; for, at some distance behind

the swimmer they beheld, advancing toward him, the fish most dreaded in those waters.

"Hurry! hurry, men, or we shall be too late!" exclaimed the mate. "What's that?" The splash which caused this inquiry was occasioned by the plunge of Napoleon into the sea. The noble animal, having been watching the cause of the tumult from the captain's fall, had heard the shout, and for a few moments had vented his feelings in deep growls, as if he was conscious of the peril of his enemy, and gratified at it. His growls, however, were soon changed into those whines of sympathy which so often show the attachment of the dog to man, when the latter is in danger. At last he plunged, and rapidly made his way towards the now nearly exhausted captain, who, aware of his double danger, and being but a passable swimmer, made fainter and fainter strokes, while the shark closed rapidly upon him.

"Pull, boys, for the dear life!" was the shout of the mate, as the boat now followed the dog. Slowly the fatigued swimmer made his way; ever and anon his head sank in the waves, and behind him the back of the voracious animal told him what fearful progress it was making, while Lancaster, in the bow of the boat, stood with a knife in his upraised hand, watching alternately the captain and his pursuer, and the faithful animal which had saved his own life. There was a fixed look of determination in his face, which convinced all that, should the dog become a sacrifice to the shark, he would revenge his death, if possible, even at the risk of his own life.

"What a swimmer!" exclaimed the men; who marked the speed of the animal. "The shark will

have one or both if we don't do our best." The scene was of short duration. Before the boat could overtake the dog, the enormous shark had arrived within three oars'-length of the captain, and suddenly turned over on its back, preparatory to darting on the sinking man and receiving him in its vast jaws, which now displayed their long triangular teeth. The wild shriek of the captain announced that the crisis had come. But now Napoleon, seemingly inspired with increased strength, had also arrived, and with a fierce howl leaped upon the gleaming belly of the shark, and buried his teeth in the monster's flesh, while the boat swiftly neared them. "Saved! if we are half as smart as the dog is!" cried the mate, as we all saw the voracious monster shudder in the sea, and, smarting with pain, turn over again, the dog retaining his hold and becoming submerged in the water.

At this juncture the boat arrived, and Lancaster, his knife in his teeth, plunged into the water, where the captain also now had sunk from view. But a few moments elapsed ere the dog rose to the surface and soon after Lancaster, bearing the insensible form of the captain. "Pull them in and give them a bar," cried the mate, "for that fellow is preparing for another launch." His orders were obeyed, and the second onset of the marine monster was foiled by the mate's splashing water in its eyes. It came again, and but a few seconds too late to snap off the captain's leg, as his body was drawn into the boat. Foiled the second time, the shark plunged and was seen no more, but left a track of blood on the surface of the water, a token of the severity of the wound made by the dog.

The boat was now pulled towards the brig ; and not many hours elapsed before the captain was on deck again, very feeble, but able to appreciate the services of our canine hero, and most bitterly to lament the cruel act which had mutilated him for ever. " I would give my right arm," he exclaimed, as he patted the Newfoundland who stood by his side, " if I could only repair the injury I have done that splendid fellow. Lancaster, you are now avenged, and so is he, and a most Christian vengeance it is, though it will be a source of grief to me as long as I live."

—THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

JAFFAR

Jaffar, the Barmecide, the good vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a
peer,—

Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust ;
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good, and e'en the bad, might say,
Ordained that no man living, from that day,
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.
All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer. He, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief,
For his great heart wanted a great relief,

Stood forth in Bagdad, daily in the square
Where once had stood a happy home, and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scimitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

“Bring me this man,” the caliph cried: the man
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. “Welcome, brave cords,” cried he;
“From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless household
fears;

Made a man’s eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?”

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said, “Let worth grow frenzied if it will;
The caliph’s judgment shall be master still.

“Go, and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar’s diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit.”

“Gifts!” cried the friend. He took: and holding it
High toward the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaimed, “This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar.”

—LEIGH HUNT.

O world, as God has made it! All is beauty:
And knowing this is love, and love is duty.

What further may be sought for or declared?

THE HEROINE OF NANCY

In the year 1476, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, laid siege to the town of Nancy, capital of the duchy of Lorraine. In the absence of the young duke, René II, who had gone to raise troops among the enemies of Charles, the town and its little garrison were left in charge of a brave and patriotic governor, who had an only daughter, named Télésile. It is with the noble conduct of this heroic young girl that our story has chiefly to do.

Charles the Bold—who ought rather to have been called the Rash, or the Furious, from his headlong and violent disposition—had sought to erect a kingdom within the dominions of his great rival, Louis XI of France. To extend his power, he had overrun provinces, which, as soon as his strong hand was withdrawn, took the first opportunity to revolt against him. Lorraine was one of these ; and he now appeared before the walls of Nancy, resolved to punish its inhabitants, whom he regarded as rebels. But, thanks to the governor and his heroic daughter, the city held out bravely, both against the assaults of his soldiers, and the threats and promises with which he tried to induce a surrender. While the governor directed and encouraged the defenders, Télésile inspired their wives and daughters.

“ Let us do,” she cried, “ as did the women of Beauvais when this same cruel Charles laid siege to their town. Mothers armed themselves, young girls seized whatever weapons they could find,—hatchets, broken lances, which they bound together with their hair ;

and they joined their sons and brothers in the fight. They drove the invader from their walls ; and so will we defeat and drive him back ! ”

“ Put no trust in the tyrant ! ” said the intrepid governor, addressing the people. “ He is as faithless as he is cruel. He has promised to spare our lives and our property if we will accept him as our ruler ; but be not deceived. Once within our walls, he will give up to massacre and pillage the city that has cost him so dear. But if not for our own sakes, then for the love of our rightful lord, Duke René, let us continue the glorious struggle. Already at the head of a brave Swiss army, he is hastening to our relief. He will soon be at our gates. Let us hold out till then ; or, sooner than betray our trust, let us fall with our defences and be buried in the ruins of our beloved city ! ”

Thus defended, Nancy held out until Charles, maddened to fury by so unexpected and so prolonged a resistance, made a final, desperate attempt to carry the town. By stratagem, quite as much as by force, he succeeded in gaining an entrance within the walls ; and Nancy was at his mercy.

In the flush of vengeance and success, he was for putting at once all the inhabitants—men, women, and children—to the sword. A young maiden was brought before him.

“ Barbarian ! ” she cried, “ if we are all to perish, over whom will you reign ? ”

“ Who are you, bold girl ! that dare to speak to me thus ? ” said the astonished Charles.

“ Your prisoner, and one who would prevent you from adding to the list of your cruelties ! ”

Her beauty, her courage, and the prophetic tones in which she spoke, arrested Charles's fury. "Give up to me your governor, whom I have sworn to punish," he said, "and a portion of the inhabitants shall be spared."

But the governor was her own father—for the young girl was no other than Télésile. Listening to the entreaties of his friends, he had assumed the dress of a private citizen; and all loved the good old man too well to point him out to the tyrant.

When Télésile sorrowfully reported to her father the duke's words, he smiled. "Be of good cheer, my daughter!" he said. "I will see the Duke Charles, and try what I can do to persuade him."

When brought before the conqueror, he said: "There is but one man who can bring the governor to you. Swear on your sword to spare all the inhabitants of the town, and he shall be given up."

"That will I not!" cried the angry duke. "They have braved my power too long; they have scorned my offers; they have laughed at my threats; now woe to the people of Nancy!"

Then, turning to his officers, he commanded that every tenth person in the town should be slain, and they at once gave orders for the decimation. The inhabitants, young and old, women and infants, were assembled in a line which extended through the principal street of the city; while soldiers ransacked the houses, in order to drive forth or kill any that might remain concealed.

It was a terrible day for the doomed city. Families clung together, friends embraced friends, some weeping and lamenting, some trying to comfort and

sustain those who were weaker than they, others calmly awaiting their fate. Then, at a word from the conqueror, a herald went forth, and, waving his hand before the gathered multitude, began to count. Each on whom fell the fatal number *ten* was to be given at once to the sword. But at the outset a difficulty arose.

Near the head of the line Télésile and the governor were placed; and the devoted girl, watching the movements of the herald, and hearing him count aloud, saw by a rapid glance that the dreaded number was about to fall upon her father. Quick as thought, she slipped behind him and placed herself at his other side. Before the old man was aware of her object, the doom which should have been his had fallen upon his daughter. He stood for a moment stupefied with astonishment and grief, then called out to the herald, "Justice! justice!"

"What is the matter, old man?" demanded the herald, before passing on.

"The count is wrong! there is a mistake! Not her!" exclaimed the father, as the executioners were laying hands upon Télésile; "take me, for I was the tenth!"

"Not so," said Télésile calmly. "You all saw that the number came to me."

"She put herself in my way,—she took my place,—on me! let the blow fall on me!" pleaded the old man; while she as earnestly insisted that she was the rightly chosen victim.

Amazed to see two persons striving for the privilege of death at their hands, the butchers dragged them before Charles the Bold, that he might decide the question between them. The duke was no less sur-

prised at beholding once more the maiden and the old man who had already appeared before him, and at learning the cause of their strange dispute ; for he knew not yet that they were parent and child. Notwithstanding his violent disposition, the conqueror had a heart which pity could sometimes touch, and he was powerfully moved by the sight that met his eyes.

“ I pray you hear me ! ” cried Télésile, throwing herself at his feet. “ I am a simple maiden ; my life is of no account ; then let me die, my lord duke ! But spare, oh, spare him, the best, the noblest of men, whose life is useful to all our unhappy people ! ”

“ Do not listen to her ! ” exclaimed the old man, almost too much affected to speak ; “ or if you do, let her own words confute her argument. You behold her courage, her piety, her self-sacrifice ; and I see you are touched ! You will not, you cannot, destroy so precious a life ! It is I who am now worthless to my people. My days are almost spent. Even if you spare me, I have but a little while to live.”

Then Télésile, perceiving the eyes of Charles bent upon her with a look of mingled admiration and pity, said : “ Do not think there is anything wonderful in my conduct ; I do but my simple duty ; I plead for my father’s life ! ”

“ Yes, I am her father,” said the old man, moved by a sudden determination. “ And I am something more. My lord duke, behold the man on whom you have sworn to have revenge. I am he who defended the city so long against you. Now let me die ! ”

At this a multitude of people broke from the line in which they had been ranged, and, surrounding the governor and his daughter, made a rampart of their

bodies about them, exclaiming : “ Let us die for him. We will die for our good governor ! ”

All the better part of the rude Charles’s nature was roused. Tears were in his own eyes, his voice was shaken by emotion. “ Neither shall die ! ” he cried. “ Old man ! fair maiden ! I spare your lives and, for your sake, the lives of all these people. Nay, do not thank me ; for I have gained in this interview a knowledge which I could never have acquired through years of conquest—that human love is greater than kingly power, and that mercy is sweeter than vengeance ! ”

Well would it have been for the rash Charles could he have gained that knowledge earlier, or have shaped his future life by it even then. Still fired by ambition and love of power, he went forth to fight Duke René, who now appeared with an army to relieve his fair city of Nancy. A battle ensued, in which Charles was defeated and slain ; and in the midst of joy and thanksgiving, the rightful duke entered and once more took possession of the town.

Warmly as he was welcomed, there were two who shared with him the honours of that happy day—the old man who had defended Nancy so long and well, and the young girl whose heroic conduct had saved from massacre one tenth of all its inhabitants.

—SELECTED.

Fear to do base, unworthy things, is valour !
I never thought an angry person valiant ;
Virtue is never aided by a vice ;
And ’tis an odious kind of remedy
To owe our health to a disease.

WORK

Work, work, my boy, be not afraid ;
 Look labour boldly in the face ;
 Take up the hammer or the spade,
 And blush not for your humble place.

There's glory in the shuttle's song ;
 There's triumph in the anvil's stroke ;
 There's merit in the brave and strong
 Who dig the mine or fell the oak.

The wind disturbs the sleeping lake,
 And bids it ripple pure and fresh ;
 It moves the green boughs till they make
 Grand music in their leafy mesh.

And so the active breath of life
 Should stir our dull and sluggard wills ;
 For are we not created rife
 With health, that stagnant torpor kills ?

I doubt if he who lolls his head
 Where idleness and plenty meet,
 Enjoys his pillow or his bread
 As those who earn the meals they eat.

And man is never half so blest
 As when the busy day is spent
 So as to make his evening rest
 A holiday of glad content.

—ELIZA COOK.

THE MOB

When school is opened or when it is dismissed, I see the boys and girls file in and out. The teacher gives the word, and they go quietly and in order each one to his seat or to the playground. You might think them soldiers, and the teacher an officer. "Attention!" cries the captain "forward, march!" and the company, or the regiment, or the great army itself, moves on without confusion. Almost all of you have seen soldiers on the march in some peaceful procession, but none of you have ever seen them in battle, and I hope you never may.

In battle, too, they do as they are told—they obey orders; but sometimes it happens that they are beaten by the enemy and are forced to retreat. The captain may wave his sword and cry "Forward!" but they do not dare to go forward lest they be shot down; or the captain himself has been killed, and there is nobody to tell them what to do, nor any one whom they will obey. A great fear—what is called a panic—seizes on them all, and the retreat becomes a rout: each man thinks only of himself and how he shall save his life; they throw down their guns and their knapsacks, they get in each other's way—the road is blocked, the narrow bridge is blocked—all shout together, and push one another, and trample upon or ride over one another, or crowd one another into the water. It is terrible. The army is no longer an army, it has become a *mob*.

So it might be in school. If the building should catch fire, or if only some thoughtless boy cried

“ Fire ! ” and made the scholars think it was really so, then there might be a mad rush for the door and the stairs ; all could not get out at once or down at once ; there would be a jam. The smallest and the weakest would be crushed or even smothered to death ; those who fell would be trodden on, perhaps killed. If all got out alive, it would be with torn clothes, scratches, bruises, and very likely broken bones. Had they obeyed their captain, the teacher, they would have gone out one by one or two by two, in half the time, and nobody would have been hurt. Had they stopped to think, they would have said to themselves : “ The door is only three feet wide, and was meant for one person to pass through at a time ; or, it is six feet wide, for two to pass. If forty or fifty of us try to get through together, the doorway will be choked ; no one can get out, and while we are struggling with one another, we may all be burnt up.”

But mobs do not think ; if they did, they would not be mobs. A frightened flock of sheep does not think, when it runs first in this direction after one leader, then in that, after another. The horse, like boys and girls, is generally a sensible animal ; he thinks, and he learns to obey. A light touch of the reins or a word spoken to him makes him go as we wish. He is a soldier. But let him be frightened on the road by a piece of paper or by the cars, a panic seizes him and off he bolts. He minds no longer the rein or the driver’s voice ; he ceases to be a soldier. His running away startles other horses along the road, and they too cease to think and to obey, and then there is a mob of horses.

Travellers on the great plains of the West, before

there were any railways, used to fasten their horses at night so as to keep them from straying from the camp. Often the Indians would come up in the dark and frighten the horses, and when these had broken loose would catch them and steal them. This was called stampeding them.

One of the reasons why we send children to school is to keep them from turning into a mob, and from being stampeded like horses and cattle. The more ignorant we are, the more easily we are frightened; and when we are frightened and in fear of our lives, we often behave more like savage beasts than like men.

In the year 1832 the cholera broke out in Paris, and thousands died of it. It was then a new and strange disease, and everybody was made cowardly by it. No one understood, as we do now, what caused it or how it could be cured or prevented. The poorest people in that great city were terror-stricken. When so many died and so few recovered, they were ready to believe any rumour that came to their ears. Some said: "We are all being poisoned," and it was really believed that men went about poisoning the water in the public drinking-fountains. Others said: "And the doctors in the hospitals have too many patients to attend to; some they try to cure, and the rest they poison to get rid of them." Then everybody was on the look out for poisoners.

You may read some day a story of these cholera times in Paris, written by a Frenchman. It tells of an unfortunate man suspected and accused of being a poisoner. He denies it, but it is of no use. They try to seize him in a shop and he breaks loose and runs into the street—into the square. They run after

him, and now a great crowd gathers about him. Do they hold him till they can call the police to arrest him, and take him before the judge to be tried, and punished if found guilty? No, this is a mob, and it already believes the man guilty and is going to punish him, without a trial. It means to kill him just as if he were a mad dog. Men and women strike him as he comes near them, or throw things at him, even their wooden shoes, and by and by, though a giant, he falls down and is trampled to death by the cruel mob. All this takes place on an island in the river Seine, in front of the great church of Notre Dame. A part of the mob drags the body to one of the bridges and tosses it over into the water.

Another part of the mob has already found another victim. It is a priest who knew the man they were murdering, and cried out: "He is innocent!" "You too are a poisoner," they replied, and they began to beat and to stone him also. He runs from them to the church, but he cannot get in, and he stands with his back to the wall, more dead than alive. What can save him from falling, from being kicked and trodden to death, from being thrown into the dark river?

Suddenly a door near him is opened; another priest seizes him and pulls him in, and the door is closed. Gabriel is the name of this saviour, and he has just time to get the poor man behind the low railing, where he falls helpless, when the mob bursts in the door and rushes upon them. Gabriel tries to talk to them and excite their pity. They hear him, but his words have no effect upon them. At last Gabriel bids the leader of the mob come inside the railings, points to the fallen

body of the priest, and says : " Now kill him ! " The man shrinks back " What, I alone kill him ! " He refuses and the priest is saved. No one in the mob can be found to do *by himself* what all together would do.

Shall we go with the mob and do what it does, and think we are doing right because others are doing the same thing ? Both men and children sometimes act that way. Yet if any one of you had a ball or a knife or any other article that he prized, would he give it up more willingly because a *dozen* boys told him they meant to take it from him, than because only *one* did ? Could one boy be a thief if he alone took it, and not a thief if he got eleven others to join him in taking it from you against your will ?

Here are some verses by the poet, William Cowper, which fit the case exactly :

A youngster at school, more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And asked him to go and assist on the job.

He was shocked, sir, like you, and answered,
" Oh, no !
What ! rob our good neighbour ! I pray you don't go ;
Besides, the man's poor, his orchard's his bread ;
Then think of his children, for they must be fed."

" You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and apples we'll have ;
If you will go with us, you shall have a share,
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear."

They spoke, and Tom pondered—"I see they will go;
 Poor man! what a pity to injure him so!
 Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could,
 But staying behind will do him no good.

"If the matter depended alone upon me,
 His apples might hang till they dropped from
 the tree;
 But since they will take them, I think I'll go too,—
 He will lose none by me, though I get a few."

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
 And went with his comrades the apples to seize;
 He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan:
 He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

Tom, you see, had a conscience; it was his captain.
 It told him that to take his neighbour's fruit was steal-
 ing. Tom would have obeyed if he had been let alone.
 But the mob came to him, and he forgot his duty to his
 captain and began to invent excuses for stealing in
 company. Then, as the old saying is, he followed the
 multitude to do evil.

—WENDELL P. GARRISON.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume on the violet,
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
 Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

THE BLIND MAN AND THE TALKING DOG

There was once an old man whom Fortune, whose own eyes are bandaged, had deprived of his sight. She had taken his hearing also, so that he was deaf. Poor he had always been, and as Time had stolen his youth and strength from him, they had left only a light burden for death to carry when he should come the old man's way. But Love, who is blind also, had given the blind man a dog, who led him out in the morning to a seat in the sun under the crab tree, and held his hat for wayside alms, and brought him safely home at sunset. The dog was wise and faithful,—as dogs often are,—but the wonder of him was that he could talk. In this will be seen the difference between dogs and men. Most men can talk, but it is a matter for admiration if they are wise and faithful.

One day the mayor's little son came down the road, and by the hand he held his playmate Aldegunda.

"Give the poor blind man a penny," said she.

"You are always wanting me to give away my money," replied the boy, peevishly. "It is well that my father is the richest man in the town, and that I have a whole silver crown yet in my pocket." But he put the penny into the hat which the dog held out, and the dog gave it to his master.

"Heaven bless you," said the blind man.

"Amen," said the dog.

"Aldegunda! Aldegunda!" cried the boy, dancing with delight. "Here's a dog who can talk. I would give my silver crown for him. Old man, I say, old

man! Will you sell me your dog for a silver crown?"

"My master is deaf as well as blind," said the dog.

"What a miserable old creature he must be," said the boy compassionately.

"Men do not smile when they are miserable, do they?" said the dog; "and my master smiles sometimes—when the sun warms right through our coats to our bones; when he feels the hat shake against his knee as the pennies drop in; and when I lick his hand."

"But for all that, he is a poor, wretched old beggar, in want of everything," persisted the boy. "Now I am the mayor's only son, and he is the richest man in the town. Come and live with me, and I will give the blind man my silver crown. I should be perfectly happy if I had a talking dog of my own."

"It is worth thinking of," said the dog. "I should certainly like a master who was perfectly happy. You are sure that there is nothing else that you wish for?"

"I wish I were a man," replied the boy. "To do exactly as I choose, and have plenty of money to spend, and holidays all the year round."

"That sounds well," said the dog. "Perhaps I had better wait till you grow up. There is nothing else that you want, I suppose?"

"I want a horse," said the boy, "a real black charger. My father ought to know that I am too old for a hobby-horse. It vexes me to look at it."

"I must wait for the charger, I see," said the dog. "Nothing vexes you but the hobby-horse, I hope?"

"Aldegunda vexes me more than anything,"

answered the boy, with an aggrieved air ; “ and it’s very hard when I am so fond of her. She always tumbles down when we run races, her legs are so short. It’s her birthday to-day, but she toddles as badly as she did yesterday, though she’s a year older.”

“ She will have learned to run by the time that you are a man,” said the dog. “ So nice a little lady can give you no other cause of annoyance, I am sure ? ” The boy frowned. “ She is always wanting something. She wants something now, I see. What do you want, Aldegunda ? ”

“ I wish—” said Aldegunda, timidly, “ I should like—the blind man to have the silver crown, and for us to keep the penny, if you can get it back out of the hat.”

“ That’s just the way you go on,” said the boy, angrily. “ You always think differently from me. Now remember, Aldegunda, I won’t marry you when you grow big unless you agree with what I do, like the wife in the story of ‘ What the Goodman does is sure to be right.’ ”

On hearing this, Aldegunda sobbed till she burst the strings of her hat, and the boy had to tie them afresh. “ I won’t marry you at all if you cry,” said he. But at that she only cried the more, and they went away bickering into the green lanes.

As to the old man, he had heard nothing ; and when the dog licked his withered hand, he smiled.

Many a time did the boy return with his playmate to try to get the talking dog. But the dog always asked if he had yet got all that he wanted, and, being an honourable child, the boy was too truthful to say that he was content when he was not.

"The day you want nothing more but me I will be your dog," it said. "Unless, indeed, my present master should have attained perfect happiness before you."

"I am not afraid of that," said the boy.

In time the mayor died, and his widow moved to her native town and took her son with her.

Years passed, and the blind man lived on ; for when one gets very old and keeps very quiet in his little corner of the world, Death seems sometimes to forget to remove him.

Years passed, and the mayor's son became a man and was strong and rich, and had a fine black charger. Aldegunda grew up also. She was very beautiful, wonderfully beautiful, and Love, who is blind, gave her to her old playmate. The wedding was a fine one, and when it was over, the bridegroom mounted his black charger and took his bride behind him, and rode away into the green lanes.

"Ah, what delight !" he said. "Now we will ride through the town where we lived when we were children ; and if the blind man is still alive, you shall give him a silver crown ; and if the talking dog is alive, I shall claim him, for to-day I am perfectly happy and want nothing."

Aldegunda thought to herself : "We are so happy, and have so much, that I do not like to take the blind man's dog from him ;" but she did not dare to say so.

By and by they rode under the crab tree, but the seat was empty. "What has become of the blind man ?" the mayor's son asked of a peasant who was near.

"He died two days ago," said the peasant. "He

is buried to-day, and the priest and the chanters are now returning from the grave."

"And the talking dog?" asked the young man.

"He is at the grave now," said the peasant. "But he has neither spoken nor eaten since his master died."

"We have come in the nick of time," said the young man, triumphantly, and he rode to the churchyard.

By the grave was the dog, as the man had said, and up the winding path came the priest and his young chanters, who sang with shrill, clear voices: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

"Come and live with me, now your old master is gone," said the young man, stooping over the dog. But he made no reply.

"I think he is dead, sir," said the grave-digger.

"I don't believe it," said the young man, fretfully. "He was an enchanted dog, and he promised I should have him when I could say what I am ready to say now. He should have kept his promise."

But Aldegunda had taken the dog's cold head into her arms, and her tears fell fast over it. "You forgot," she said; "he only promised to come to you when you were happy, if his old master were not happier first; and perhaps,—"

"I remember that you always disagree with me," said the young man, impatiently. "You always did do so. Tears on our wedding-day, too! I suppose the truth is that no one is happy."

Aldegunda made no answer, for it is not from those one loves that he will willingly learn that with

a selfish and imperious temper happiness never dwells.
 And as they rode away again into the green lanes,
 the shrill voices of the chanters followed them :
 " Blessed are the dead. Blessed are the dead."

—JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

NOW

Rise ! for the day is passing,
 And you lie dreaming on ;
 The others have buckled their armour,
 And forth to the fight are gone :
 A place in the ranks awaits you,
 Each man has some part to play ;
 The Past and the Future are nothing,
 In the face of the stern To-day.

Rise from your dreams of the Future—
 Of gaining some hard-fought field :
 Of storming some airy fortress,
 Or bidding some giant yield ;
 Your Future has deeds of glory,
 Of honour (God grant it may !)
 But your arm will never be stronger,
 Or the need so great as To-day.

Rise ! if the Past detains you,
 Her sunshine and storms forget ;
 No chains so unworthy to hold you
 As those of a vain regret :

Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever,
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife To-day.

Rise ! for the day is passing :
The sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle—
Arise ! for the foe is here !
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When, from dreams of a coming battle,
You may wake to find it past !

—ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

GEIRALD

Once upon a time there lived a poor knight who had a great many children, and found it very hard to get enough for them to eat. One day he sent his eldest son, Rosald, a brave and honest youth, to the neighbouring town to do some business, and here Rosald met a young man named Geirald, with whom he made friends. Now Geirald was the son of a rich man, who was proud of the boy, and had all his life allowed him to do whatever he fancied, and, luckily for the father, he was prudent and sensible, and did not waste money, as many other rich young men might have done. For some time he had set his heart on travelling into foreign countries, and after he had been talking for a little

while to Rosald, he asked if his new friend would be his companion on his journey.

"There is nothing I should like better," answered Rosald, shaking his head sorrowfully; "but my father is very poor, and he could never give me the money."

"Oh, if that is your only difficulty, it is all right," cried Geirald. "My father has more money than he knows what to do with, and he will give me as much as I want for both of us; only, there is one thing you must promise me, Rosald, that, supposing we have any adventures, you will let the honour and glory of them fall on me."

"Yes, of course, that is only fair," answered Rosald, who never cared about putting himself forward. "But I cannot go without telling my parents. I am sure they will think me lucky to get such a chance."

As soon as the business was finished, Rosald hastened home. His parents were delighted to hear of his good fortune, and his father gave him his own sword, which was growing rusty for want of use, while his mother saw that his leather jerkin was in order. "Be sure you keep the promise you made to Geirald," said she, as she bade him good-bye, "and, come what may, see that you never betray him."

Full of joy, Rosald rode off, and the next day he and Geirald set out to seek adventures. To their disappointment their own land was so well governed that nothing out of the common was very likely to happen, but directly they crossed the border into another kingdom all seemed lawlessness and confusion. They had not gone very far, when, riding across a mountain, they caught a glimpse of several armed men hiding among some trees in their path, and remembered

suddenly some talk they had heard of a band of twelve robbers who lay in wait for rich travellers. The robbers were more like savage beasts than men, and lived somewhere at the top of the mountain in caves and holes in the ground. All this and more rushed into the minds of the two young men as they saw the flash of swords in the moonlight.

"It is impossible to fight them—they are twelve to two," whispered Geirald, stopping his horse in the path. "We had much better ride back and take the lower road. It would be stupid to throw away our lives like this."

"Oh, we can't turn back," answered Rosald, "we should be ashamed to look any one in the face again! And besides, it is a grand opportunity to show what we are made of. Let us tie our horses here, and climb up the rocks so that we can roll stones down on them."

"Well, we might try that, and then we shall always have our horses," said Geirald. So they went up the rocks silently and carefully.

The robbers were lying all ready, expecting every moment to see their victims coming around the corner a few yards away, when a shower of huge stones fell on their heads, killing half the band. The others sprang up the rock but as they reached the top the sword of Rosald swung round, and one man after another rolled down into the valley. At last the chief managed to spring up, and, grasping Rosald by the waist, flung away his sword, and the two fought desperately, their bodies swaying always nearer the edge. It seemed as if Rosald, being the smaller of the two, must fall over, when, with his left hand,

he drew the robber's sword out of its sheath and plunged it into his heart. Then he took from the dead man a beautiful ring set with a large stone, and put it on his own finger.

The fame of this wonderful deed soon spread through the country, and people would often stop Geirald's horse, and ask leave to see the robber's ring which was said to have been stolen from the father of the reigning king. And Geirald showed them the ring with pride, and listened to their words of praise, and no one would ever have guessed any one else had destroyed the robbers; for although Rosald always wore the ring himself, he never told any one that it was not really Geirald who had won it.

In a few days they left that kingdom and rode on to another, where they thought they would stop through the remainder of the winter, for Geirald liked to be comfortable, and did not care about traveling through ice and snow. But the king would grant them leave to stop only on condition that, before the winter was ended, they should give him some fresh proof of the courage of which he had heard so much. Rosald's heart was glad at the king's message, and as for Geirald, he felt that as long as Rosald was there all would go well. So they both bowed low and replied that it was the king's place to command and theirs to obey.

"Well, then," said his Majesty, "this is what I want you to do. In the north-east part of my kingdom there dwells a giant, who has an iron staff twenty yards long, and he is so quick in using it, that even fifty knights have no chance against him. The bravest and strongest young men of my court have

fallen under the blows of that staff ; but, as you overcame the twelve robbers so easily, I feel that I have reason to hope that you may be able to conquer the giant. In three days from this you will set out."

"We shall be ready, your Majesty," answered Rosald ; but Geirald remained silent.

"How can we possibly fight against a giant that has killed fifty knights?" cried Geirald, when they were outside the castle. "The king only wants to get rid of us ! He won't think about us for the next three days—that is one comfort—so we shall have plenty of time to cross the borders of the kingdom and be out of his reach."

"We may not be able to kill the giant, but we certainly cannot run away till we have tried," answered Rosald. "Besides, think how glorious it will be if we do manage to kill him ! I know what sort of weapon I shall use. Come with me now, and I shall see about it." And, taking his friend by the arm, he led him into a shop where he bought a huge lump of solid iron, so big that they could hardly lift it between them. However they just managed to carry it to a blacksmith's, where Rosald directed that it should be beaten into a thick club, with a sharp spike at one end. When this was done to his liking, he took it home under his arm.

Very early on the third morning the two young men set out on their journey, and on the fourth day they reached the giant's cave before he was out of bed. Hearing the sound of footsteps, the giant rose and went to the entrance to see who was coming, and Rosald, expecting something of the sort, struck him such a blow on the forehead that he fell to the

ground. Then, before he could rise to his feet again, Rosald drew out his sword and cut off his head.

"It was not so difficult after all, you see," he said, turning to Geirald. And placing the giant's head in a leathern wallet which was slung over his back, they began their journey to the castle. As they drew near the gates, Rosald took the head from the wallet and handed it to Geirald, whom he followed into the king's presence.

"The giant will trouble you no more," said Geirald, holding out the head. And the king fell on his neck and kissed him, and cried joyfully that he was the bravest knight in all the world, and that a feast should be made for him and Rosald, and that the great deed should be proclaimed throughout the kingdom. And Geirald's heart swelled with pride, and he almost forgot that it was Rosald, and not he, who had slain the giant.

By and by a whisper went round that a beautiful lady who lived in the castle would be present at the feast, with twenty-four lovely maidens, her attendants. The lady was the queen of her own country, but as her father and mother had died when she was a little girl, she had been left in the care of this king who was her uncle. She was now old enough to govern her own kingdom, but her subjects did not like being ruled by a woman, and said that she must find a husband to help her in managing her affairs. Prince after prince had offered himself, but the young queen would have nothing to say to any of them, and at last told her ministers that if she was to have a husband at all she must choose him for herself, as she would certainly not marry any of those whom they had selected



THE GIANT

for her. The ministers replied that in that case she had better manage her kingdom alone, and the queen, who knew nothing about business, got things into such a confusion that at last she gave up altogether, and went off to visit her uncle.

Now when she heard how the two young men had slain the giant, her heart was filled with admiration of their courage, and she declared that if a feast was held, she would certainly be present at it. And so she was ; and when the feast was over, she asked the king, her guardian, if he would allow the two heroes who had killed the robbers and slain the giant to fight a tourney the next day with one of her pages. The king gladly gave his consent, and ordered the lists to be made ready, never doubting that two great champions would be eager for such a chance of adding to their fame. Little did he guess that Geirald had done all that he could to persuade Rosald to steal secretly out of the castle during the night. "For," said he, "I do not believe they are pages at all, but well-proved knights, and how can we, so young and untried, stand up against them ?"

"The honour will be all the higher if we gain the day," answered Rosald ; but Geirald would listen to nothing, and only declared that he did not care about honour, and would rather be alive than have every honour in the world heaped on him. Go he would, and as Rosald had sworn to keep him company, he must come with him.

Rosald was much grieved when he heard these words, but he knew that it was useless attempting to persuade Geirald, and turned his thoughts to forming some plan to prevent this disgraceful flight. Suddenly his face

brightened. "Let us change clothes," he said, "and I will do the fighting, while you shall get the glory. Nobody will ever know." And to this Geirald readily consented.

Whether Geirald was right or not in thinking that the so-called page was really a well-proved knight, it is certain that Rosald's task was a very hard one. Three times they came together with a crash which made their horses reel ; once Rosald knocked the helmet off his foe, and received in return such a blow that he staggered in his saddle. Shouts went up from the onlookers, as first one and then the other seemed gaining the victory ; but at length Rosald planted his spear in the armour which covered his adversary's breast and bore him steadily backward. "Unhorsed ! unhorsed !" cried the people ; and Rosald then himself dismounted and helped his adversary to rise.

In the confusion that followed it was easy for Rosald to slip away and return to Geirald his proper clothes. And in these, torn and dusty with the fight, Geirald answered the king's summons to come before him.

"You have done what I expected you to do," said the king, "and now, choose your reward."

"Grant me, sire, the hand of the queen, your niece," replied the young man, bowing low, "and I shall defend her kingdom against all her enemies."

"She could choose no better husband," said the king, "and if she consents, I do." And he turned towards the queen, who had not been present during the fight, but had just slipped into a seat by his right hand. Now the queen's eyes were very sharp, and it seemed to her that the man who stood before her, tall and hand-

some though he might be, was different in many slight ways, and in one in particular, from the man who had fought the tourney. How there could be any trickery she could not understand, and why the real victor should be willing to give up his prize to another was still stranger ; but something in her heart warned her to be careful. She answered : " You may be satisfied, uncle, but I am not. One more proof I must have ; let the two young men now fight against each other. The man I marry must be the man who killed the robbers and the giant, and overcame my page." Geirald's face grew pale as he heard these words. He knew there was no escape for him now, though he did not doubt for one moment that Rosald would keep his compact loyally to the last.

The tourney was fought, and in spite of Geirald's fears, Rosald managed to hang back, to make attacks which were never meant to succeed, and to allow strokes which he could easily have parried to attain their end. At length, after a great show of resistance, he fell heavily to the ground. And as he fell he knew that it was not alone the glory that was his rightfully which he gave up, but the hand of the queen that was more precious still. But Geirald did not even wait to see if he was wounded ; he went straight to the wall where the royal banner waved and claimed the reward which was now his.

The crowd of watchers turned towards the queen expecting to see her stoop and give some token to the victor. Instead, to the surprise of every one, she merely smiled gracefully and said that before she bestowed her hand one more test must be imposed, but this should be the last. The final tourney should

be fought ; Geirald and Rosald should meet singly two knights of the king's court, and he who could unhorse his foe should be master of herself and of her kingdom. The combat was fixed to take place at ten o'clock the following day.

All night long Geirald walked about his room, not daring to face the fight that lay in front of him, and trying with all his might to discover some means of escaping it. All night long he moved restlessly from door to window ; and when the trumpets sounded, and the combatants rode into the field, he alone was missing. The king sent messengers to see what had become of him, and he was found, trembling with fear, hiding under his bed. After that there was no need of any further proof. The combat was declared unnecessary, and the queen pronounced herself quite satisfied, and ready to accept Rosald as her husband.

" You forgot one thing," she said, when they were alone. " I recognized my father's ring, which the robber chief had stolen, on the finger of your right hand, and I knew that it was you and not Geirald who had slain the robber band. That was why I ordered the combat between you, though your faith to your word prevented my plan being successful, and I had to try another. The man who keeps his promise at all costs to himself is the man I can trust, both for myself and for my people."

So they were married, and returned to their own kingdom, which they ruled well and happily. And many years after a poor beggar knocked at the palace gates and asked for money, for the sake of days gone by—and this was Geirald.

—ANDREW LANG.

LAURA SECORD

On the sacred scroll of glory,
Let us blazen forth the story
Of a brave Canadian woman, with the fervid pen
of fame ;
So that all the world may read it,
And that every heart may heed it,
And rehearse it through the ages to the honour
of her name.

In the far-off days of battle,
When the musket's rapid rattle
Far re-echoed through the forest, Laura Secord
sped along .
Deep into the woodland mazy,
Over pathways wild and hazy,
With a firm and fearless footstep and a courage
stanch and strong.

She had heard the host preparing,
And at once, with dauntless daring,
Hurried off to give the warning of the fast ad-
vancing foe ;
And she flitted like a shadow
Far away o'er fen and meadow,
Where the wolf was in the wildwood and the
lynx was lying low.

From within the wild recesses
Of the tangle wildernesses
Sounds mysterious pursued her 'long the winding
forest way ;

And she heard the gutt'ral growling
Of the bears, that, near her prowling,
Crushed their way through coverts gloomy, with
their cubs in noisy play.

Thus for twenty miles she travelled
Over pathways rough and ravelled,
Braving danger for her country like the fabled
ones of yore,
Till she reached her destination,
And forewarned the threatened station
Of the wave that was advancing to engulf it deep
in gore.

Just in time the welcome warning
Come unto the men, that, scorning
To retire before the foemen, rallied ready for the
fray ;
And they gave such gallant greeting,
That the foe was soon retreating,
Back in wild dismay and terror on that glorious
battle-day.

Few returned to tell the story
Of the conflict sharp and gory
That was won by brilliant glory by that brave
Canadian band,
For the host of prisoners captured
Far outnumbered the enraptured
Little group of gallant soldiers fighting for their
native land.

Braver deeds are not recorded
 In historic treasures hoarded,
 Than the march of Laura Secord through the
 forest long ago ;
 And no nobler deed of daring
 Than the cool and crafty snaring
 By the band at Beaver Dam of all that well-
 appointed foe.

But we know if war should ever
 Rage again o'er field and river,
 And the hordes of the invader should appear
 within our land,
 Far and wide the trumpets' pealing
 Would awake the same old feeling,
 And again would deeds of daring sparkle out
 on every hand.

—CHARLES EDWIN JAKEWAY.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

"Sam," said Mr. Michael Johnson, of Lichfield, one morning, "I am very feeble and ailing to-day. You must go to Uttoxeter in my stead, and tend the book-stall in the market-place there."

This was spoken above a hundred years ago by an elderly man, who had once been a thriving bookseller at Lichfield, in England. Being now in reduced circumstances, he was forced to go every market day and sell books at a stall, in the neighbouring village of Uttoxeter.

His son, to whom Mr. Johnson spoke, was a great boy, of very singular aspect. He had an intelligent face ; but it was seamed and distorted by a scrofulous humour, which affected his eyes so badly that sometimes he was almost blind. Owing to the same cause, his head would often shake with a tremulous motion. When Sam was an infant, the famous Queen Anne had tried to cure him of this disease by laying her royal hands upon his head. But though the touch of the king or queen was supposed to be a certain remedy for scrofula, it produced no good effect upon Sam Johnson.

At the time of which we speak the poor lad was not very well dressed, and wore shoes from which his toes peeped out. But, poor as the family were, Sam Johnson had as much pride as any nobleman's son in England. The fact was, he felt conscious of uncommon sense and ability, which, in his own opinion, entitled him to great respect from the world. Perhaps he would have been glad if grown people had treated him as reverentially as his school-fellows did. Three of them were accustomed to come for him every morning ; and while he sat upon the back of one, the two others supported him on each side ; and thus he rode to school in triumph.

Being a personage of so much importance, Sam could not bear the idea of standing all day in Uttoxeter offering books to the rude and ignorant country people. Doubtless he felt more reluctant on account of his shabby clothes. When Mr. Michael Johnson spoke, Sam pouted and made an indistinct grumbling in his throat ; then he looked his old father in the face, and answered him loudly and deliberately. " Sir," said he, " I will not go to Uttoxeter Market ! "

Mr. Johnson had seen a great deal of the lad's obstinacy ever since his birth. But he was now too feeble and too much out of spirits to contend with this stubborn and violent-tempered boy. He therefore gave up the point at once, and prepared to go to Uttoxeter himself.

"Well, Sam," said Mr. Johnson, as he took his hat and staff, "if for the sake of your foolish pride you can suffer your poor sick father to stand all day in the noise and confusion of the market when he ought to be in his bed, I have no more to say."

Sam looked after Mr. Johnson with a sullen countenance till he was out of sight. But when the old man's figure, as he went stooping along the street, was no more to be seen, the boy's heart began to smite him. He had a vivid imagination, and it tormented him with the image of his father standing in the marketplace of Uttoxeter and offering his books to the noisy crowd around him. And if he should sell a book it would cost him an hour's talk to get a profit of only sixpence.

"My poor father!" thought Sam to himself. "How his head will ache! and how heavy his heart will be! I am almost sorry that I did not do as he bade me."

Then the boy went to his mother, who was busy about the house. She did not know of what had passed between Mr. Johnson and Sam.

"Mother," said he, "did you think father seemed very ill to-day?"

"Yes, Sam," answered his mother, turning with a flushed face from the fire where she was cooking their scanty dinner. "Your father did look very ill; and it is a pity he did not send you to Uttoxeter in his stead.

You are a great boy now, and would rejoice, I am sure, to do something for your poor father, who has done so much for you."

The lad made no reply. But again his imagination set to work and conjured up another picture of poor Michael Johnson. He was standing in the hot sunshine of the market-place, and looking so weary, sick, and disconsolate that the eyes of all the crowd were drawn to him. "Had this old man no son," the people would say among themselves, "who might have taken his place at the book-stall while the father kept his bed?"

"Oh, I have been a cruel son!" thought he within his own heart. "God forgive me! God forgive me!"

After sunset old Michael Johnson came slowly home and sat down in his customary chair. He said nothing to Sam; nor do I know that a single word ever passed between them on the subject of the son's disobedience. In a few years his father died, and left Sam to fight his way through the world by himself. It would make our story much too long were I to tell you even a few of the remarkable events of Sam's life. Moreover, there is the less need of this, because many books have been written about that poor boy, and the fame that he acquired, and all that he did after he came to be a man.

But one thing I must not neglect to say. From his boyhood upward until the latest day of his life, he never forgot the story of Uttoxeter Market. Often when he was a scholar of the University of Oxford, or master of an academy at Edial, or a writer for the London booksellers,—in all his poverty and toil and in all his success,—while he was walking the streets with-

out a shilling to buy food, or when the greatest men of England were proud to feast him at their table, still that heavy and remorseful thought came back to him, "I was cruel to my poor father in his illness!" Many and many a time, awake or in his dreams, he seemed to see old Michael Johnson standing in the dust and confusion of the market-place, and pressing his withered hand to his forehead as if it ached.

Fifty years had passed away since young Sam Johnson had shown himself so hard-hearted towards his father. It was now market-day in the village of Uttoxeter.

There was a clock in the gray tower of the ancient church, and the hands on the dial-plate had now almost reached the hour of noon. At this busiest hour of the market a strange old gentleman was seen making his way among the crowd. He was very tall and bulky, and wore a brown coat and small-clothes, with black worsted stockings and buckled shoes. On his head was a three-cornered hat, beneath which a bushy gray wig thrust itself out, all in disorder. The old gentleman elbowed the people aside, and forced his way through the midst of them with a singular kind of gait, rolling his body hither and thither, so that he needed twice as much room as any other person there. "Make way, sir!" he would cry out, in a loud, harsh voice, when somebody happened to interrupt his progress. "Sir, you intrude your person into the public thoroughfare!"

"What a queer old fellow this is!" muttered the people among themselves, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to be angry.

But when they looked into the venerable stranger's

face, not the most thoughtless among them dared to offer him the least impertinence. Though his features were scarred and distorted with the scrofula, and though his eyes were dim and bleared, yet there was something of authority and wisdom in his look, which impressed them all with awe. So they stood aside to let him pass ; and the old gentleman made his way across the market-place, and paused near the corner of the ivy-mantled church. Just as he reached it, the clock struck twelve.

On the very spot of ground where the stranger now stood some aged people remembered that old Michael Johnson had formerly kept his book-stall. The little children who had bought picture books of him were grandfathers now.

" Yes, here is the very spot ! " muttered the old gentleman to himself.

There this unknown personage took his stand and removed the three-cornered hat from his head. It was the busiest hour of the day. What with the hum of human voices, the lowing of cattle, the squeaking of pigs, and the laughter caused by the merry-andrew, the market-place was in a very great confusion. But the stranger seemed not to notice it any more than if the silence of a desert were around him. He was rapt in his own thoughts. Sometimes he raised his furrowed brow to Heaven, as if in prayer ; sometimes he bent his head, as if an insupportable weight of sorrow were upon him. It increased the awfulness of his aspect that there was a motion of his head and an almost continual tremor throughout his frame, with singular twitchings and contortions of his features.

The hot sun blazed upon his unprotected head ;

but he seemed not to feel its fervour. A dark cloud swept across the sky, and rain-drops pattered into the market-place ; but the stranger heeded not the shower. The people began to gaze at the mysterious old gentleman with superstitious fear and wonder. Who could he be ? Whence did he come ? Wherefore was he standing bareheaded in the market-place ? Even the school-boys came to gaze, with wide-open eyes, at this tall, strange-looking old man.

There was a cattle drover in the village who had recently made a journey to the Smithfield Market in London. No sooner had this man thrust his way through the throng and taken a look at the unknown personage, than he whispered to one of his acquaintances : " I say, Neighbour Hutchins, would ye like to know who this old gentleman is ? "

" Aye, that I would," replied Neighbour Hutchins, " for a queerer chap I never saw in my life. Somehow it makes me feel small to look at him. He's more than a common man."

" You may well say so," answered the cattle drover. " Why, that's the famous Doctor Samuel Johnson, who they say is the greatest and most learned man in England. I saw him in London streets, walking with one Mr. Boswell."

Yes ; the poor boy, the friendless Sam, with whom we began our story, had become the famous Samuel Johnson. He was universally acknowledged as the wisest man and greatest writer in all England. He had given shape and permanence to his native language by his Dictionary. Thousands upon thousands of people had read his " Idler," his " Rambler," and his " Rasselas." Noble and wealthy men and beautiful

ladies deemed it their highest privilege to be his companions. Even the king of Great Britain had sought his acquaintance. He was now at the summit of literary renown.

But all his fame could not extinguish the bitter remembrance which had tormented him through life. Never, never had he forgotten his father's sorrowful and upbraiding look. Never, though the old man's troubles had been over so many years, had he forgiven himself for inflicting such a pang upon his heart. And now, in his old age, he had come hither to do penance, by standing at noonday in the market place of Uttoxeter, on the very spot where Michael Johnson had once kept his book-stall. The aged and illustrious man had done what the poor boy refused to do. By thus expressing his deep repentance and humiliation of heart, he hoped to gain peace of conscience and the forgiveness of God.

—Abridged from NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

BRITONS BEYOND THE SEAS

God made our bodies of all the dust
That is scattered about the world,
That we might wander in search of home
Wherever the seas are hurled :
But our hearts he hath made of English dust,
And mixed it with none beside,
That we might love with an endless love
The lands where our kings abide.

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And tho' we weave on a hundred shores,
And spin on a thousand quays,
And tho' we are truant with all the winds,
And gypsy with all the seas,
We are touched to tears as the heart is touched
By the sound of an ancient tune
At the name of the Isle in the Western seas
With the rose on her breast of June.

And it's O for a glimpse of England,
And the buds that her garden yields,
The delicate scent which her hedges wind,
And the shimmering green of her fields,
The roll of her downs, and the lull of her streams,
And the grace of her dew-drenched lawns,
And the calm of her shores where the waters wash
Rose-tinged with her thousand dawns.

And it's O for a glimpse of London town,
Tho' it be through the fog and the rain,
The loud-thronged streets and the glittering shops,
The pageant of pomp and pain ;
And it's O for a sight, tho' it be a dream
Of the Briton's beacon and pride—
The cold gray Abbey which guards our ghosts
On Thames's sacred side.

But, lo, we have buried our fathers here,
And here we have reared our sons,
These are our Britons, and here the word
Of the British people runs ;

Wherefore the while we call you Home,
And dream of your gentle shires,
We are rooted here by the smile of our babes
And the pilgrim dust of our sires.

Out of the grave our fathers reach
Dead hands to hold us here,
And never we open the earth with tears
But the land becomes more dear—
Sweet with memory, brave with love,
And proud with the hope ahead
That our sons shall be stronger, our homes more fair,
When we go down to the dead.

Loved, you are loved, O England,
And ever that love endures ;
But we must have younger visions,
And mightier dreams than yours ;
Cleaner Londons and wider fields,
And a statelier bridge to span
The gulf which severs the rich and poor
In the brotherly ranks of Man.

Yet with the bolder vision,
We cleave to you, look to you still,
That you gather our scattered toil and bind
Our strength in a single will ;
That you build with us out of the coasts of the earth,
A realm, a race, and a rede
That shall govern the peace of the world and serve
The humblest State in her need.

Haply we are but tools in the Hand
 Of a Power we do not know,
 And not for ourselves we plough the waste,
 And not for ourselves we sow ;
 Yet by the vision that leads us on
 To the goal of a single state,
 We are blessed that our own great weal is woofed
 With strands of eternal Fate.

Come, let us walk together,
 We who must follow one gleam,
 Come, let us link our labours,
 And tell each other our dream ;
 Shakespeare's tongue for our counsels
 And Nelson's heart for our task—
 Shall we not answer as one strong man
 To the things that the people ask ?
 —HAROLD BEGBIE.

FATHER MATHEW

Theobald Mathew was an Irish priest. He was born, in 1790, in a great house in Tipperary, where his father was the agent of a wealthy nobleman. The delight of his childhood was in giving little feasts and entertainments to his friends. As long as he lived he was fond of this pleasure. Indeed, when, at the very last, his physicians had forbidden him to receive company, he was found by his brother giving a dinner to a party of poor boys.

At twenty-three years of age he was ordained, and was known from that time as "Father Mathew." After a short time in Kilkenny, he went to Cork, which was his home for the rest of his life. He was not thought much of as a scholar, nor at first as a preacher; but he had a warm heart and every one liked him. Thus he passed quietly along until he was forty-seven years old; and it did not seem as if the world would ever hear of "Father Mathew."

There was a little band of Quakers in Cork, who had started a -total abstinence or "teetotal society." They interested Father Mathew in their work, and, in 1838, he signed the temperance pledge and enrolled himself as a member. Very soon every one in Cork had heard of what he had done. He began at once to preach that men ought not to be drunkards, and that they ought not to use what would make drunkards. The people of Cork had always thought what Father Mathew did was right; and they thought so now. In three months twenty-five thousand persons had taken the pledge.

The story of the new movement spread quickly over Ireland, and Father Mathew was wanted everywhere. Wherever he went the people crowded to hear him. There were many pathetic scenes at his meetings; for women came dragging their drunken husbands with them, and almost forcing them to take the pledge. Men knelt in great companies and repeated the words of the pledge together. In Limerick the crowds were so dense that it was impossible to enroll all the names. More than a hundred thousand were thought to have taken the pledge in four days. As a result of his work the saloons were closed in many villages and towns;

and, within five years, half the people in Ireland had taken the pledge. The quantity of liquor used fell off more than half, and there was a similar decrease in all kinds of crime.

Then came the terrible years of the Irish famine. By the failure of the potato crop, hundreds of thousands died of starvation or of fever. Multitudes had to leave their homes to get government work; and hunger and despair brought a new temptation to drink. Father Mathew's heart was well-nigh broken with the sight of the misery of his countrymen. The food was taken from his own table to feed the hungry. Every room in his house would sometimes be filled with poor people clamouring for bread; and, largely as a result of his terrible strain, he was stricken with paralysis.

As soon as Father Mathew had partly recovered from his illness he longed to do something for his people across the sea. In the year 1849 he sailed for America. In spite of his broken health he spoke in over three hundred towns and cities, and gave the pledge to five hundred thousand people. He returned home thoroughly exhausted, and soon had another stroke of paralysis. But loving friends cared for him; people still came for his blessing, or to take the pledge in his presence. He died in 1856, and all the people of Cork followed him to his burial.

It is said that several million people took the pledge of total abstinence at Fathew Mathew's hands; and it is thought that hundreds of thousands never broke it. There is now a new feeling about temperance in the English-speaking world. Drunkenness is now

looked upon as a disgrace ; total abstinence is becoming the habit of increasing numbers of people from year to year ; and in the production of this changed feeling, this simple-hearted, earnest Irish priest did more than any other man.

—FROM THE TRUE CITIZEN.

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COURAGE IN THE USE OF TALENT

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have remained obscure only because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort ; and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the brink, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can.

It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. It did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended scheme for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards. But at present, a man waits and doubts and hesitates, and consults his brother and his uncle and his first cousins and particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age ; that he has lost so

much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends that he has no more time left to follow their advice.

—SYDNEY SMITH.

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK

I'll seek a four-leaved Shamrock in all the fairy dells,
 And if I find the charmed leaves, oh, how I'll weave my
 spells !
 I would not waste my magic mite on diamond, pearl, or
 gold,
 For treasure tires the weary sense—*such* triumph
 is but cold ;
 But I would play th' enchanter's part in casting
 bliss around—
 Oh, not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world
 be found.

To worth I would give honour !—I'd dry the mourner's
 tears,
 And to the pallid lip recall the smile of happier years,
 And hearts that had been long estranged, and friends
 that had grown cold,
 Should meet again—like parted streams—and mingle
 as of old !
 Oh ! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part, thus scatter
 bliss around,
 And not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world
 be found !

The heart that had been mourning, o'er vanished
 dreams of love,
 Should see them all returning—like Noah's faithful
 dove ;
 And Hope should launch her blessed bark on Sorrow's
 darkening sea,
 And Misery's children have an ark and saved from
 sinking be.
 Oh ! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part, thus scatter
 bliss around,
 And not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world
 be found !

—SAMUEL LOVER.

THE STORY OF THE CHAMELEON

Two travellers, as they journeyed along, found themselves disputing about the colour of the chameleon. It seemed impossible for them to agree. One said that it was blue. He was sure of this, for he had seen it on a bare branch of a tree on a very clear day. But the other affirmed that it was green. He, too, was very positive, because he had seen it on the leaf of a fig tree, and had examined it very carefully. Both men were sure that they were right, and they disputed so earnestly that it looked as though they might soon be engaged in a quarrel. Fortunately a third man came along, and the two men agreed to consult him about the colour of the chameleon.

“ Well,” said the third man, “ I can easily settle your dispute. Just last night I caught one, and of

course I know what its colour is." And smiling with satisfaction, he remarked that its colour was black.

"No! No!" exclaimed both men. "That is impossible. You are mistaken."

But he was sure that he was right and said: "We can easily decide the matter. As soon as I caught the chameleon I put it in a small box. Here it is." And he took the box from his pocket and opened it.

But it was neither blue, nor green, nor black. It was white! All of the men were amazed. They could not understand how the little reptile could be white. They were not aware of the fact that the chameleon changes colour under different circumstances. So that each man was right, but each was wrong also. And the fable says that the chameleon, when it saw how astonished the men were, exhorted them to be more modest and temperate in their opinions thenceforth.

—ÆSOP.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn

In the peace of their self-content;

There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,

In a fellowless firmament;

There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths

Where highways never ran:—

But let me live by the side of the road

And be a friend to man.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD 145

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban :—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardour of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife,
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan :—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead
And mountains of wearisome height ;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travellers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they
are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.

Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?—

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

—SAM WALTER FOSS.

FRANZ ABT

Many years ago a young composer was sitting in a garden. All around bloomed beautiful roses, and through the gentle evening air the swallows flitted, twittering cheerily. The young composer neither saw the roses nor heard the evening music of the swallows; his heart was full of sadness and his eyes were bent wearily upon the earth before him.

“Why,” said the young composer, with a sigh, “should I be doomed to all this bitter disappointment? Learning seems vain, patience is mocked,—fame is as far from me as ever.”

The roses heard his complaint. They bent closer to him and whispered, “Listen to us,—listen to us.” And the swallows heard him, too, and they flitted nearer him; and they, too, twittered, “Listen to us,—listen to us.” But the young composer was in no mood to be beguiled by the whisperings of the roses and the twitterings of the birds; with a heavy heart and sighing bitterly he arose and went his way.

It came to pass that many times after that the young composer came at evening and sat in the garden where the roses bloomed and the swallows twittered; his heart was always full of disappointment, and often

he cried out in anguish against the cruelty of fame that it came not to him. And each time the roses bent closer to him, and the swallows flew lower, and there in the garden the sweet flowers and the little birds cried, "Listen to us,—listen to us, and we will help you."

And one evening the young composer, hearing their gentle pleadings, smiled sadly, and said: "Yes, I will listen to you. What have you to say, pretty roses?"

"Make your songs of us," whispered the roses,—
"make your songs of us."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the composer. "A song of the roses would be very strange indeed! No, sweet flowers,—it is fame I seek, and fame would scorn even the beauty of your blushes and the subtlety of your perfumes."

"You are wrong," twittered the swallows, flying lower. "You are wrong, foolish man. Make a song for the heart,—make a song of the swallows and the roses, and it will be sung for ever, and your fame shall never die."

But the composer laughed louder than before; surely there never had been a stranger suggestion than that of the roses and the swallows! Still, in his chamber that night the composer thought of what the swallows had said, and in his dreams he seemed to hear the soft tones of the roses pleading with him. Yes, many times thereafter the composer recalled what the birds and flowers had said, but he never would ask them as he sat in the garden at evening how he could make the heart-song of which they chattered. And the summer sped swiftly by, and one evening when the composer came into the garden the roses were dead,

and their leaves lay scattered on the ground. There were no swallows fluttering in the sky, and the nests under the eaves were deserted. Then the composer knew his little friends were beyond recall, and he was oppressed by a feeling of loneliness. The roses and the swallows had grown to be a solace to the composer, had stolen into his heart all unawares,—now that they were gone, he was filled with sadness.

“I will do as they counselled,” said he; “I will make a song of them,—a song of the swallows and the roses. I will forget my greed for fame while I write in memory of my little friends.”

Then the composer made a song of the swallows and the roses, and, while he wrote, it seemed to him that he could hear the twittering of the little birds all around him, and scent the fragrance of the flowers, and his soul was warmed with a warmth he had never felt before, and his tears fell upon his manuscript.

When the world heard the song which the composer had made of the swallows and the roses, it did homage to his genius. Such sentiment, such delicacy, such simplicity, such melody, such heart, such soul,—ah, there was no word of rapturous praise too good for the composer now; fame, the sweetest and most enduring kind of fame, had come to him.

And the swallows and the roses had done it all. Their subtle influences had filled the composer’s soul with a great inspiration,—by means like this God loves to speak to the human heart.

“We told you so,” whispered the roses when they came back in the spring. “We told you that if you sang of us the world would love your song.”

Then the swallows, flying back from the south,

twittered : " We told you so ; sing the songs the heart loves, and you shall live for ever."

" Ah, dear ones," said the composer, softly ; " you spoke the truth. He who seeks a fame that is immortal has only to reach, and abide in, the human heart."

The lesson he learned of the swallows and the roses he never forgot. It was the inspiration and motive of a long and beautiful life. He left for others that which some called a loftier ambition. He was content to sit among the flowers and hear the twitter of birds and make songs that found an echo in all breasts. Ah, there was such a beautiful simplicity, such a sweet wisdom in his life ! And where'er the swallows flew, and where'er the roses bloomed, he was famed and revered and beloved, and his songs were sung.

Then his hair grew white at last, and his eyes were dim and his steps were slow. A mortal illness came upon him, and he knew that death was nigh.

" The winter has been long," said he, wearily. " Open the window and raise me up that I may see the garden, for it must be that spring is come."

It was indeed spring, but the roses had not yet bloomed. The swallows were chattering in their nests under the eaves or flitting in the mild, warm sky.

" Hear them," he said faintly. " How sweetly they sing. But alas ! where are the roses ? "

Where are the roses ? Heaped over thee, dear singing heart ; blooming on thy quiet grave in the Fatherland, and clustered and entwined all in and about thy memory, which with thy songs shall go down from heart to heart, to immortality.

—EUGENE FIELD.

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SOWING AND REAPING

Sow with a generous hand ;
Pause not for toil and pain ;
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain ;
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain

Scatter the seed, and fear not,
A table will be spread ;
What matter if you are too weary
To eat your hard-earned bread ;
Sow, while the earth is broken,
For the hungry must be fed.

Sow ;—while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth's bosom deep,
And your warm tears fall upon it—
They will stir in their quiet sleep,
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance, for the tears you weep.

Then sow ;—for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day ;
And care not what hand shall reap it,
Or if you shall have passed away
Before the waving cornfields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow ;—and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears,—
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.

—ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

PURITY OF CHARACTER

Over the plum and apricot there may be seen a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft delicate flush that overspreads its blushing cheek. Now, if you strike your hand over that, and it is once gone, it is gone for ever ; for it never grows but once.

The flower that hangs in the morning impearled with dew, arrayed with jewels, once shake it so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell lightly upon it from heaven.

On a frosty morning you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes, mountains, lakes, and trees, blended in a beautiful fantastic picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your fingers, or by the warmth of the palm, all the delicate tracery will be immediately obliterated. So in youth there is a purity of character which when once touched and defiled can never be restored—a fringe more delicate

than frost-work, and which, when torn and broken, will never be re-embroidered.

When a young man leaves his father's house, with the blessing of his mother's tears still wet upon his forehead, if he once loses that early purity of character, it is a loss he can never make whole again.

—SELECTED.

FIND A WAY, OR MAKE IT

It was a noble Roman,
 In Rome's imperial day,
 Who heard a coward croaker,
 Before the Castle say :
 " They're safe in such a fortress ;
 There is no way to shake it ! "
 " On—on," exclaimed the hero,
 " I'll find a way, or make it ! "

Is Fame your aspiration ?
 Her path is steep and high ;
 In vain he seeks her temple,
 Who's content to gaze and sigh ;
 The shining throne is waiting,
 But he alone can take it
 Who says, with Roman firmness,
 " I'll find a way, or make it ! "

Is Learning your ambition ?
 There is no royal road ;
 Alike the peer and peasant
 Must climb to her abode ;

Who feels the thirst of knowledge,
In Helicon may slake it
If he has still the Roman will
"To find a way, or make it!"

Are riches worth the getting?
They must be bravely sought;
With wishing and with fretting
The boom cannot be bought:
To all the prize is open,
But only *he* can take it,
Who says with Roman courage,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"
—JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

TRUE HEROISM

Let others write of battles fought,
Of bloody, ghastly fields,
Where honour greets the man who wins,
And death the man who yields,
But I will write of him who fights
And vanquishes his sins,
Who struggles on through weary years
Against himself, and wins.

He is a hero stanch and brave
Who fights an unseen foe,
And puts at last beneath his feet
His passions base and low;

Who stands erect in manhood's might,
 Undaunted, undismayed,—
 The bravest man who drew a sword
 In foray or in raid.

It calls for something more than brawn
 Or muscle to o'ercome
 An enemy who marcheth not
 With banner, plume, or drum,—
 A foe for ever lurking nigh,
 With silent, stealthy tread ;
 For ever near your board by day,
 At night beside your bed.

All honour, then, to that brave heart,
 Though poor or rich he be,
 Who struggles with his baser part,—
 Who conquers and is free !
 He may not wear a hero's crown,
 Or fill a hero's grave ;
 But truth will place his name among
 The bravest of the brave.

—ANONYMOUS.

INDUSTRY

To do something, however small, to make others happier and better, is the highest ambition, the most elevating hope, which can inspire a human being.

Pietro de' Medici is said to have once employed Michael Angelo to make a statue out of snow. That was stupid waste of precious time. But if Michael

Angelo's time was precious to the world, our time is just as precious to ourselves, and yet we too often waste it in making statues of snow, and, even worse, in making idols of mire.

"We all complain," said the great Roman philosopher and statesman, Seneca, "of the shortness of time, and yet we have more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as if there would be no end to them."

One great, I might almost say *the* great, element of success and happiness in life is the capacity for honest, solid work. Cicero said that what was required was first audacity, second audacity, and third audacity. Self-confidence is no doubt useful, but it would be more correct to say that what was wanted was first perseverance, second perseverance, and third perseverance. Work is not, of course, any more than play, the object of life ; both are means to the same end.

Work is as necessary for peace of mind as for health of body. A day of worry is more exhausting than a week of work. Worry upsets our whole system, work keeps it in health and order. Exercise of the muscles keeps the body in health, and exercise of the brain brings peace of mind. "By work of the mind one secures the repose of the heart."

"Words," said Dr. Johnson, "are the daughters of Earth, and Deeds are the sons of Heaven." Whatever you do, do thoroughly. Put your heart into it. Cultivate all your faculties : you must either use them or lose them. We are told of Hezekiah that "in every

work that he began, . . . he did it with all his heart, and prospered."

"The story of genius even, so far as it can be told at all, is the story of persistent industry in the face of obstacles, and some of the standard geniuses give us their word for it that genius is little more than industry. 'Genius,' President Dwight used to tell the boys at Yale, 'is the power of making efforts.'"

Cobbett, speaking of his celebrated English grammar, tells us: "I learned grammar when I was a private soldier on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of the guard bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my book-case; a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing-table; and the task did not demand anything like a year of my life. I had no money to purchase candle or oil; in winter time it was rarely that I could get any evening light but that of the fire, and only my turn even of that.

"Think not lightly of the farthing that I had to give, now and then, for ink, pen, or paper. That farthing was, alas! a great sum to me: I was as tall as I am now; I had great health and great exercise. The whole of the money, not expended for us at market, was twopence a week for each man. I remember, and well I may, that upon one occasion I, after all absolutely necessary expenses, had, on a Friday, made shift to have a halfpenny in reserve, which I had destined for the purchase of a red herring in the morning; but when I pulled off my clothes at night, so hungry then as to be hardly able to endure life, I found that I had lost my halfpenny! I buried my head under the miserable sheet and rug, and cried like a child!

“ And again I say, if I under circumstances like these could encounter and overcome this task, is there, can there be, in the whole world a youth to find an excuse for the non-performance ? ”

—Abridged from LORD AVEBURY.

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind, the Gates of Hercules,
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.

The good mate said, “ Now must we pray,
For lo ! the very stars are gone ;
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say ? ”

“ Why, say, ‘ Sail on ! sail on ! and on ! ’ ”

“ My men grow mutinous day by day,
My men grow ghastly wan, and weak.”
The stout mate thought of home ; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.

“ What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn ? ”

“ Why, you may say, at break of day,
‘ Sail on ! sail on ! sail on ! and on ! ’ ”

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said :

“ Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.

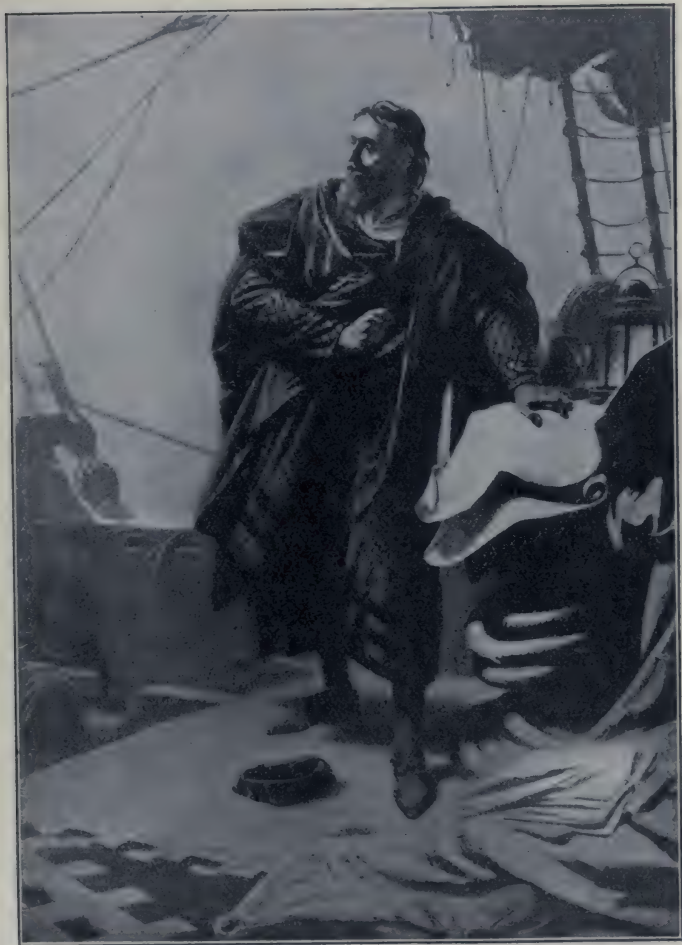
These very winds forget their way,
 For God from these dread seas is gone.
 Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—"
 He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:
 "This mad sea shows his teeth to-night;
 He curls his lips, he lies in wait
 With lifted teeth as if to bite;
 Brave Admiral, say but one good word,
 What shall we do when hope is gone?"
 The words leaped like a leaping sword,
 "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
 And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
 Of all dark nights! and then a speck,
 "A light! A light! A light! A light!"
 It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
 It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
 He gained a world; he gave that world
 Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

—JOAQUÍN MILLER.

Let me go where'er I will,
 I hear a sky-born music still:
 It is not only in the rose,
 It is not only in the bird,
 Not only where the rainbow glows,
 Nor in the song of woman heard,
 But in the darkest, meanest things
 There always, always, something sings.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

GENERAL HAVELOCK

Henry Havelock, commonly known as "The Hero of Lucknow," was born in England in 1795, just about the time when Napoleon was beginning his brilliant career, and all Europe was a battlefield. As a boy he was rather serious and thoughtful, so that his school-fellows used to call him "Old Phlos," a nickname for Old Philosopher. And yet he loved boyish sports, and never was behind any of his companions in courage and daring. He was not the first scholar in his class, but he was a great reader and took intense delight in stories of war and descriptions of battles. Napoleon was his hero, and he watched all his movements with breathless interest ; and soon began to dream of being a soldier, too. Thus was born in the boy's heart that ambition which afterwards lifted the man into honour and fame.

At the age of sixteen Havelock began to study law, but he soon tired of it, and three years later he obtained an appointment in the army. He now gave himself, with all the love and enthusiasm of his nature, to his chosen profession. He was to be a soldier ; and he decided that he would be a thorough one, and would understand the art of war completely. He studied very hard, and it is said that it was his habit to draw with a stick upon the ground the plan of some historic battlefield, then, in imagination, fight the battle over again, so that he might clearly see what made the one side lose and the other win.

After eight years of service in England, he was ordered to go to India. There he became a soldier

in earnest. It would take too long to tell of the battles he was in, and of the terrible campaigns through which he served. It is enough to say that he always followed where duty led, and always seemed to know just what to do amid the confusion of the battlefield. It was the dream of his life to become a general, but he was doomed, year after year, to stand still and see untried, beardless men promoted above his head. This certainly was hard to bear, but he never lost heart, never sulked, never neglected any opportunity to serve his country. His ambition was to do his best; and this he did, whether the world saw and applauded or not.

Until he had reached the age of sixty-two, he was scarcely known outside of India; but then came the occasion that made him famous. All India was in mutiny. The native soldiers, mad with power, were murdering the English in every city. Far up in the interior, at Lucknow, was a garrison of English soldiers, women, and children, hemmed in by thousands of these bloodthirsty Sepoys. To surrender meant a horrible death. To hold the fort meant starvation at last, unless rescue should speedily come.

Although, when the news reached him, he was hundreds of miles away, Havelock undertook to save that little garrison. It seemed an impossible task, and yet with a few hundred brave soldiers, in a country swarming with the enemy, through swamps, over swollen rivers, he fought his way to the gates of Lucknow. And then, beneath a hailstorm of bullets from every house-top, he marched up the narrow street, and never paused until he stood within the fortress walls, and heard the shout of welcome

from the lips of the starving men and women. It was a wonderful march, and put him among the great soldiers of history ; but it was the direct result of that powerful ambition which had influenced his entire career.

The world rang with applause of his heroism ; but praise came too late ; for while the queen was making him a baronet, and Parliament was voting him a princely pension, he was dying of a fever within the very city he had so bravely stormed. But his life-work was fully completed, and his name shines bright among those of the great military heroes of his native land.

—FROM THE TRUE CITIZEN.

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WHANG, THE MILLER

The Europeans are themselves blind who describe Fortune without sight. No first-rate beauty had ever finer eyes, or saw more clearly. They who have no other trade but seeking their fortune, need never hope to find her. She flies from her close pursuers, and at last fixes on the plodding mechanic who stays at home and minds his business.

I am amazed that men call her blind, when, by the company she keeps, she seems so very discerning. Wherever you see a gaming-table, be very sure Fortune is not there. Where you see a man whose

pocket-holes are laced with gold, be satisfied Fortune is not there. In short, she is ever seen accompanying industry, and as often trundling a wheelbarrow as lolling in a coach and six.

If you would make Fortune your friend, or, if you desire, my son, to be rich, and have money, be more eager to save than acquire. When people say money is to be had here, and money is to be had there, take no notice. Mind your own business ; stay where you are, and secure all you can get without stirring. When you hear that your neighbour has picked up a purse of gold in the street, never run out into the same street, looking about you in order to pick up such another ; or when you are informed that he has made a fortune in one branch of business, never change your own in order to be his rival.

Do not desire to be rich all at once, but patiently add farthing to farthing. Perhaps you despise the petty sum ; and yet they who want a farthing, and have no friend that will lend it to them, think farthings very good things. Whang, the foolish miller, when he wanted a farthing in his distress, found that no friend would lend because they knew he wanted. Did you ever read the story of Whang in our books of Chinese learning ? of him who, despising small sums, and grasping at all, lost even what he had ?

Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious. Nobody loved money better than he, or more respected those that had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would say, " I know him very well ; he and I have been long acquainted ; he and I are intimate." But if ever a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man ;

he might be very well for aught he knew ; but he was not fond of many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company.

Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was in reality poor. He had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him. But though these were small, they were certain. While his mill stood and went, he was sure of eating ; and his frugality was such, that he every day laid some money by, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires. He only found himself above want, whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence.

One day, as he was indulging in these wishes, he was informed that a neighbour of his had found a pan of money under the ground, having dreamed of it three nights in succession before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. " Here am I," says he, " toiling and moiling from morning till night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbour Hunks goes quietly to bed and dreams himself into thousands before morning. Oh, that I could dream like him ! With what pleasure I would dig around the pan ! How slyly would I carry it home—not even my wife should see me ! And then, oh the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow ! "

Such reflections only served to make the miller unhappy. He discontinued his former industry, he became quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down

in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile upon his distresses, and indulged him with the wished-for vision.

He dreamed that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds buried deep in the ground and covered with a large, flat stone. He rose up, thanked the stars that were at last pleased to take pity on his sufferings, and concealed his good luck from every person—as is usual in money dreams—in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its veracity. His wishes in this also were answered. He still dreamed of the same pan of money, in the very same place.

Now, therefore, it was past a doubt. So getting up early the third morning, he repaired, alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met was a broken mug. Digging still deeper, he turned up a house tile, quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he came to the broad flat stone, but so large that it was beyond one man's strength to remove it.

“Here,” cried he, in raptures, to himself, “here it is! Under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed! I must go home to my wife and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up.”

Away, therefore, he went, and acquainted his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune. Her

delight on this occasion may be easily imagined. She flew round his neck, and embraced him in an agony of joy. But those raptures, however, did not delay their eagerness to know the exact sum. Returning, therefore, speedily together to the place where Whang had been digging, there they found—not indeed the expected treasure, but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen.

—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE LION AND THE CUB

A lion cub, of sordid mind,
 Avoided all the lion kind ;
 Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
 Of vulgar and ignoble beasts ;
 With asses all his time he spent,
 Their club's perpetual president.
 He caught their manners, looks, and airs ;
 An ass in everything but ears !
 If e'er his Highness meant a joke,
 They grinn'd applause before he spoke ;
 But at each word what shouts of praise ;
 " Goodness ! how naturally he brays ! "

Elate with flattery and conceit,
 He seeks his royal sire's retreat ;
 Forward and fond to show his parts,
 His Highness brays ; the lion starts.
 " Puppy ! that curs'd vociferation
 Betrays thy life and conversation :

Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace."

"Why so severe?" the cub replies;

"Our senate always held me wise!"

"How weak is pride," returns the sire:

"All fools are vain when fools admire!

But know, what stupid asses prize,

Lions and noble beasts despise."

—JOHN GAY.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES

One of the most familiar figures in Athens about four centuries before the birth of Christ was that of Socrates, and the story of his life and death thrill us with interest to-day. His youth and manhood were passed in the most splendid period of Athenian history. Pericles was making the city beautiful; men were writing poetry and history, as they had never been written since the world began; art and sculpture ranked high in that period of genius. As a boy, Socrates received the usual education in music and gymnastics; he learnt a little science and mathematics, and understood something of astronomy.

But his greatness did not spring from his learning, rather it sprang from his thoughtfulness and his close observation of his fellow-men. He was a man who hated everything sham, or hollow. He loved truth and justice for their own sake; he loved all that was high, and honourable, and right. He was a well-known figure

in Athens, for all day long he wandered about the streets, now talking with a group of clever men at one of the corners, now speaking to the children, who might care to listen, now arguing with his devoted pupils and disciples.

This great Socrates was strange enough to look at. He was very ugly, with a flat nose and prominent eyes, and he was dressed very shabbily, because he was always poor. When the men of Athens turned on him at the last, and brought him up for trial, about twenty dollars was all he had to offer for his life. Wealth, beauty, praise—these things he despised as unworthy. Truth, justice, courage, honour—these were the things that made a man acceptable to his God.

Here is the account of him by his great friend. "At one time we were fellow-soldiers together," he says. "His fortitude in enduring cold was surprising. There was a severe frost, for the winter in that region is really tremendous; and all the others either remained indoors, or if they went out, had on an amazing quantity of clothes, and were well shod and had their feet swathed in felt and fleeces; in the midst of this, Socrates, with his bare feet on the ice and in his ordinary dress, marched better than the other soldiers who had shoes, and they looked daggers at him because he seemed to despise them."

Such was the man who stood head and shoulders above his fellows. Let us look at him when he is an old man still discoursing, in the streets of Athens. This time he is speaking to two little schoolboys on friendship. He has just been brought into a newly-built school.

"Having come in," he says, "we found the boys all in their white array, and games at dice were going on among them. There was also a circle of lookers-on: among them was Lysis. He was standing with the other boys and youths, having a crown upon his head, like a vision, and not less worthy of praise for his goodness than for his beauty. We went over to the opposite side of the room, where we sat down and began to talk. This attracted Lysis, who was constantly turning round to look at us—he was evidently wanting to come to us."

Presently Lysis and a boy friend came and sat down by the old man, and Socrates began talking to them.

"Which of you two youths is the elder?" he asked.

"That is a matter of dispute between us," answered one of the boys.

"And which is the nobler? Is that also a matter of dispute?"

"Yes, certainly," they answered.

"And another disputed point is, which is the fairer?"

The two boys laughed.

I do not ask which is the richer of the two," he said, "for you are friends, are you not?"

"Certainly," they replied.

"And friends have all things in common, so that one of you can be no richer than the other, if you say truly that you are friends."

In this way the wise old man talked to the boys. But as time went on, the men of Athens did not approve of his teaching. He talked as if there were higher things than sacrificing to the Greek gods, and the Greeks grew alarmed.

The trial and death of Socrates, as it has been written by his beloved pupil Plato, is one of the masterpieces even to-day in the world's history. It tells how Socrates appeared before his judges, the men of Athens, to answer the charges against himself, and it gives the words of that wonderful defence. Socrates begs for his life, not for his own sake, but for theirs ; he is their heaven-sent friend, though they know it not. He is an old man already, and the Athenians will gain nothing by taking away from him the few years of life remaining. But they can acquit him or condemn him, he is willing to die many deaths for the cause he feels to be right. And the men of Athens condemned him to die.

Fearlessly he speaks to his judges of death. " Be of good cheer about death," he cries to the crowded court, " and know of a certainty that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life, or after death. The hour of departure has arrived and we go our ways—I to die and you to live. Which is better, God only knows."

Every touching detail of the last hours of the master is carefully told by his faithful pupil Plato.

The sun was just setting upon the hills behind Athens, when Socrates took the cup of poison, which was to end his seventy years of work. Friend after friend broke down, and sobs of strong men filled the room as the Greek philosopher lay dying. " What is this strange outcry ? " he asked at last. " I have been told that a man should die in peace. Be quiet then and have patience." And so he died, " of all the men of his time, the wisest and justest and best."

—M. B. SYNGE.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER

One time, while Brahmadata was king of Benares, a thousand splendid robes were presented to the king. Now there were five hundred ladies in the king's court, and to every one he gave a robe. But the Elder was the teacher of the ladies, so they brought all the five hundred robes and gave them to him. For one good turn deserves another. He had given them wisdom, and they would give him gifts.

So next day the ladies came to court each in her old gown. "What!" cried the king, "did I not provide you with new gowns?" "Yes," answered the ladies, "but we gave them to our teacher, the Elder."

Now it was the law that an Elder should not have more than three robes. So the king sent for the Elder.

"Elder," said the king, "how are your scholars getting on in their studies?"

"Excellently," replied the Elder, "what they ought to learn, they learn: and what they ought to hear, they hear."

"But are they grateful for their lessons?"

"Grateful indeed! Only yesterday they gave me five hundred robes, each worth a thousand pieces of gold."

"But, Elder," said the king, "the law forbids you to have more robes than three."

"Yes, your Majesty. So I gave the robes to my five hundred brothers, whose gowns are getting ragged."

"What will they do with their old gowns?"

“ They will each one make his old robe into his coat ; and his old coat into a shirt ; and his old shirt into a coverlet ; and his old coverlet into a towel ; and his old towel into a mat ; and his old mat he will cut into little pieces and mix the bits with clay for mortar. Thus nothing will be wasted.”

All this so pleased the king that he gave the Elder the other five hundred robes also. And these the Elder gave to the young brother who took care of his room, and served him with food and drink. And the brother gave them to his five hundred fellow students. So they took them and dyed them as yellow as a Kapikara flower, and came in and sat before the Master.

“ Master,” they said, “ the Elder gave five hundred robes to one of us. Was that right ? Was he not a respecter of persons, treating the one better than the others ? ”

But the Master said, “ The Elder gave this reward to one who served him, as a sign of his gratitude. He did well ; for one good turn deserves another.”

—Retold from THE JATAKA.

QUIET WORK

One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
 One lesson which in every wind is blown,
 One lesson of two duties kept at one
 Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—
 Of toil unsever'd from tranquillity !

Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplish'd in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry !

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting ;
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
Labourers that shall not fail, when man is gone.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

SLEEP

Each man in his rest has silently advanced to a new position. He can watch the world from a higher summit, and be aware of a wider sky than that on which the sun set yesterday. His flesh is fresh as that of a little child ; he returns towards the days of his youth.

Your sleep is the hidden treasure of your youth to-day, and to-morrow it will be the margin you will have to draw on for your age. Do you think you can racket round into the small hours, snatch a brief repose, and then be just as good as ever to hold and bind ? It is not true. Many a young man sells his birthright in this way and cannot have it back again, though he seek it with many tears. Take your honest eight hours' sleep, if you may : there is life in it and grace. It is one of the good angels which will save you from temptation, give you an even mind, brighten

all your powers, and do many things for you which no other power can do.

Good fortune turns greatly on good habits, and this is one of the best. We can go just so far, and then we have to fall back on Nature and on God for new power. Your true business, or professional man is the man who rises well rested, with a cool, clear brain and steady nerve, —the man who can shake off business after business hours, go to sleep like a yearling child, and rise like the sun, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race.

—ROBERT COLLYER.

THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER

One evening, in times long ago, old Philemon and his wife Baucis sat at their cottage door, enjoying the calm and beautiful sunset. They talked together about their garden, and their cow, and their bees, and their grape vine on which the grapes were beginning to turn purple. The shouts of children, and the fierce barking of dogs in the village near at hand, grew louder and louder, until, at last, it was hardly possible for Baucis and Philemon to hear each other speak.

“Ah, wife,” cried Philemon, “I fear some poor traveller is seeking food and lodging in the village yonder, and our neighbours have set their dogs at him, as their custom is.”

“Welladay!” answered Baucis, “I do wish our neighbours felt a little more kindness for their fellow-creatures.”

"I never heard the dogs so loud!" observed the good old man.

"Nor the children so rude!" answered his good old wife.

They sat shaking their heads, while the noise came nearer and nearer, until, at the foot of the little hill on which their cottage stood, they saw two travellers approaching, on foot. Close behind them came the fierce dogs, snarling at their very heels. A little farther off ran a crowd of children, who sent up shrill cries, and flung stones at the two strangers with all their might. The travellers were very humbly clad, and this, I am afraid, was the reason why the villagers had allowed their children and dogs to treat them so rudely.

"Come, wife," said Philemon to Baucis, "let us go and meet these people."

"Go you and meet them," answered Baucis, "while I make haste within doors, and see whether we can get them anything for supper."

Accordingly, she hastened into the cottage. Philemon went forward and extended his hand, saying in the heartiest tone: "Welcome, strangers! welcome!"

"Thank you," replied the younger of the two, in a lively kind of way. "This is quite another greeting than we have met with yonder in the village."

Philemon was glad to see him in such good spirits; nor, indeed, would you have fancied, by the traveller's look and manner, that he was weary with a long day's journey. He was dressed in rather an odd way, with a sort of cap on his head, the brim of which stuck out over both ears. Though it was a summer evening, the traveller wore a cloak, which he kept

wrapped closely about him. Philemon perceived, too, that he had on a singular pair of shoes. He was so wonderfully light and active that it appeared as if his feet sometimes rose from the ground of their own accord.

"I used to be light-footed in my youth," said Philemon to the traveller. "But I always find my feet grow heavier towards nightfall."

"There is nothing like a good staff to help one along," answered the stranger; "and I happen to have an excellent one, as you see."

This staff, in fact, was the oddest-looking staff that Philemon had ever beheld; it was made of olive wood, and had something like a little pair of wings near the top. Two snakes carved in the wood were twining themselves about the staff, and old Philemon almost thought them alive, and that he could see them wriggling and twisting. Before he could ask any questions, however, the elder stranger drew his attention from the wonderful staff by speaking to him.

"Was there not," asked the stranger, in a deep tone of voice, "a lake, in very ancient times, covering the spot where now stands yonder village?"

"Not in my time, friend," answered Philemon; "and yet I am an old man, as you see. There were always the fields and meadows, just as they are now, and the trees, and the stream murmuring through the midst of the valley."

The stranger shook his head. "Since the inhabitants of yonder village have forgotten the affections and sympathies of their nature, it were better that the lake should be rippling over their dwellings again!" He looked so stern that Philemon was almost frightened;



POURING OUT THE MILK

the more so, that when he shook his head, there was a roll as of thunder in the air.

While Baucis was getting the supper, the travellers both began to talk with Philemon.

"Pray, my friend," asked the old man of the younger stranger, "what may I call your name?"

"Why, I am very nimble, as you see," answered the traveller. "So, if you call me Quicksilver, the name will fit me well."

"Quicksilver? Quicksilver?" repeated Philemon. "It is a very odd name! And your companion there! Has he as strange a one?"

"You must ask the thunder to tell it you," replied Quicksilver. "No other voice is loud enough."

Baucis had now got supper ready and, coming to the door, began to make apologies for the poor fare which she was forced to set before her guests.

"All will be very well; do not trouble yourself, my good dame," replied the elder stranger, kindly. "An honest, hearty welcome to a guest turns the coarsest food to nectar and ambrosia."

The supper was exceedingly small, and the travellers drank all the milk in their bowls at one draught.

"A little more milk, kind Mother Baucis, if you please," said Quicksilver. "The day has been hot, and I am very much athirst."

"Now, my dear people," said Baucis, in great confusion, "I am sorry and ashamed; but the truth is, there is hardly a drop more milk in the pitcher."

"It appears to me," cried Quicksilver, taking the pitcher by the handle, "that matters are not quite so bad as you represent them. Here is certainly more milk in the pitcher." And to the vast astonishment

of Baucis, he proceeded to fill not only his own bowl, but his companion's likewise. The good woman could scarcely believe her eyes.

"But I am old," thought Baucis to herself, "and apt to be forgetful. I suppose I must have made a mistake. At all events, the pitcher is empty now."

"What excellent milk!" observed Quicksilver, after quaffing the entire contents of the second bowl. "Excuse me, my kind hostess, but I must really ask you for a little more."

Baucis turned the pitcher upside down to show that there was not a drop left. What was her surprise, therefore, when such a stream of milk fell bubbling into the bowl that it was filled to the brim, and overflowed upon the table.

"And now a slice of your brown loaf, Mother Baucis," said Quicksilver, "and a little honey!"

Baucis cut him a slice accordingly; and though the loaf, when she and her husband ate of it, had been rather dry and crusty, it was now as light and moist as if but a few hours out of the oven. But, oh, the honey! Its colour was that of the purest gold, and it had the odour of a thousand flowers. Never was such honey tasted, seen, or smelled.

Baucis could not but think that there was something out of the common in all that had been going on. So after helping the guests, she sat down by Philemon, and told him what she had seen.

"Did you ever hear the like?" she whispered.

"No, I never did," answered Philemon, with a smile. "And I rather think, my dear wife, that there happened to be a little more in the pitcher than you thought—that is all."

“ Another cup of this delicious milk,” said Quick-silver, “ and I shall then have supped better than a prince.”

This time old Philemon took up the pitcher himself ; for he was curious to discover whether there was any reality in what Baucis had whispered to him. On taking up the pitcher, therefore, he slyly peeped into it, and was fully satisfied that it contained not so much as a single drop. All at once, however, he beheld a little white fountain which gushed up from the bottom of the pitcher, and speedily filled it to the brim. It was lucky that Philemon, in his surprise, did not drop the miraculous pitcher from his hand. He quickly set it down and cried out: “ Who are ye, wonder-working strangers ? ”

“ Your guests, Philemon, and your friends ! ” replied the elder traveller, in his mild, deep voice. “ We are your guests and friends, and may your pitcher never be empty for kind Baucis and yourself, nor for the needy wayfarers ! ”

The supper being now over, the strangers requested to be shown to their place of repose. When left alone the good old couple spent some time in conversation about the events of the evening, and then lay down to sleep.

The old man and his wife were stirring betimes the next morning, and the strangers likewise arose with the sun, and made their preparations to depart. They asked Philemon and Baucis to walk forth with them a short distance and show them the road.

“ Ah, me ! ” exclaimed Philemon, when they had walked a little way from their door. “ If our neighbours knew what a blessed thing it is to show hospitality

to strangers, they would tie up their dogs, and never allow their children to fling another stone."

"It is a sin and a shame for them to behave so!" cried good old Baucis.

"My dear friends," cried Quicksilver, with the liveliest look of mischief in his eyes, "where is this village that you talk about? On which side of us does it lie?"

Philemon and his wife turned towards the valley, where at sunset, only the day before, they had seen the meadows, the houses, the gardens, the street, the children playing in it. But what was their astonishment! There was no longer any appearance of a village! Even the fertile valley in the hollow of which it lay had ceased to have existence. In its stead they beheld the broad blue surface of a lake which filled the great basin of the valley from brim to brim.

"Alas!" cried these kind-hearted old people, "what has become of our poor neighbours?"

"They exist no longer as men and women," said the elder traveller, in his grand and deep voice, while a roll of thunder seemed to echo it in the distance. "There was neither use nor beauty in such a life as theirs; therefore the lake that was of old has spread itself forth again to reflect the sky."

"As for you, good Philemon," continued the elder traveller,— "and you, kind Baucis,—you, with your scanty means, have done well, my dear old friends. Request whatever favour you have most at heart, and it is granted."

Philemon and Baucis looked at one another, and then one uttered the desire of both their hearts.

"Let us live together while we live, and leave the world at the same instant when we die!"

"Be it so!" replied the stranger, with majestic kindness. "Now look towards your cottage."

They did so. What was their surprise on beholding a tall edifice of white marble on the spot where their humble residence had stood.

"There is your home," said the stranger, smiling on them both. "Show your kindness in yonder palace as freely as in the poor hovel to which you welcomed us last evening."

The astonished old people fell on their knees to thank him; but, behold! neither he nor Quicksilver was there.

So Philemon and Baucis took up their residence in the marble palace, and spent their time in making everybody happy and comfortable who happened to pass that way. They lived in their palace a very great while, and grew older and older, and very old indeed. At length, however, there came a summer morning when Philemon and Baucis failed to make their appearance, as on other mornings. The guests searched everywhere, but all to no purpose. At last they espied in front of the door, two venerable trees, which no one had ever seen there before. One was an oak and the other a linden tree.

While the guests were marvelling how these trees could have come to be so tall in a single night, a breeze sprang up and set their boughs astir. Then there was a deep murmur in the air, as if the two trees were speaking.

"I am Philemon!" murmured the oak.

"I am Baucis!" murmured the linden tree.

And oh, what a hospitable shade did they fling around them! Whenever a wayfarer paused beneath

it, he heard a whisper of the leaves above his head, and wondered how the sound could so much resemble words like these,—

“ Welcome, welcome, dear traveller, welcome ! ”

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

SALUTATION OF THE DAWN

Listen to the exhortation of the dawn!

Look to this day !

For it is life, the very life of life.

In its brief course lie all the

Varieties and realities of your existence ;

The bliss of growth,

The glory of action,

The splendour of beauty :

For yesterday is but a dream,

And to-morrow is only a vision,

But to-day well-lived makes

Every yesterday a dream of happiness,

And every to-morrow a vision of hope.

Look well, therefore, to this day !

Such is the salutation of the dawn.

—FROM THE SANSKRIT.

Men must reap the things they sow

Force from force must ever flow.

ANTONIO CANOVA

A little more than a century and a half ago, a child was born among the hills of Asola, Italy. His name was Antonio Canova. When he was three years old, his father died and his mother married again.

The boy went to live with his grandparents, who were very kind to him. Both his father and grandfather were stone-cutters. When Antonio was old enough to learn to draw, his grandfather taught him, for he wanted the lad to be an artist. Antonio used to watch his grandfather carve things out of stone, and it was soon evident that the lad wanted to become a sculptor. So his grandfather gave him some tools, and it was not very long before he learned to do good work. When he was eight years old, he carved two shrines of Carrara marble, and it was quite plain that he was a boy of unusual talent.

A story is told of him, which explains how it was made possible for him to become a great sculptor.

In the same town lived a man who was wealthy and held a high position in the country. He was a senator. Once in a while he would invite his friends to a grand feast. On such occasions Antonio's grandfather was sent for to help to prepare the food, for he was not only a stone-cutter, but an excellent cook as well.

One day some friends of the senator were to dine with him, and Antonio's grandfather was sent for as usual. This time he took the lad with him. Of course a boy as young as he could hardly be expected to help to cook the dinner. Nevertheless he could be useful.

He did not stand around idle. He had been taught to work, and so he tried to be of service in the kitchen in many ways. And you will soon see how helpful he was.

While the servants were preparing the dinner, a man who was arranging the table let fall a small marble statue that was to stand in the centre of it. It broke into a number of pieces. Of course the man was greatly frightened and disturbed. He walked into the kitchen and told the servants what had happened. He said that he did not know what to do, for he had nothing to put in its place. He was afraid that the senator would be disappointed and angry.

As the servants were wondering what might be done, Antonio said to the man: "Perhaps I can make you a statue to take its place."

"What!" said the man in surprise, and with a little scorn in his voice, "What! do you mean to say that you could make another statue? Even if you could, how would you make it before dinner? Only a short time remains in which it must be done." And the man looked at him in doubt.

But the servants asked the man to let him try. And what do you think he did?

Well, according to the story, there was a large piece of butter, forming a large square, on the kitchen table. Antonio, who had been taught to carve in stone, took a large knife and began to carve the butter.

And what do you suppose he carved? All the servants were soon amazed to see instead of a large square of butter a splendid lion. The man who had broken

the statue was wild with delight. He lifted the lion on a beautiful platter and placed it at the centre of the table.

When the senator and his guests entered the dining hall they were surprised to see this strange piece of sculpture. Who could make such a beautiful work of art, they wondered. And they turned to their host to learn the name of the sculptor. But the senator was just as surprised as they were, and knew just as little about it. He called his servant and bade him tell where such an odd and beautiful statue was secured.

"It was made in the kitchen by Antonio, the young grandson of the stone-cutter," said the servant.

The distinguished man and his guests could hardly believe it. As they viewed the lion they admired the lad's work more and more, and after they had sat down Antonio was sent for. A place was made for him at the table, and so delighted were they with the boy's skill that he really became the guest of honour at the dinner. The boy who was the helpful servant in the kitchen was now the most honoured person at the feast.

The next day the senator invited Antonio to make his home with him. He was so impressed by the lad's skill as a sculptor that he felt he ought to have the best instructor possible. He was sure that he would develop into a great artist. So he was placed under the direction of Torello, an excellent sculptor. He studied with him two years. Then he went to Venice and worked under the direction of another famous sculptor who was a nephew of Torello's. He made rapid progress and soon became a very fine artist.

Many beautiful works were carved out of marble by him, and to-day he is known all over the world. The willingness of the boy to be helpful in the kitchen opened the way for a successful and illustrious career.

—SELECTED.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim ;
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball !
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found !

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

—JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE STORY OF CORDELIA

Lear, King of Britain, had three daughters: Goneril, wife to the Duke of Albany; Regan, wife to the Duke of Cornwall; and Cordelia, a young maid, for whose love the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy were joint suitors, and were at this time making stay for that purpose in the court of Lear.

The old king, who was more than four-score years old, and was worn out with age and the fatigues of government, determined to take no further part in state affairs, but to leave the management to younger rulers, that he might have time to prepare for death, which must before long come to him. With this intent he called his three daughters to him, to know from their own lips which of them loved him best, that he might part his kingdom among them in such proportions as their affection for him should seem to deserve.

Goneril, the eldest, declared that she loved her father more than words could give out, that he was dearer to her than the light of her own eyes, dearer than life and liberty, and much more to the same effect. The king, delighted to hear how much she loved him, and thinking truly that her heart went with her fine

words, bestowed upon her and her husband one third of his ample kingdom.

Then calling to him his second daughter, he asked what she had to say. Regan, who was made of the same hollow metal as her sister, declared that what her sister had spoken came short of the love which she bore for his highness—inso much that she found all other joys dead in comparison with the pleasure which she took in the love of her dear king and father. Lear blessed himself in having such loving children, as he thought ; and could do no less, after the handsome assurances which Regan had made, than bestow upon her and her husband a third of his kingdom, equal in size to that which he had already given away to Goneril.

Then turning to his youngest daughter, Cordelia, whom he called his joy, he asked what she had to say—thinking, no doubt, that she would gladden his ears with the same loving speeches which her sisters had uttered. Indeed, he expected that her expressions would be much stronger than theirs, as she had always been his darling, and favoured by him above either of them. But Cordelia was disgusted with the flattery of her sisters, whose hearts, she knew, were far from their lips. She saw that all their fine speeches were intended only to wheedle the old king out of his dominions, that they and their husbands might reign in his lifetime. She therefore made no other reply but this : that she loved his majesty according to her duty, neither more nor less.

The king, shocked with this appearance of ingratitude in his favourite child, desired her to consider her words, and to mend her speech, lest it should mar her

fortune. Cordelia then told her father, that he was her father, that he had given her breeding, and loved her, that she returned those duties back as was most fit, and did obey him, love him, and most honour him ; but that she could not frame her mouth to such large speeches as her sisters had done, or promise to love nothing else in the world. Why had her sisters husbands, if, as they said, they had no love for anything but their father ? If she should ever wed, she was sure the lord to whom she gave her hand would want half her love, half of her care and duty ; she should never marry, like her sisters, to love her father all.

Cordelia, who in earnest loved her old father even almost as extravagantly as her sisters pretended to do, would have told him so plainly at any other time, in more daughter-like and loving terms, and without these qualifications which did indeed sound a little ungracious ; but after the crafty, flattering speeches of her sisters, which she had seen draw such extravagant rewards, she thought the handsomest thing she could do was to love and be silent. This put her affection out of suspicion of mercenary ends, and showed that she loved, but not for gain ; and that her professions, the less ostentatious they were, had so much the more of truth and sincerity than her sisters'.

This plainness of speech, which Lear called pride, so enraged the old monarch that in a fury he shared the third part of his kingdom, which he had reserved for Cordelia, equally between her two sisters and their husbands, the Dukes of Albany and Cornwall. He now called them to him, and in presence of all his courtiers handed over to them the government of his country, only retaining to himself the name of king.

It was then arranged that the old king, with a hundred knights for his attendants, should be maintained by monthly course in each of his daughters' palaces in turn.

When Lear had thus given up his power to his daughters' husbands, his courtiers were filled with astonishment and sorrow ; but none of them had the courage to interfere, except the Earl of Kent, who was beginning to speak a good word for Cordelia, when the angry Lear, on pain of death, commanded him to desist. The good Kent, however, was not to be silenced. He said he would answer with his life his judgment that Lear's youngest daughter did not love her father least, and that her plain speaking was only caused by the hollowness and flattery of her two sisters.

The honest freedom of the Earl only stirred up the king's wrath the more, and he banished this true servant, and allowed him but five days to make his preparations for departure. Then Kent bade farewell to the king, and said that, since he chose to show himself in such fashion, it was but banishment to stay in the land.

The King of France and the Duke of Burgundy were now called in, and were asked whether they would persist in their courtship of Cordelia, now that she was under her father's displeasure and had no fortune. The King of France took this young maid by the hand, and saying that her virtues were a dowry above a kingdom, bade Cordelia to take farewell of her sisters, and of her father, though he had been unkind, and go with him to be queen of his heart and of fair France. Then Cordelia with weeping eyes took leave of her sisters, and begged them to love

their father well. She was no sooner gone than the wicked natures of her sisters began to show themselves in their true colours. Even before the end of the first month, which Lear was to spend by agreement with his eldest daughter Goneril, the old king began to find out the difference between promises and performances.

This wretch, having got from her father all that he had to bestow, even to the giving away of the crown from off his head, began to grudge even the hundred knights that he had reserved to himself, to please his fancy with the idea of being still a king. Every time she met her father she put on a frowning countenance ; and when the old man wanted to speak with her, she would feign sickness, or do anything to be rid of the sight of him. At last she plainly told her father that his staying in her palace was inconvenient so long as he had a hundred knights about him ; and she prayed him that he would lessen their number.

Lear at first could not believe that she who had received a crown from him could seek to cut off his train and grudge him the respect due to his old age. But since she persisted in her undutiful demand, the old man's rage was so terrible that he cursed her ; and he bid his horses be prepared, saying that he would go to his other daughter, Regan, he and his hundred knights.

Meanwhile the good Earl of Kent had returned in disguise, and dressed like a serving-man, and calling himself Caius, had become the king's attendant. Lear now sent his servant Caius with letters to his daughter, that she might be prepared to receive him,

while he and his train followed after. But it seemed that Goneril had been beforehand with him, sending letters also to Regan, advising her not to receive so great a train as he was bringing with him. When Lear arrived and made inquiry for his daughter and her husband, he was told that they were weary with travelling all night, and could not see him. The old king was very angry, and insisted that they should see him. They therefore came to greet him, and who should he see in their company but the hated Goneril, who had come to tell her own story, and set her sister against the king her father !

Lear was mistaken in expecting kinder treatment of Regan than he had received from her sister Goneril. As if willing to outdo her sister, she declared that she thought fifty knights were too many to wait upon him ; that five-and-twenty were enough. Then Lear, nigh heart-broken, turned to Goneril, and said that he would go back with her ; for her fifty doubled five-and-twenty, and so her love was twice as much as Regan's. But Goneril excused herself, and said what need of so many as five-and-twenty, or even ten, or five, when he might be waited upon by her servants or her sister's servants ?

So these two wicked daughters, as if they strove to exceed each other in cruelty to their old father who had been so good to them, by little and little would have taken away from him all his train, all that was left to show that he had once been a king ! So terrible was the king's anger and so bitterly did he feel the ingratitude of his daughters, that his wits became unsettled, and calling for his horses, he went forth into the tempest that was then raging.

Alone he set out, and presently was found by his servant Caius, exposed to all the fury of the storm, on a wild, unsheltered heath. During the night the poor king became quite mad. He raved terribly against his daughters' ill-usage ; and the next day the good Caius, who was, you will remember, the Earl of Kent, removed him to the castle of Dover, in order that he might be among friends. Then the faithful earl embarked for France, and hastened to the court of Cordeilia.

There he represented in such moving terms the pitiful condition of her royal father, and set out in such lively colours the wicked behaviour of her sisters, that this good and loving child, with many tears, besought the king, her husband, that he would give her leave to embark for England with an army sufficient to subdue these daughters and their husbands, and restore the king, her father, to his throne ; which being granted, she set forth, and with a royal army landed at Dover.

Lear, having by some chance escaped from the guardians which the good Earl of Kent had put over him to take care of him, was found by some of Cordelia's train, wandering about the fields near Dover, in a pitiable condition, singing aloud to himself, and wearing on his head a crown, which he had made of straw, and nettles, and other wild weeds that he had picked up in the cornfields. He was brought back, and carefully tended by skilful doctors, until he was in a condition to see his daughter, who waited impatiently for his recovery with a heart full of love for her old and sorely-tried father. A tender sight it was to see the meeting between this father and

daughter ; to see the struggles between the joy of this poor old king at beholding again his once darling child, and the shame at receiving such kindness from her whom he had cast off for so small a fault.

He fell on his knees to beg pardon of his child ; and she, good lady, knelt all the while to ask a blessing of him, and told him that it did not become him to kneel, but it was her duty, for she was his child, his true child 'Cordelia ! And she kissed him, as she said, to kiss away all her sisters' unkindness, and said that they might be ashamed of themselves to turn their old, kind father with his white beard out into the cold air, when her enemy's dog, though it had bit her, should have stayed by her fire on such a night as that, and warmed himself. Then she told her father how she had come from France on purpose to bring him assistance, and how she would always be dutiful and loving to him, and that he should never leave her again.

So we will leave this old king in the protection of this faithful and dear child. As for those cruel daughters, they and their husbands perished miserably, as they well deserved to do.

—Adapted from CHARLES and MARY LAMB.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate,
Nothing for him falls early or too late ;
Our acts our angels are, for good or ill ;
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

LADY YEARDLEY'S GUEST

'Twas a Saturday night, mid winter,
 And the snow with its sheeted pall
 Had covered the stubbled clearings
 That girdled the rude-built "Hall."
 But high in the deep-mouthed chimney,
 'Mid laughter and shout and din,
 The children were piling yule-logs
 To welcome the Christmas in.

"Ah, so! We'll be glad to-morrow,"
 The mother half-musing said,
 As she looked at the eager workers,
 And laid on a sunny head
 A touch as of benediction,—
 "For heaven is just as near
 The father at far Patuxent
 • As if he were with us here.

"So choose ye the pine and holly,
 And shake from their boughs the snow;
 We'll garland the rough-hewn rafters
 As they garlanded long ago,—
 Or ever Sir George went sailing
 Away on the wild sea-foam,—
 In my beautiful English Sussex,
 The happy old walls at home."

She sighed. As she paused, a whisper
 Set quickly all eyes astrain;
 "See! See!"—and the boy's hand pointed—
 "There's a face at the window-pane!"

One instant a ghastly terror
Shot sudden her features o'er ;
The next, and she rose unblenching,
And opened the fast-barred door.

" Who be ye that seek admission ?
Who cometh for food and rest ?
This night is a night above others
To shelter a straying guest."
Deep out of the snowy silence
A guttural answer broke :
" I come from the great Three Rivers
I am chief of the Roanoke."

Straight in, past the frightened children,
Unshrinking, the red man strode,
And loosed on the blazing hearthstone,
From his shoulder, a light-borne load :
And out of the pile of deerskins,
With look as serene and mild
As if it had been his cradle,
Stepped softly a four-year child.

As he chafed at the fire his fingers,
Close pressed to the brawny knee,
The gaze that silent savage
Bent on him was strange to see ;
And then, with a voice whose yearning
The father could scarcely stem,
He said, to the children pointing,
" I want him to be like them ! "

" They weep for the boy in the wigwam !
 I bring him a moon of days,
 To learn of the speaking paper ;
 To hear of the wiser ways
 Of the people beyond the water ;
 To break with the plough the sod ;
 To be kind to papoose and woman ;
 To pray to the white man's God ! "

" I give thee my hand ! " and the lady
 Pressed forward with sudden cheer ;
 " Thou shalt eat of my English pudding,
 And share of my Christmas here.
 My darlings, this night, remember
 All strangers are kith and kin,—
 This night when the dear Lord's mother
 Could find no room at the inn ! "

—MARGARET J. PRESTON.

TWO KINGS

Far away in the East, many, many years ago, lived a king of Benares. He was just, and punished injustice everywhere in his kingdom so that the people lived together in peace. Once the king said: " I must examine myself and see whether I am as good as I ought to be." He asked the councillors within his palace to tell him his faults. But they found no fault in him. Fearing that perhaps they praised him because they feared him, or desired his favour,

the king turned to the people outside of the palace. But they also had no fault to find with him, and sincerely praised him for his goodness. Still, this did not satisfy the king. He thought that possibly the people might be prejudiced in his favour. So he decided to make a journey to other lands, thinking that there he would get a more truthful judgment.

Now, at about the same time, there lived another king named Mallika, who ruled over Kosala. He, too, could find no one in his kingdom who would tell him his faults. So he, too, decided to make a journey to distant lands.

It happened that these two kings met in a place with steep walls on both sides. It was impossible for their chariots to pass each other because of the narrowness of the road. Then Mallika's driver said to the charioteer of the king of Benares: "Go back with your chariot and let us pass."

"But," the charioteer replied, "the great king of Benares sits in my chariot. Make way for him."

"In this chariot sits the king of Kosala. Clear the way for him," replied the other driver.

"What is the age of your king?" asked the charioteer of the king of Benares. He thought that the younger king would have to make way for the older. But he learned that both kings were of the same age. Then he made inquiry concerning Mallika's kingdom, his army, his wealth, his fame, his castle, and his family. But he soon learned that in all these things the king of Kosala was the equal of the king of Benares. Therefore, he could not demand that the other charioteer should turn back

because of any difference in these things between the kings.

Finally, the driver of the king of Benares thought that there might be a difference in the righteousness of the two kings. If so, the road should be made clear for the better king. So he called to the other driver : “ What kind of righteousness does the king of Kosala practise ? ”

His charioteer proudly replied : “ Mallika overthrows the strong by strength, and the mild by mildness. He conquers the good by goodness, and the wicked by wickedness. This is the character of the king who sits in my chariot. Make way for him ! ”

Then the charioteer of the king of Benares cried : “ If these be the virtues of your king, what be his faults ? ”

To this the other charioteer answered : “ If these be not virtues, tell me what be the virtues of thy king ? ”

To which the driver of the king of Benares replied : “ My king conquers anger by calmness ; and the wicked by goodness ; he conquers the stingy by gifts ; and the speaker of lies by truth. This is the nature of my king, O charioteer ! Make way for him ! ”

The king of Kosala and his driver saw that the righteousness of the other king exceeded the righteousness of Mallika. So descending from their chariot, they humbly made way for the great and good king of Benares.

—Retold from THE JATAKA.

The flighty purpose never is o’ertook
Unless the deed go with it.

DELIGHTS OF READING

Books are to mankind what memory is to the individual. They contain the history of our race, the discoveries we have made, the accumulated knowledge and experience of ages ; they picture for us the marvels and beauties of nature ; help us in our difficulties, comfort us in sorrow and in suffering, change hours of weariness into moments of delight, store our minds with ideas, fill them with good and happy thoughts, and lift us out of and above ourselves.

There is an Oriental story of two men : one was a king, who every night dreamt he was a beggar ; the other was a beggar, who every night dreamt he was a prince and lived in a palace. I am not sure that the king had very much the best of it. Imagination is sometimes more vivid than reality. But, however this may be, when we read we may not only (if we wish it) be kings and live in palaces, but, what is far better, we may transport ourselves to the mountains or the seashore, and visit the most beautiful parts of the earth, without fatigue, inconvenience, or expense.

Many of those who have had, as we say, all that this world can give, have yet told us they owed much of their purest happiness to books. Ascham, in "The Schoolmaster," tells a touching story of his last visit to Lady Jane Grey. He found her sitting in an oriel window reading Plato's beautiful account of the death of Socrates. Her father and mother were hunting in the park, the hounds were in full cry and their voices came in through the open window. He expressed his surprise that she had not joined them. But, said she,

"I wist that all their pleasure in the park is but a shadow to the pleasure I find in Plato."

Macaulay had wealth and fame, rank and power, and yet he tells us in his biography that he owed the happiest hours of his life to books. In a charming letter to a little girl he says: "Thank you for your very pretty letter. I am always glad to make my little girl happy, and nothing pleases me so much as to see that she likes books, for when she is as old as I am she will find that they are better than all the tarts and cakes, toys and plays, and sights in the world. If any one would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces and gardens and fine dinners, and wines and coaches, and beautiful clothes, and hundreds of servants, on condition that I should not read books, I would not be a king. I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading."

Books, indeed, endow us with a whole enchanted palace of thoughts. In one way they give us an even more vivid idea than the actual reality, just as reflections are often more beautiful than real nature. All mirrors, says George MacDonald, "are magic mirrors. The commonest room is a room in a poem when I look in a glass."

English literature is the birthright and inheritance of the English race. We have produced and are producing some of the greatest of poets, of philosophers, of men of science. No race can boast a brighter, purer, or nobler literature—richer than our commerce, more powerful than our arms. It is the true pride and glory of our country, and for it we cannot be too thankful.

Precious and priceless are the blessings which the books scatter around our daily paths. We walk, in imagination, with the nobler spirits, through the most sublime and enchanting regions,—regions which, to all that is lovely in the forms and colours of earth,

Add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream.

Without stirring from our firesides we may roam to the remotest regions of the earth, or soar into realms where Spenser's shapes of unearthly beauty flock to meet us, where Milton's angels peal in our ears the choral hymns of Paradise. Science, art, literature, philosophy,—all that man has thought, all that man has done,—the experience that has been bought with the sufferings of a hundred generations,—all are garnered up for us in the world of books.

—LORD AVEBURY.

SONG OF THE FORGE

Clang, clang ! the massive anvils ring ;
Clang, clang ! a hundred hammers swing ;
Like the thunder rattle of a tropic sky,
The mighty blows still multiply ;
 Clang, clang !
Say, brothers of the dusky brow,
What are your strong arms forging now ?

Clang, clang ! We forge the coulter now—
 The coulter of the kindly plough ;
 Prosper it, Heaven, and bless our toil !
 May its broad furrow still unbind
 To genial rains, to sun and wind,
 The most benignant soil !

Clang, clang ! Our coulter's course shall be
 On many a sweet and sunny lea,
 By many a streamlet's silver tide,
 Amid the song of morning birds,
 Amid the low of sauntering herds,
 Amid soft breezes which do stray
 Through woodbine hedges and sweet may,
 Along the green hill's side.

When regal autumn's bounteous hand
 With widespread glory clothes the land,
 When to the valleys, from the brow
 Of each resplendent slope, is rolled
 A ruddy sea of living gold,
 We bless—we bless the plough.

Clang, clang ! Again, my mates, what glows
 Beneath the hammer's potent blows ?
 Clink, clank ! We forge the giant chain
 Which bears the gallant vessel's strain,
 'Mid stormy winds and adverse tides ;
 Secured by this, the good ship braves
 The rocky roadstead, and the waves
 Which thunder on her sides.

Anxious no more, the merchant sees
The mist drive dark before the breeze,
The storm-cloud on the hill ;

 Calmly he rests, though far away
 In boisterous climes his vessel lay,
Reliant on our skill.

Say on what sands these links shall sleep,
Fathoms beneath the solemn deep ;
By Afric's pestilential shore,
By many an iceberg, lone and hoar,
 By many a palmy western isle,
 Basking in spring's perpetual smile,
By stormy Labrador.

Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,
When to the battery's deadly peal
The crashing broadside makes reply ?
 Or else, as at the glorious Nile,
 Hold grappling ships, that strive the while
For death or victory ?

Hurrah ! Cling, clang ! Once more, what glows,
 Dark brothers of the forge, beneath
The iron tempest of your blows,
 The furnace's red breath ?
Clang, clang ! A burning torrent, clear
 And brilliant, of bright sparks, is poured
Around and up in the dusky air,
 As our hammers forge the sword.

The sword !—a name of dread ; yet when
 Upon the freeman's thigh 'tis bound,
 While for his altar and his hearth,
 While for the land that gave him birth,
 The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound,
 How sacred is it then !

Whenever, for the truth and right,
 It flashes in the van of fight,
 Whether in some wild mountain pass,
 As that where fell Leonidas,
 Or on some sterile plain, and stern,
 A Marston or a Bannockburn,
 Or 'mid fierce crags and bursting rills,
 The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills,
 Or, as when sank the Armada's pride,
 It gleams above the stormy tide,
 Still, still, whene'er the battle-word
 Is Liberty, when men do stand
 For justice and their native land,
 Then Heaven bless the sword !

—ANONYMOUS.

THREE QUESTIONS

It once occurred to a certain king, that if he always knew the right time to begin everything ; if he knew who were the right people to listen to, and whom to avoid ; and, above all, if he always knew what was the most important thing to do, he would never fail in anything he might undertake. And this thought

having occurred to him, he had it proclaimed throughout his kingdom that he would give a great reward to any one who would teach him what was the right time for every action, and who were the most necessary people, and how he might know what was the most important thing to do. And learned men came to the king, but they all answered his questions differently.

All the answers being different, the king agreed with none of them, and gave the reward to none. But still wishing to find the right answers to his questions, he decided to consult a hermit, widely renowned for his wisdom.

The hermit lived in a wood, which he never quitted, and he received none but the common folk. So the king put on simple clothes, and before reaching the hermit's cell dismounted from his horse, and, leaving his bodyguard behind, went on alone. When he approached, the hermit was digging the ground in front of his hut. Seeing the king, he greeted him and went on digging. The hermit was frail and weak, and each time he stuck his spade into the ground and turned a little earth, he breathed heavily.

The king went up to him and said : " I have come to you, wise hermit, to ask you to answer three questions : How can I learn to do the right thing at the right time ? Who are the people I most need, and to whom should I, therefore, pay more attention than to the rest ? And, what affairs are the most important, and need my first attention ? "

The hermit listened to the king, but answered nothing. He just spat on his hand and recommenced digging.

"You are tired," said the king, "let me take the spade and work awhile for you."

"Thanks!" said the hermit, and, giving the spade to the king, he sat down on the ground.

When he had dug two beds, the king stopped and repeated his questions. The hermit again gave no answer, but rose, stretched out his hand for the spade, and said: "Now rest awhile—and let me work a bit."

But the king did not give him the spade, and continued to dig. One hour passed, and another. The sun began to sink behind the trees, and the king at last stuck the spade into the ground, and said: "I came to you, wise man, for an answer to my questions. If you can give me none, tell me so, and I will return home."

"Here comes some one running," said the hermit. "Let us see who it is."

The king turned round, and saw a bearded man come running out of the wood. The man held his hands pressed against his side, and blood was flowing from under them. When he reached the king, he fell fainting on the ground, moaning feebly. The king and the hermit unfastened the man's clothing. There was a large wound in his side. The king washed it as best he could, and bandaged it with his handkerchief and with a towel the hermit had. But the blood would not stop flowing, and the king again and again washed and re-banded the wound.

When at last the blood ceased flowing, the man revived and asked for something to drink. The king brought fresh water and gave it to him. Meanwhile the sun had set, and it had become cool. So the

king, with the hermit's help, carried the wounded man into the hut and laid him on the bed. Lying on the bed the man closed his eyes and was quiet ; but the king was so tired with his walk and with the work he had done, that he crouched down on the threshold, and also fell asleep—so soundly that he slept all through the short summer night. When he awoke in the morning, it was long before he could remember where he was, or who was the strange bearded man lying on the bed and gazing intently at him with shining eyes.

“Forgive me !” said the bearded man in a weak voice, when he saw that the king was awake and was looking at him.

“I do not know you, and have nothing to forgive you for,” said the king.

“You do not know me, but I know you. I am that enemy of yours who swore to revenge himself on you, because you executed his brother and seized his property. I knew you had gone alone to see the hermit, and I resolved to kill you on your way back. But the day passed and you did not return. So I came out from my ambush to find you and I came upon your bodyguard, and they recognized me, and wounded me. I escaped from them, but should have bled to death had you not dressed my wound. I wished to kill you, and you have saved my life. Now, if I live and if you wish it, I will serve you as your most faithful slave, and will bid my sons do the same. Forgive me !”

The king was very glad to have made peace with his enemy so easily, and to have gained him for a friend, and he not only forgave him, but said he would send

his servants and his own physician to attend him, and promised to restore his property.

Having taken leave of the wounded man, the king went out into the porch and looked around for the hermit. Before going away he wished once more to beg an answer to the questions he had put. The hermit was outside, on his knees, sowing seeds in the beds that had been dug the day before.

The king approached him, and said: "For the last time, I pray you to answer my questions, wise man."

"You have already been answered!" said the hermit, still crouching on his thin legs, and looking up at the king, who stood before him.

"How answered? What do you mean?" asked the king.

"Do you not see?" replied the hermit. "If you had not pitied my weakness yesterday, and had not dug these beds for me, but had gone your way, that man would have attacked you, and you would have repented of not having stayed with me. So the most important time was when you were digging the beds; and I was the most important man; and to do me good was your most important business. Afterwards, when that man ran to us, the most important time was when you were attending to him, for if you had not bound up his wounds he would have died without having made peace with you. So he was the most important man, and what you did for him was your most important business. Remember then: there is only one time that is important—Now! It is the most important time because it is the only time when we have any power. The most necessary man is he with whom you are, for no man knows whether he will ever have dealings

with any one else: and the most important affair is to do him good, because for that purpose alone was man sent into this life!"

—Abridged from LEO TOLSTOI.

LADY CLARE

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:
Lovers long-betroth'd were they:
They too will wed the morrow morn:
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thank'd!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are *not* the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"

Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild!"

"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,

"I speak the truth; you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;

I speak the truth, as I live by bread!

I buried her like my own sweet child,

And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,

O mother," she said, "If this be true,

To keep the best man under the sun

So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,

"But keep the secret for your life,

And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,

When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,

"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.

Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,

And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,

"But keep the secret all ye can."

She said, "Not so: but I will know

If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,

"The man will cleave unto his right."

"And he shall have it," the lady replied,

"Tho' I should die to-night."



Esther Pock.

LADY CLARE AND LORD RONALD

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!

Alas, my child, I sinn'd for thee."

"O mother, mother, mother," she said,

"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,

My mother dear, if this be so,

And lay your hand upon my head,

And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,

She was no longer Lady Clare:

She went by dale, and she went by down,

With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought

Leapt up from where she lay,

Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,

And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:

"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!

Why come you drest like a village maid,

That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,

I am but as my fortunes are:

I am a beggar born," she said,

"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,

"For I am yours in word and in deed.

Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,

"Your riddle is hard to read."

O and proudly stood she up !
Her heart within her did not fail :
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn :
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood :
" If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, " the next in blood—

" If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, " the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

—LORD TENNYSON

THE FOUR WREATHS

At one time, when Brahmadata was king in Benares, there was a great festival in the town, and the gods came down out of the sky to see it. The gods were crowned with wreaths of flowers, whose perfume filled the streets. So the people begged for the celestial flowers.

" You have many more," they said, " where you come from. Give a few to us."

But the gods answered: " These are only for the good."

And one of the gods held out a wreath and sang :

He that from thievish act refrains,
His tongue from lying words restrains,
And reaching dizzy heights of fame
Still keeps his head,—this flower may claim.

And one of the crowd, who was a good man outwardly but bad at heart, thought within himself, "I may claim that : nobody will know the difference." So he spoke up and said : "I am endued with these qualities." And the wreath was put upon his head.

And another god held out a wreath and sang :

He that should honest wealth pursue
And riches gained by fraud eschew,
In pleasure gross excess would shun,
This heavenly flower has duly won.

"That describes me," said the false man, and the second wreath was placed upon his head.

Then, with boldness increased by his success, he approached the third god, and asked that the third wreath should encircle his brow.

And the god said :

He who choicest food can scorn,
Who from his task is never torn,
Who keeps his faith unchanged for aye,
To him this flower I'll not deny.

And the false man said : "I have ever lived on the simplest fare. I have been ever steadfast of purpose, and loyal in my faith. Therefore give *me* the wreath."

And the third wreath was bestowed upon him.

And still a fourth god held out a wreath and sang :

He that good man will ne'er attack
When present, nor behind his back,
And all he says fulfils in deed,
This flower may claim as his due meed.

"I claim it, then," cried the deceiver. And the fourth wreath was added to the others.

So the festival proceeded, to the satisfaction of the

gods, and back they went into the sky. But that night the wicked Brahmin's head began to ache. He felt as though he were being beaten with a rod of iron. At last, so fierce was the pain that he confessed his falsehood. "I am not such a person as I claimed to be," he said. But his friends could not tear the flowers from his head. They were fastened as with bands of steel.

Finally, when they had cried to the gods and got no answer, they arranged another festival. And, sure enough, the gods came down to see it. And the man bowed before the gods, and confessed his wickedness, crying: "My lords, spare my life." So the gods rebuked him before all the people, and taking the four wreaths went back to their home beyond the sky.

—Retold from THE JATAKA.

DELAY NOT

Shun delays, they breed remorse ;

Take thy time while time is lent thee ;

Creeping snails have weakest force,

Fly their fault lest thou repent thee.

Good is best when soonest wrought,

Lingered labours come to naught.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,

Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure ;

Seek not time when time is past,

Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.

After-wits are dearly bought,

Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Drops do pierce the stubborn flint,
 Not by force but often falling ;
 Custom kills with feeble dint,
 More by use than strength availing.
 Single sands have little weight,
 Many make a heavy freight.

Tender twigs are bent with ease,
 Aged trees do break with bending ;
 Young desires make little press,
 Growth doth make them past amending.
 Happy man that soon doth knock
 Babel's babes against the rock !

—ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

THE TWO MINERS

Brown was a football player, a well-knit, muscular fellow, thirty years old, by profession a miner. Brand was a member of the Diamond Fields Horse of South Africa. Both worked in the De Beers mine near Kimberley. On the afternoon of June 5th, 1897, there was trouble in the thousand-foot level. Those outside saw shouting, half-naked Kaffirs come plunging out of the mouth of the tunnel, wild with terror. Behind them, creeping in a thick, slow-moving and yet irresistible mass, flowed a stream of blue mud. No one quite knows the reason, but sometimes a tunnel in a diamond mine strikes soft earth, and there follows a rush of mud, the greatest terror of the miners. The mud does not burst outward with explosive violence,

as water might do, instantly alarming the entire mine ; but, a miner having turned his back, it bulges from the tunnel end, flows outward heavily and silently, and when the miner turns again, it is upon him, ready to swallow him up ; and thus it fills the tunnel, a thick, viscid, suffocating mass. Such was the mud rush of June the fifth.

After the count had been made of those who had escaped from the tunnel, it was found that two Kaffir " boys " were missing. Knowledge as to the place where they had worked made it probable that the mud had caught them without warning ; but there was still a bare possibility that they had been able to reach the hundred-yard " rise " or " pass "—that is, a room where the tunnel was much enlarged for the passing of trams. Even though the tunnel was filled with mud, here they might yet find air enough to keep them alive for some hours. But the tunnel mouth was already vomiting the thick, blue ooze. It was filled from roadway to roof. When the flow stopped—and no one could tell when that would be—there was yet a hundred yards of mud to dig away before reaching the rise where the Kaffir boys were supposed to be. That would take a long time—so long, that the two miners were given up for lost, without more ado.

But the rush ceased sooner than was expected, and the manager at once set his men to work digging away the mud. All that afternoon, all night, all the next forenoon, they worked steadily without making any noticeable impression. Late in the afternoon, however, the mud began to fall away a little from the roof of the tunnel. It was presumed that the imprisoned Kaffirs were already dead from suffocation, and yet

there was one chance in a thousand—the one chance that a hero always takes. This gave Brown and Brand their opportunity.

There was now a space of some dozen inches between the tunnel roof and the top of the stream of mud. Brown proposed crawling in; Brand agreed. Their friends urged them not to risk almost certain death for the sake of two black Kaffir “boys,” for they could not tell at what moment the mud rush would begin again and fill up the tunnel, and they knew how little air there was to breathe, and how probable it was that this little was full of poisonous gases.

But Brown and Brand stepped up, and each with a miner’s lamp in his hat crept into the cold, blue ooze. The mud was too thick to permit of swimming and too thin to bear their weight, so they were compelled to struggle along in the most toilsome and exhausting manner. In places where the tunnel roof was unusually low, they cleared away the mud with their hands and thrust their heads through. Sometimes the space was so narrow that the mud reached up to their noses, and all the while the air became fouler and fouler. Their lamps went out soon after they had entered, and they had no way of relighting them, but crept onward in absolute darkness. From time to time they shouted, and at last, just as they were ready to turn back, for they had become chilled and much exhausted, they heard faint shouted replies. This gave them new heart, and they pushed onwards, finally reaching the rise.

Here they found the Kaffir “boys” who had now been imprisoned upwards of twenty-nine hours, in a condition of almost helpless exhaustion. The return, though the mud stream was now a little lower and there

was more room to breathe, was terrible beyond description ; for they were compelled not only to force their own bodies through the mud, but to drag the two natives after them. Frequently they stopped in the dark to rest, and sometimes they felt that they could never go on again. At last, however, gasping for breath they saw the light glimmering in from the tunnel mouth, and shortly afterwards friends dragged them out. Every part of their bodies was coated thick with mud ; their hair was matted with it ; but they had saved the lives of the two Kaffirs—white blood for black.

One feels that such heroism as this is belittled with rewards, and yet it is satisfactory to know that the deed of Brown and Brand was appreciated. Not only were they rewarded substantially by the mine manager, but both now wear the silver medals of the Royal Humane Society.

—RAY STANNARD BAKER.

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RING OUT, WILD BELLS

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light :
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more ;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife ;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times ;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite ;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

—LORD TENNYSON,

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever ;
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never
 Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breathing ;
 Therefore, on every morning let's be wreathing
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth.

A MASTER OF FATE

They were hunting partridges together, a father and his son. The young man was twenty-five years old, and very fond of all out-door sports. But he had made an important discovery. He had found that nothing can be accomplished without hard work. After some idle years of early youth he had begun to study. He had begun to work at his books, not merely to master them, but to improve himself, to make himself strong and able. He liked chemistry and mathematics, but especially he liked the study of public questions. He had determined that by hard work he would fit himself to enter Parliament.

But that day as they were hunting, a mistake was made. The father's gun went off and the son was shot, two of the little pellets going straight through the young man's spectacles and into his eyes. Otherwise, he was not seriously injured, but from that moment he was blind.

At once, the man determined that the accident should make no difference. He would take the world with that handicap, and make the best of it. He would not allow his blindness to hinder either his happiness or his efficiency; therefore he continued his interest in athletics. He walked, climbed, rowed, and skated. And he continued his studies by having books and papers read to him.

Presently, he wrote a book on political economy, which so impressed the authorities that he was appointed professor of that subject at the University of Cambridge where he had been a student. But he kept his old

determination to enter Parliament. He went about making speeches ; he debated public questions. He told people to make no allowance whatever for his blindness. " I purpose," he said, " to enter all contests on a basis of equality."

At the age of thirty-two he won his election, and entered Parliament. He continued his studies and worked hard. He took up matters of public welfare. He interested himself in savings-banks, in public schools, and in the preservation of forests. At last, Gladstone asked him to be Postmaster-general of England. Thus Henry Fawcett found himself. He became one of the greatest postmasters-general in English history. He brought the express business and the telegraph business of the whole country under the control of the post-office.

It is remembered of him that during the days of his greatest activity, he wrote to his father and mother twice a week. When he died, he was one of the best-loved men in England, and the working people raised a great fund of money for his widow by giving only a penny apiece. In the face of difficulty, Henry Fawcett went on day by day, and conquered.

—SELECTED.

'Tis a little thing

To give a cup of water ; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarian juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.

THE TRAVELLER BEE

A fine young Working Bee left his hive, one lovely summer's morning, to gather honey from the flowers. The sun shone so brightly, and the air felt so warm, that he flew a long, long distance, till he came to some gardens that were very beautiful and gay ; and there having roamed about, in and out of the flowers, buzzing in great delight, till he had so loaded himself with treasures that he could carry no more, he bethought himself of returning home. But, just as he was beginning his journey, he accidentally flew through the open window of a country house, and found himself in a large dining-room. There was a great deal of noise and confusion, for it was dinner time, and the guests were talking rather loudly, so that the Bee became quite frightened. Still, he tried to taste some rich sweetmeats, which lay temptingly in a dish on the table, when all at once he heard a child exclaim with a shout, " Oh, there's a bee, let me catch him ! " on which he rushed hastily back to the open air. But, alas ! poor fellow, in another second he found that he had flung himself against a hard, transparent wall ! In other words, he had flown against the glass panes of the window, being quite unable, in his alarm and confusion, to distinguish the glass from the opening by which he had entered. This unexpected blow annoyed him very much ; and having wearied himself in vain attempts to find the entrance, he began to walk slowly and quietly up and down the wooden frame at the bottom of the panes, hoping to recover both his strength and composure.

Presently, as he was walking along, his attention was attracted by hearing the soft half-whispering voices of two children, who were kneeling down and looking at him.

Said one to the other: "This is a working bee, Sister; I see the pollen bags under his thighs. Nice fellow! how busy he has been!"

"Does he make the pollen and honey himself?" whispered the Girl.

"Yes, he gets them from the insides of the flowers. Don't you remember how we watched the bees once dodging in and out of the crocuses, how we laughed at them because they were so busy and fussy, and how handsome their dark coats looked against the yellow leaves? I wish I had seen this fellow loading himself to-day. But he does more than that. He builds the honeycomb, and does nearly everything. He's a working bee, poor wretch!"

"What is a working bee? and why do you call him 'Poor wretch,' Brother?"

"Why, don't you know, Uncle Collins says that all people are poor wretches who work for other people, who don't work for themselves? And that is just what this bee does. There is the queen bee in the hive, who does nothing at all but sit at home, give orders, and coddle the little ones; and all the bees wait upon her, and obey her. Then there are the drones—lazy fellows who lounge all their time away. And then there are the working bees, like this one here, and they do all the work for everybody. Only fancy how angry these working fellows would be if they knew what the gardener told me!"

"What was that?"



WATCHING THE BEE

“Why, that the working bees are just the same as the queen when they are first born, just exactly the same, and that it is only the food that is given them, and the shape of the house they live in, that makes the difference. The bee nurses manage that: they give some one sort of food, and some another, and they make the cells different shapes; and so some turn out queens, and the rest working bees. But, look! dinner is over; we must go.”

“Wait till I let the Bee out, Brother,” said the little Girl, taking him gently up in a soft handkerchief; and then she looked at him kindly and said: “Poor fellow! so you might have been a queen if they had only given you the right food, and put you into a right-shaped house! What a shame they didn’t! As it is, my good friend,” and her voice took a childishly mocking tone—“As it is, my good friend, you must go and drudge away all your life long, making honey and wax. Well, get along with you! Good luck to your labours!” and the Bee found himself once more floating in the air.

Oh, what a fine evening it was! But the liberated Bee did not think so. The sun still shone beautifully, though lower in the sky, and though the light was softer, and the shadows were longer, and as to the flowers, they were more fragrant than ever, yet the poor Bee felt as though there were a dark cloud over the sky; in reality the cloud was over his own heart, for he had become discontented and ambitious, and he rebelled against the authority under which he had been born.

At last he reached his home—the hive that he had left with such a happy heart in the morning—and,

after dashing in, in a hurried and angry manner, he began to unload the bags under his thighs of their precious contents, and as he did so he exclaimed, "I am the most wretched of creatures!"

"What is the matter? What have you done?" cried an old Relation who was at work near him; "have you been eating the poisonous kalma flowers, or have you discovered that the mischievous honey moth has laid her eggs in our combs?"

"Oh, neither, neither!" answered the Bee, impatiently; "only I have travelled a long way, and have heard a great deal about myself that I never knew before, and I know now that we are a set of wretched creatures!"

"And, pray, what wise animal has been persuading you of that, against your own experience?" asked the old Relation.

"I have learned a truth," answered the Bee, in an indignant tone, "and it matters not who taught it me."

"Certainly not; but it matters very much that you should not fancy yourself wretched merely because some wretched creature has told you that you are so; you know very well that you never were wretched till you were told you were so. I call that very silly; but I shall say no more to you." And the old Relation turned himself around to his work, singing very pleasantly all the time.

But the Traveller Bee would not be laughed out of his wretchedness: so he collected some of his young companions around him and told them what he had heard in the large dining-room of the country house; and all were astonished, and most of them vexed.

Then he grew so much pleased at finding himself able to create such excitement and interest, that he became sillier every minute, and made a long speech on the injustice of there being such things as queens, and talked with great energy of nature making them all equal and alike.

When the Bee had finished his speech, there was first a silence and then a few buzzes of anger and then a murmured expression of plans and wishes. It must be admitted the bees' ideas of how to remedy the evil, now for the first time suggested to them, were very confused. One Bee suggested that it would, after all, be very awkward for them all to be queens, for who would make the honey and wax, and build the honeycombs, and nurse the children? Would it not be best, therefore, that there should be no queens whatever, but that they should all be working bees? But then the tiresome old Relation popped his head around the corner again, and said that he did not quite see how that change would benefit them, for were they not all working bees already;—on which an indignant buzz was poured into his ear, and he retreated again to his work.

It was well that night at last came on, and the time arrived when the labours of the day were over, and sleep and silence must reign in the hive. With the dawn of the morning, however, the troubled thoughts unluckily returned, and the Traveller Bee and his companions kept occasionally clustering together in little groups, to talk over their wrongs and a remedy. Meantime, the rest of the hive were too busy to pay much attention to them, and so their idleness was not detected. But at last, a few hot-headed youngsters

grew so violent in their different opinions that they lost all self-control, and a noisy quarrel would have broken out, if the Traveller Bee had not flown to them, and suggested that, as they were grown up now, and could not all be turned into queens, they had best sally forth and try the experiment of being all working bees without any queen whatever. With so charming an idea in view, he easily persuaded them to leave the hive; and a very nice swarm they looked as they emerged into the open air, and dispersed about the garden to enjoy the early breeze. But a swarm of bees without a queen to lead them proved only a helpless crowd, after all. The first thing they attempted, when they had re-collected to consult, was to fix on the sort of place in which they should settle for a home.

"A garden, of course," says one. "A field," says another. "There is nothing like a hollow tree," remarked a third. "The roof of a good outhouse is best protected from wet," thought a fourth. "The branch of a tree leaves us most at liberty," cried a fifth. "I won't give up to anybody," shouted all.

They were in a prosperous way to settle, were they not?

"I am very angry with you," cried the Traveller Bee, at last; "half the morning is gone already, and here we are as unsettled as when we left the hive!"

"One would think you were going to be queen over us, to hear you talk," exclaimed the disputants. "If we choose to spend our time in quarrelling, what is that to you? Go and do as you please yourself!"

And he did; for he was ashamed and unhappy; and he flew to the further extremity of the garden to hide his vexation; where, seeing a clump of beautiful

jonquils, he dived at once into a flower to soothe himself by honey gathering. Oh, how he enjoyed it! He loved the flowers and the honey gathering more than ever, and began his accustomed murmur of delight, with serious thoughts of going back at once to the hive as usual, when, as he was coming out of one of the golden cups, he met his old Relation coming out of another.

"Who would have thought to find you here alone?" said the old Relation. "Where are your companions?"

"I scarcely know; I left them in the garden."

"What are they doing?"

". . . Quarrelling, . . ." murmured the Traveller Bee.

"What about?"

"What they are to do."

"What a pleasant occupation for bees on a sunshiny morning!" said the old Relation, with a sly expression.

"Don't laugh at me, but tell me what to do," said the puzzled Traveller. "What I heard about nature and our all being alike sounds very true, and yet somehow we do nothing but quarrel when we try to be all alike and equal."

"How old are you?" asked the old Relation.

"Seven days," answered the Traveller, in all the sauciness of youth and strength.

"And how old am I?"

"Many months, I am afraid."

"You are right, I am an old bee. Now, my dear friend, let us fight!"

"Not for the world. I am the stronger, and should hurt you."

" I wonder what makes you ask advice of a creature so much weaker than yourself ? "

" Oh, what can your weakness have to do with your wisdom, my good old Relation ? I consult you because I know you are wise ; and I am humbled myself, and feel that I am foolish."

" Old and young—strong and weak—wise and foolish—what has become of our being alike and equal ? But never mind, we can manage. Now let us agree to live together."

" With all my heart. But where shall we live ? "

" Tell me first which of us is to decide if we differ in opinion ? "

" You shall ; for you are wise."

" Good ! And who shall collect honey for food ? "

" I will ; for I am strong."

" Very well ; and now you have made me a queen, and yourself a working bee ! Ah ! you foolish fellow, won't the old home and the old queen do ? Don't you see that if even two people live together, there must be a head to lead and hands to follow ? How much more in the case of a multitude ! "

—Abridged from MARGARET GATTY.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

A TALE OF TWO BROTHERS

Abram and Zimri owned a field together—
A level field hid in a narrow vale.
They ploughed it with one plough, and in the spring
Sowed, walking side by side, the fruitful seed.
In harvest, when the glad earth smiles with grain,
Each carried to his home one half the sheaves,
And stored them with much labour in his barns.
Now, Abram had a wife and seven sons,
But Zimri dwelt alone within his house.

One night, before the sheaves were gathered in,
And Zimri lay upon his lonely bed,
And counted in his mind his little gains,
He thought upon his brother Abram's lot,
And said: "I dwell alone within my house;
But Abram has a wife and seven sons,
And yet we share the harvest sheaves alike:
He surely needeth more for life than I.
I will arise and gird myself, and go
Down to the field and add to his from mine."

So he arose and girded up his loins,
And went out softly to the level field.
The moon shone out from dusky bars of clouds,
The trees stood black against the cold blue sky,
The branches waved and whispered in the wind;
So Zimri, guided by the shifting light,
Went down the mountain path and found the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous third,
And bore them gladly to his brother's heap;
And then went back to sleep and happy dreams.

Now, that same night as Abram lay in bed,
Thinking upon his blissful state in life,
He thought upon his brother Zimri's lot,
And said: "He dwells within his house alone;
He goeth forth to toil with few to help;
He goeth home at night to a cold house,
And hath few other friends but me and mine."
(For these two tilled the happy vale alone.)
"While I, whom Heaven hath very greatly blessed,
Dwell happy with my wife and seven sons,
Who aid me in my toil and make it light.
This surely is not pleasing unto God;
I will arise and gird myself, and go
Out to the field and borrow from my store,
And add unto my brother Zimri's pile."

So he arose and girded up his loins,
And went down softly to the level field.
The moon shone out from silver bars of clouds,
The trees stood black against the starry sky,
The dark trees waved and whispered in the breeze
So Abram, guided by the doubtful light,
Passed down the mountain path and found the field;
Took from his store of sheaves a generous third,
And added them unto his brother's heap;
Then he went back to sleep and happy dreams.

So the next morning, with the early sun,
The brothers rose and went out to their toil;
And when they came to see the heavy sheaves,
Each wondered in his heart to find his heap,
Though he had given a third, was just the same.

Now, the next night, went Zimri to the field ;
 Took from his store of sheaves a generous share,
 And placed them on his brother Abram's heap,
 And then lay down behind his pile to watch.
 The moon looked out from bars of silver cloud,
 The cedars stood up black against the sky,
 The olive branches whispered in the wind.

Then Abram came down softly from his home
 And, looking to the right and left, went on ;
 Took from his ample store a generous share,
 And laid it on his brother Zimri's pile.
 Then Zimri rose and caught him in his arms,
 And wept upon his neck and kissed his cheek ;
 And Abram saw the whole, and could not speak :
 Neither could Zimri. And so they walked along
 Back to their homes, and thanked their God in prayer
 That he had bound them in such loving bands.

—ELIZA COOK.

THE SINGER

Give us, O give us the man who sings at his work.
 Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of
 those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness.
 He will do more in the same time—he will do it better
 —he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible
 of fatigue while he marches to music. The very stars
 are said to make harmony as they revolve in their
 spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness,
 although past calculation its power of endurance.

Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

ST. FRANCIS

Seven hundred years ago, Francis the gentlest of the saints was born in Assisi, the quaint Umbrian town among the rocks ; and for twenty years and more he cherished but one thought, and one desire, and one hope ; and these were that he might lead the beautiful and holy and sorrowful life which Christ lived on earth, and that in every way he might resemble Him in the purity and loveliness of his humanity.

Not to men alone but to all living things on earth and in air and water was St. Francis most gracious and loving. They were all his little brothers and sisters, and he forgot them not, still less scorned or slighted them, but spoke to them often and blessed them and in return they showed him great love and sought to be of his fellowship. He bade his companions keep plots of ground for their little sisters the flowers, and to these lovely and speechless creatures he spoke, with no great fear that they would not understand his words. And all this was a marvellous thing in a cruel time, when human life was accounted of slight worth by fierce barons and ruffing marauders.

For the bees he set honey and wine in the winter, lest they should feel the nip of the cold too keenly ; and

bread for the birds, that they all, but especially " my brother Lark," should have joy of Christmas-tide, and at Rieti a brood of redbreasts were the guests of the house and raided the tables while the brethren were at meals ; and when a youth gave St. Francis the turtle doves he had snared, the Saint had nests made for them, and there they laid their eggs and hatched them, and fed from the hands of the brethren. Out of affection a fisherman once gave him a great tench, but he put it back into the clear water of the lake, bidding it love God ; and the fish played about the boat till St. Francis blessed it and bade it go.

" Why dost thou torment my little brothers the Lambs," he asked of a shepherd, " carrying them bound thus and hanging from a staff, so that they cry piteously ? " And in exchange for the lambs he gave the shepherd his cloak. And at another time seeing amid a flock of goats one white lamb feeding, he was concerned that he had nothing but his brown robe to offer for it ; but a merchant came up and paid for it and gave it him, and he took it with him to the city and preached about it so that the hearts of those hearing him were melted. Afterwards the lamb was left in the care of a convent of holy women, and to the Saint's great delight, these wove him a gown of the lamb's innocent wool.

Fain would I tell of the coneys that took refuge in the folds of his habit, and of the swifts which flew screaming in their glee while he was preaching ; but now it is time to speak of the sermon which he preached to a great multitude of birds in a field by the roadside, when he was on his way to Bevagno. Down from the trees flew the birds to hear him, and they nestled in the grassy

bosom of the field, and listened till he had done. And these were the words he spoke to them :

“ Little birds, little sisters mine, much are you holden to God your Creator ; and at all times and in every place you ought to praise Him. Freedom He has given you to fly everywhere ; and raiment he has given you, double and threefold. More than this, He preserved your kind in the Ark, so that your race might not come to an end. Still more do you owe Him for the element of air, which He has made your portion. Over and above, you sow not, neither do you reap, but God feeds you, and gives you streams and springs for your thirst ; the mountains He gives you and the valleys for your refuge, and the tall trees wherein to build your nests. And because you cannot sew or spin, God takes thought to clothe you, you and your little ones. It must be, then, that your Creator loves you much, since He has granted you so many benefits. Be on your guard then against the sin of ingratitude, and strive always to give God praise.”

And when the Saint ceased speaking, the birds made such signs as they might, by spreading their wings and opening their beaks, to show their love and pleasure ; and when he had blessed them, they sprang up, and singing songs of unspeakable sweetness, away they streamed in a great cross to the four quarters of heaven.

—WILLIAM CANTON.

Great deeds cannot die ;
They, with the sun and moon, renew their light
For ever, blessing those that look on them.

THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS

Up soared the lark into the air,
A shaft of song, a wingèd prayer,
As if a soul, released from pain,
Were flying back to heaven again.

St. Francis heard ; it was to him
An emblem of the Seraphim ;
The upward motion of the fire,
The light, the heat, the heart's desire.

Around Assisi's convent gate
The birds, God's poor who cannot wait,
From moor and mere and darksome wood
Came flocking for their dole of food.

" O brother birds," St. Francis said,
" Ye come to me and ask for bread,
But not with bread alone to-day
Shall ye be fed and sent away.

" Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds,
With manna of celestial words ;
Not mine, though mine they seem to be,
Not mine, though they be spoken through me.

" O, doubly are ye bound to praise
The great Creator in your lays ;
He giveth you your plumes of down,
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.

“ He giveth you your wings to fly
And breathe a purer air on high,
And careth for you everywhere,
Who for yourselves so little care ! ”

With flutter of swift wings and songs
Together rose the feathered throngs,
And singing scattered far apart ;
Deep peace was in St. Francis' heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood
His homily had understood :
He only knew that to one ear
The meaning of his words was clear.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE HAWTHORN TREE

When it was young, it was very happy. It stood in the deep grass where daisies and buttercups grew, and sleepy, kind-eyed cows used to lie under its shade, and birds used to build their nests in its branches. It was a tree with an affectionate nature, and it was very fond of the birds, and always rustled a praise of their singing, and tried to hold its leaves close together to make a shelter for them when it rained.

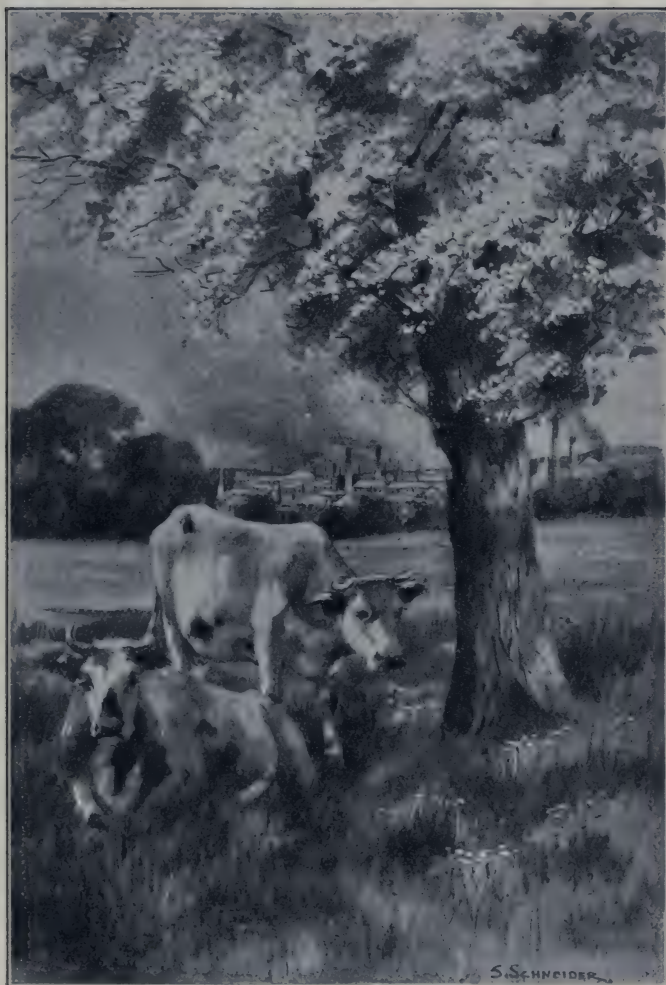
And how sweet it was when the pink and white buds began to peep out and grow bigger, and pinker, and whiter every day, until, some fine morning, the whole tree was a mass of fragrant blossom, and the

air all around it was perfumed. Then the little children used to come to gather "the may," as they called it, and roll about on the grass, and dance and sing, and make wreaths for their heads, and have little feasts in the shade, and enjoy themselves until they were tired, and had to go home and leave the Hawthorn Tree to the birds' twitter and the soft warm night wind again.

When it grew older and sad times came and all was changed, even to the very air it breathed, the Hawthorn Tree used to remember those days with an aching heart.

"Oh," it used to sigh with all its leaves, "if I could only bloom again as I did then, if I could only see the children dancing, and see them with rosy faces and laughing eyes, instead of always so pale and sad and dirty. Everything is dirty now, even the birds have soot on their wings, and can't keep their nests clean."

The change in its happy life had come about so gradually that the Hawthorn Tree could scarcely tell when first it had begun. It had an idea, however, that the first signs of it appeared on a spring morning when it had noticed years and years ago that the smoke of great London town seemed nearer. It had been very busy blooming at the time, and it was not quite sure that it was not mistaken, but later in the year, when it had more time to notice, it began to be quite certain that somehow the smoke had advanced more into the country. This puzzled it very much for a long time; it did not know how long, but there came a time when it heard a sort of explanation. It heard it from two labourers who stopped



IN THE DEEP GRASS

to sit down and rest under it on their way home after their day's work. "Lunnon town," said one of them, wiping his brow with his rough hand, "Lunnon town, it do be growin' wonderful."

"So it be, man ; so it be," answered the other.

The years passed by—a great many years—and as each year passed, the dark cloud overhanging London town crept nearer and nearer, and the sky, which had always before been fair and clear, began to look as if its blue were dulled. More than this, the Hawthorn Tree could see, not only the dark pall of smoke, but the chimneys themselves which poured it forth. Not only the chimneys of houses, but tall chimneys of factories of all kinds, from which volumes of blackness rolled all day, and sometimes, it seemed, all night.

Then there came a cruel day for the Hawthorn Tree.

It had noticed that not far from it—in a place it could quite easily see—something was being built—a large building. Men were at work constantly. At length it began to grow taller in one part than in another, much taller.

One day at noon some men passed, talking.

"The factory's chimney is going on," said one.

"Yes," said the other, "they expect to finish it and set to work soon," and they went their way.

"It is a chimney," said the Hawthorn Tree, "a factory chimney !"

It was just putting out its first blossoms, and those that opened that day had no pink on them at all ; they were quite white.

By the time the tree was in full bloom the factory

chimney was finished, and then it began work. How the black smoke rolled out, and darkened the blue sky and touched the edges of the fleecy, snow-white little young clouds with dingy yellow.

And, alas ! it was not long before the Hawthorn Tree felt something begin to fall lightly on its blossoms, on its fresh snow-white and pink innocent blossoms ; its lovely, tender, fragrant blossoms.

“ What is it ? ” it cried, trembling. “ It is black, and like very small flakes of black snow.” Then the cruel truth flashed upon it.

“ It is soot ! ” it cried.

The Hawthorn Tree burst into tears.

“ There is a great deal of dew this morning,” said some one who stood under the branches.

Its blossoms had grown fewer and fewer every spring from the first ; they could not live in the poisoned air, and at last there had come a spring when there had been none at all, and from that time the Hawthorn was a hopelessly sorrowful tree, and if it had not had a kind heart, it would have died itself. But it struggled on in the midst of the dirt and misery, though it could not put forth as many leaves as it had once done, and some of its branches died. The truth was that it had been led to make the struggle through a very sad, simple story.

One morning there had staggered and fallen under its poor shade a little shuddering, sobbing child, such a thin, white-faced little thing, with such a woeful look in its hungry blue eyes, and with the marks of cruel stripes and bruises showing through its rags. It lay and sobbed and shivered until the Hawthorn Tree shivered, too, and at last, because it could do nothing

else, dropped two or three of its leaves upon its cheek. The child moved, and, by chance, the little leaves fell into its hand. Who knows but that all the Hawthorn's wishing and sympathy had given the poor little leaves some touch of the magic charm of love?

The child looked at them through her tears; the rain had washed them to a fresher green than usual, and to a child who had never seen the country grass and flowers, they seemed so pretty. After she had looked at them a few minutes, she stopped crying, then she sat up and began to scratch at the earth with her fingers. The tree wondered if she were going to make dirt pies, but she was not. She made little squares of the soft dirt, and stuck the stems of the leaves in them. Perhaps sometimes she had wandered far enough into the better part of the city to see a square or garden, and she was trying to make something like it.

"I mustn't die," said the Hawthorn Tree tearfully to itself when at last she went away. "It is quite plain that I mustn't die. The—the children need me, even though I can't blossom." It would have been cut down without doubt but that it chanced to stand on a small square of ground whose owners were rich and unbusiness-like enough to forget that it belonged to them.

Because it was neglected and seemed to belong to no one, as the neighbourhood became worse and worse, this inclosure became such a hideous prison for the poor Hawthorn Tree as would in the end have been its death if rescue had not come.

Not far from the loathsome, barren plot of ground where the Hawthorn lived its sad life, there was a church.

It was not a beautiful church, and certainly not a fashionable one; but it had a rector, and his rectory was a quaint house across the street, only a short distance from the Hawthorn Tree.

"That poor old Hawthorn Tree," said the rector's wife one day, "what a horrible, desolate life for it! The wonder is that it did not die long ago. And yet it struggles to put out a few green leaves every year."

"It is marvellous that any green thing can live there," said the rector. "One often wonders at the courage of the poor bits of plants that somehow manage to live and feebly bloom in their rough pots or boxes in the windows of some poor child or woman living in one room up a wretched court. If that spot could be cleansed, fenced in, and given up to the poor old Hawthorn Tree to die peaceably in—or, if the poor thing might live, and even have some other humble green thing near it—how it would purify the whole street."

He ended the words almost with a start, as if some sudden thought had struck him.

"That they should even see some simple fresh thing putting forth its leaves and growing in their midst would be a good thing," he said, "if it could only be—ah, if!"

And this was the beginning of the Hawthorn Tree's new life—these few sentences which awakened a bold thought in the rector's mind—a thought which ripened into a bold plan. A few months afterwards the Hawthorn Tree saw a new thing happen. The rector came over with some workmen, and these workmen began to clear away the heaps of filth and rubbish from the piece of ground, and after this had been done they

roughly, but strongly, repaired the tumble-down fence, so that people could not pass through the gaps.

And at last—but it was after the rector had worked very hard indeed in all sorts of ways—there came a day when more workmen arrived and began to work in such a way as made the Hawthorn Tree quite sure its last hour had come. They began to dig in the hard beaten earth, they dug deep into it with picks and broke it with spades.

“But why don’t they cut me down first?” said the poor sad tree; “surely they have forgotten me, and they will do it soon.”

The second day the rector came into the ground and stood among them, talking and giving orders, and at last he turned round.

“Loosen the earth well around the roots of that old tree; I want to give it a chance to live,” he said. “It has held its own bravely enough, poor old thing. If it lives, it will be the first tree in the garden.”

“The garden,” said the Hawthorn Tree, “a garden; oh! what does he mean? A chance to live! I am not to be cut down! What are they going to do?”

It found a reason for living, as it looked on day after day, and listened and learned about the rector’s plan.

It took time to carry it out, a time long enough to allow much work to be done, to allow grass to grow, young trees and flowers to be planted and thrive, paths to be laid out, and such things to be accomplished as the Hawthorn Tree could not have believed could ever be done.

For the rector had worked until he had managed with the aid of those who listened without laughing at his plan, and indeed with the aid of some who

had smiled at first, to get possession of the deserted ground which had been a place so awful, and worse than desolate. And with the aid of time and wonderful energy and planning he had transformed it into a fresh, sweet, blooming, restful place, where the brown sparrows twittered, and all sorts of green and bright things grew, and the little children who had never seen such things before came in to wander about and watch them growing day by day, and wonder at the delight in them. And the rector called it the People's Garden.

—Abridged from FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

A BATTLE OF PEACE

Formerly it was believed that nothing could be done to combat yellow fever. It came into southern cities like an invading army, and the people surrendered. Then they died in great numbers. And nobody knew how to stop it.

In 1900, three United States medical officers were appointed from the army to attack yellow fever. They found a good battlefield in Cuba. There they went, taking their lives in their hands, to fight an unseen enemy. They had a foe who fought in ambush, with poisoned weapons. They knew not where to strike.

At last, Dr. Walter Reed, the leader of this almost hopeless crusade, came to the conclusion that yellow fever killed people by means of stings of mosquitoes. His theory was that when a mosquito that has stung

a yellow fever patient stings a well man, it carries the poison of the fever with it. But this theory had to be tested; and it had to be tested in the bodies of the doctors themselves. They deliberately tried it. They let the yellow fever mosquitoes sting them, and they had yellow fever. One of them died. No Christian martyr ever gave his life more devotedly to the cause for which he contended, than did this brave young doctor. Dr. Lazear died that thousands of people might live.

Then they exposed themselves in other ways. They slept in beds in which men had died of yellow fever, but under screens so that no mosquito could sting them. And this exposure did not cause disease. These men who took this chance were as brave as any soldier in a battlefield. The courage that makes a man face the guns of an enemy and the courage that makes a man expose himself to a plague are of the same order.

Thus the theory was proved. It was found that yellow fever is conveyed by mosquitoes. In 1900, when the doctors began this battle of peace, three hundred people died of yellow fever in the city of Havana: in 1902, after the doctors had won the victory, the number was reduced to six.

On a tablet erected to the memory of Dr. Lazear in Johns Hopkins Hospital, at Baltimore, there is this inscription written by President Eliot of Harvard University: "With more than the courage and the devotion of the soldier he risked and lost his life to show how a fearful pestilence is communicated, and how its ravages may be prevented."

—SELECTED.

YUSSOUF

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying, "Behold, one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head ;
I come to thee for shelter and for food,
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes
'The Good.'"

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no
more
Than it is God's ; come in and be at peace ;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store
As I of His who buildeth over these
Our tents his glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard Nay."

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said : "Here is gold ;
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight ;
Depart before the prying day grow bold."
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made
grand,
Which shines from all self-conquest ; kneeling
low,
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
Sobbing : "O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so ;
I will repay thee ; all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son !"

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, "for with thee

Into the desert, never to return,

My one black thought shall ride away from me ;

First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,

Balanced and just are all of God's decrees ;

Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace !"

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE LADY WITH THE LAMP

It was into the channel of nursing that Florence Nightingale poured the full strength of her nature. Every woman, she said, has sooner or later some other human life dependent upon her skill as a nurse ; and nursing, she insisted, was an art, nay, one of the finest of arts. Here is her version of the matter :

"Nursing is an art, and if it is to be made an art, it requires as exclusive a devotion, as hard a preparation, as any painter's or sculptor's work ; for what is having to do with dead canvas or cold marble compared with having to do with the living body—the temple of God's Spirit ? It is one of the fine Arts. I had almost said the finest of the Fine Arts."

Florence Nightingale practised what she preached. Born to the ease and luxury of a rich woman's life, she yet turned aside and spent ten years studying nursing as an art, first at the great Moravian Hospital at Kaiserworth, next with the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul in Paris. Then she organized a Home for

Sick Governesses in London. Then came the opportunity of her life in the call to the East.

On October 21, 1854, she sailed for Scutari with a band of thirty-eight nurses, of whom ten were Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy, and fourteen members of an Anglican sisterhood. "I am naturally a very shy person," she says; certainly she had a keen horror of parade, and she started with her gallant band without public notice or farewell. At Boulogne, however, it became known that this company of ladies, with their uniform dark dresses, were nurses on their way to the Crimea, and the white-capped fisherwomen of the place thronged round them, and carried their luggage to the railway station, scornfully refusing to let a man so much as touch an article! The band of heroines reached Scutari on November 5, the very day of Inkermann! The great barrack hospital there was a huge quadrangle, a quarter of a mile on each face; its corridors, rising storey above storey, had a linear extent of four miles. The hospital when the nurses landed held 2,300 patients; no less than two miles, that is, of sick-beds—beds foul with every kind of vileness. The mattresses were strewn two deep in the corridors, the wards were rank with fever and cholera, and the odour of undressed wounds. And to this great army of the sick and the dying, the wounded from Inkermann in a few hours were added, bringing the number up to 5,000. Into what Russell calls the "hell" of this great temple of pain and foulness moved the slight and delicate form of this English lady, with her band of nurses.

Instantly a new intelligence, instinct with pity,

aflame with energy, fertile with womanly invention, swept through the hospital. Clumsy male devices were dismissed, almost with a gesture, into space. Dirt became a crime, fresh air, and clean linen, sweet food, and soft hands a piety. A great kitchen was organized which provided well-cooked food for a thousand men. Washing was a lost art in the hospital; but this band of women created, as with a breath, a great laundry, and a strange cleanliness crept along the walls and beds of the hospital. In their warfare with disease and pain these women showed resolution as high as the men of their race showed against the gray-coated battalions of Inker-mann, or in the frozen trenches before Sebastopol. Muddle-headed male routine was swept ruthlessly aside. If the commissariat failed to supply requisites, Florence Nightingale, who had great funds at her disposal, instantly provided them herself, and the heavy-footed officials found the swift feet of these women outrunning them in every path of help and pity. Only one flash of anger is reported to have broken the serene calm which served as a mask for the steel-like and resolute will of Florence Nightingale. Some stores had arrived from England; sick men were languishing for them. But routine required that they should be "inspected" by a board before being issued, and the board, moving with heavy-footed slowness, had not completed its work when night fell. The stores were, therefore, with official phlegm, locked up, and their use denied to the sick. Between the needs of hundreds of sick men, and the comforts they required was the locked door, the symbol of red tape. Florence

Nightingale called a couple of orderlies, walked to the door, and quietly ordered them to burst it open, and the stores to be distributed !

It is not to be wondered at that she swiftly established a sort of quiet and feminine despotism, before which all official heads bowed, and to which all clumsy masculine wills proved pliant. In that sad realm of pain it was fitting that woman—and such a woman !—should be queen. Florence Nightingale, moreover, was strong in official support. She had the whole War Office, with its new head, behind her. She had an even mightier force with her—the sympathy and conscience of the whole nation. In the slender figure and gentle face of this one woman, as she moved with untiring feet through the gloomy wards of that great hospital, the pity of England for her dying sons took, so to speak, concrete shape. Woe to the official who had ventured to thwart her !

It thrills one still to read of the strange passion of half-worshipping loyalty this gentlewoman aroused in every one about her. A little ring of English gentlemen gathered round the hospital to do her behest. One young fellow, not long from Eton, made himself her “fag.” Orderlies and attendants ran at her whisper, and were somehow lifted to a mood of chivalry by the process. As for the patients, they almost worshipped her. Macdonald, who administered the fund the *Times* had raised for the service of the sick and wounded, draws a picture of Florence Nightingale in Scutari: “As her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow’s face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night,

and silence and darkness have settled down upon miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds." It is on this picture—the pitying woman carrying her nurse's lamp through the long corridors where 5,000 sick and wounded are lying—that the imagination of Longfellow has fastened :

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened, and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood.

It was, perhaps, in the operating-room that Florence Nightingale showed in its highest form the mastery she obtained over the spirits of her soldier patients. This fragile English lady was known, many times, to toil for twenty hours continuously amid her band of nurses and her miles of patients : yet a still sorer tax upon her strength must have been to stand in the dreaded and blood-stained room where the surgeon's knife was busy. But the poor soldier, stretched upon the table, as he looked at the slender figure of the lady nurse—standing with clasped hands but steadfast eyes and pitying smile, enduring the pain of witnessing his pain—drew fortitude from the sight. A soldier told Sydney Herbert that the men watched for her

coming into the ward, and though she could not speak to all, "we could kiss her shadow as she passed!"

Nor was the devotion on the part of the men confined to Florence Nightingale. Every member of her band of nurses, and of the band which Miss Stanley afterwards led to the hospital at Therapia, kindled it in a greater or lesser degree. "Oh," said one poor dying soldier to the nurse he saw bending over his pallet, "you are taking me on the way to heaven; don't forsake me now!" The soldiers kept, in a sense, their war-like temper—they were hungry for news from the front. Dying men would ask: "Has Sebastopol fallen? I would like to have been in it at the last." But the presence of the nurses had a strange refining influence over all the inmates of that huge temple of pain and death. At Scutari men ceased to swear, and forgot to grumble. "Never," said Florence Nightingale, "came from any one of them any word or any look which a gentleman would not have used." "The tears come into my eyes," she wrote afterwards, "as I think how, amid scenes of loathsome disease and death, there rose above it all the innate dignity, gentleness, and chivalry of the men."

Florence Nightingale remained in the Crimea till the last British soldier had left its shores. She stole back to England as silently as she had left it. But the public gratitude found her out, and broke upon her in a generous tempest. A Memorial Fund of £50,000 was raised; she would not take a penny of it, but devoted it to founding schools for the training of nurses in the great London hospitals. To-day as the ships sail past the cliffs of Balaclava, where once

three nations met in battle, a gigantic cross shows clear against the sky on the summit of one of the hills. The cross bears the inscription, "Lord, have mercy upon us," and was erected by Florence Nightingale herself as the only memorial she wished of her labours. But Florence Nightingale needs no memorial. She founded, to quote Kinglake, "a gracious dynasty that still reigns supreme in the wards where sufferers lie." The Geneva Convention was held within ten years of Florence Nightingale's labours in the East, and now its Red Cross, gleaming on every modern battlefield, is the monument of one of the noblest careers lived by a woman in modern history.

—W. H. FITCHETT.

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HOW CINCINNATUS SAVED ROME

Cincinnatus was made Dictator for six months, a thing that may well be noted by those who hold that nothing is to be accounted of value in comparison of riches, and that no man may win greater honour or show forth singular virtue unless he be well furnished with wealth. Here in this great peril of the Roman people there was no hope of safety but in one who was cultivating with his own hand a little plot of scarcely three acres of ground. For when the messengers of the people came to him they found him ploughing, or, as some say, digging a ditch.

When they had greeted each other, the messengers

said : " May the gods prosper this thing to the Roman people and to thee. Put on thy robe and hear the words of the people." Then said Cincinnatus, being not a little astonished, " Is all well ? " and at the same time he called to his wife Racilia that she should bring forth his robe from the cottage. So she brought it forth, and the man wiped from him the dust and the sweat, and clad himself in his robe, and stood before the messengers.

These said to him : " The people of Rome make thee Dictator, and bid thee come forthwith to the city." And at the same time they told how the Consul and his army were besieged by the Æquians. So Cincinnatus departed to Rome ; and when he came to the other side of the Tiber there met him first his three sons, and next many of his kinsfolk and friends, and after them a numerous company of the nobles.

These all conducted him to his house, the lictors, four and twenty in number, marching before him. There was also assembled a very great concourse of the people, fearing much how the Dictator might deal with them, for they knew what manner of man he was, and that there was no limit to his power, nor any appeal from him.

The next day before dawn the Dictator came into the market-place, and appointed one Lucius Tarquinius to be Master of the Horse. This Tarquinius was held by common consent to excel all other men in exercises of war, only he had served, for lack of means, as a foot-soldier, though, being a noble by birth, he should have been among the horsemen.

This done he called an assembly of the people and commanded that all the shops in the city should be

shut ; that no man should concern himself with any private business, but all that were of an age to go to war should be present before sunset in the Field of Mars, each man having with him provisions of cooked food for five days, and twelve stakes. As for them that were past the age, they should prepare the food while the young men made ready their arms and sought for the stakes.

These last they took as they found them, no man hindering them ; and when the time appointed by the Dictator was come, all were assembled, ready, as occasion might serve, either to march or to give battle. Forthwith they set out, the Dictator leading the foot-soldiers, and each bidding them that followed make all haste.

“ We must needs come,” they said, “ to our journey’s end while it is yet night. Remember that the Consul and his army have been besieged now for three days, and that no man knows what a day or a night may bring forth.”

The soldiers themselves also were zealous to obey, crying out to the standard-bearers that they should quicken their steps, and to their fellows that they should not lag behind. Thus they came at midnight to Mount Algidus, and when they perceived that the enemy was at hand they halted the standards. Then the Dictator rode forward to see, so far as the darkness would suffer him, how great was the camp of the Æquians and after what fashion it was pitched. This done, he commanded that the baggage should be gathered together into a heap, and that the soldiers should stand every man in his own place.

After this he compassed about the whole army of

the enemy with his own army, and commanded that at a set signal every man should shout, and when they had shouted should dig a trench and set up therein the stakes. This the soldiers did, and the noise of the shouting passed over the camp of the enemy and came into the city, therein causing great joy, even as it caused great fear in the camp. For the Romans cried: "These be our countrymen, and they bring us help."

Then said the Consul: "We must make no delay. By that shout is signified, not that they are come only, but that they are already dealing with the enemy. Doubtless the camp of the Æquians is even now assailed from without. Take ye your arms and follow me."

So the legion went forth, it being yet night, to the battle, and as they went they shouted, that the Dictator might be aware. Now the Æquians had set themselves to hinder the making of a ditch and rampart which should shut them in; but when the Romans from the camp fell upon them, fearing lest they should make their way through the midst of their camp, they left them that were with Cincinnatus to finish their intrenching, and fought with the Consul. And when it was now light, lo! they were already shut in, and the Romans, having finished their intrenching, began to trouble them.

And when the Æquians perceived that the battle was now on either side of them, they could withstand no longer, but sent ambassadors praying for peace, and saying: "Ye have prevailed; slay us not, but rather permit us to depart, leaving our arms behind us."

Then said the Dictator : " I care not to have the blood of the Æquians. Ye may depart, but ye shall depart passing under the yoke, that ye may thus acknowledge to all men that ye are indeed vanquished." Now the yoke is thus made. There are set up in the ground two spears, and over them is bound by ropes a third spear. So the Æquians passed under the yoke.

Meanwhile at Rome there was held a meeting of the Senate, at which it was commanded that Cincinnatus should enter the city in triumph, his soldiers following him in order of march. Before his chariot there were led the generals of the enemy ; also the standards were carried in the front ; and after these came the army, every man laden with spoil. That day there was great rejoicing in the city, every man setting forth a banquet before his doors in the street.

After this, when Cincinnatus had seen that justice had been done to a number of evil-doers, he resigned his dictatorship, having held it for sixteen days only, and returned to his farm.

—ALFRED J. CHURCH.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold :—

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its
head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the
Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not
so,"

Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had
bless'd,

And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

—LEIGH HUNT.

BRITAIN'S TRUE GREATNESS

I believe there is no permanent greatness to a nation except it be based upon morality. I do not care for military greatness or military renown. I care for the condition of the people among whom I live. Palaces, baronial castles, great halls, stately mansions, do not make a nation. The nation in every country dwells in the cottage; and unless the light of your constitution can shine there, unless the beauty of your legislation and the excellence of your states-

manship are impressed there on the feelings and condition of the people, rely upon it you have yet to learn the duties of government.

The most ancient of profane historians has told us that the Scythians of his time were a very warlike people, and that they elevated an old scimitar upon a platform as a symbol of Mars. To this scimitar they offered more costly sacrifices than to all the rest of their gods. I often ask myself whether we are at all advanced in one respect beyond the Scythians. What are our contributions to charity, to education, to morality, to religion, to justice, and to civil government, when compared with the wealth we expend in sacrifices to the old scimitar ?

We are assured, however, that Rome pursued a policy similar to ours for a period of eight centuries, and that for those eight centuries she remained great. But what is Rome now ? The great city is dead. A poet has described her as " the lone mother of dead empires." Her language even is dead. Her very tombs are empty ; the ashes of her most illustrious citizens are dispersed. Yet, I am asked, I who am one of the legislators of a Christian country, to measure my policy by the policy of ancient and pagan Rome !

May I ask you to believe, as I do most devoutly believe, that the moral law was not written for men alone in their individual character, but that it was written as well for nations, and for nations great as this of which we are citizens. If nations reject and deride that moral law, there is a penalty that will inevitably follow. It may not come at once, it may not come in our lifetime, but rely upon it, the great Italian is not a poet only, but a prophet, when he says : "The sword

of heaven is not in haste to smite, nor doth it linger." We have experience, we have beacons, we have landmarks enough. It is true, we have not, as an ancient people has, Urim and Thummim, those oracular gems on Aaron's breast, from which to take counsel, but we have the unchangeable and eternal principles of the moral law to guide us, and only so far as we walk by that guidance can we be permanently a great nation, or our people a happy people.

—JOHN BRIGHT.

THE STORY OF ALI COGIA

There once lived at Bagdad a worthy merchant named Ali Cogia, a man of a moderate fortune, who was contented with his situation and was, therefore, happy.

It happened that for three nights in succession, he dreamed that an old man came to him, and, with a severe look, reprimanded him for not having made a pilgrimage to Mecca. Ali Cogia knew that, as a good Mussulman, it was his duty to go, and at last, as a result of these dreams, his conscience was so troubled that he decided to start forth. He turned his property into money; half of which he laid out in merchandise, to traffic with as he journeyed. The other half he put into a jar, which he filled with olives and took to the house of a friend, asking him to keep it in his warehouse till the caravan should return from Mecca. He spoke of it only as a jar of olives, without saying a word of the money at the bottom of it. Nou-

reddin, his friend, very obligingly gave him the key of his warehouse. "Set your jar where you please," said he, "and it shall remain untouched till you return."

When the caravan was ready, Ali Cogia set out for Mecca, where he performed very exactly all those ceremonies that are observed at that holy place. From there he went to Cairo, and to Damascus, trading all the way to considerable advantage. As he wished to see the world, he went to other celebrated places. In short, he took so long a journey, that seven years elapsed before he returned to Bagdad.

All this time the jar of olives stood undisturbed in Nouredin's warehouse. But a few days before Ali Cogia came home, it happened that the wife of Nouredin wished for some olives. "There's the jar of olives that Ali Cogia left with us so long ago," he said, "I will go and look at them."

"Pray, don't do that," replied his wife. "It is not honourable to meddle with anything left in your care as a trust." But in spite of all his wife could say, Nouredin insisted on going to the warehouse and opening the jar. He found that all the olives at the top were mouldy. "They may be better at the bottom," said he to himself, emptying them all out and with them the bag of gold that Ali Cogia had put there.

Now Nouredin was a man who was very careful of his reputation. But in his heart he was a slave to avarice, and like many covetous men, he was only as honest as his interest obliged him to be. At the sight of so much money he determined to seize it. Finding, however, that he could not replace the



THE BOY JUDGE

olives so as to look as they did before, he threw them away and put in new ones. Then he went back to his wife. "You were right," he said, "the olives are indeed mouldy and not fit to eat. But I have left them just as I found them, and if Ali Cogia ever returns he will not see that they have been touched."

"I wish that you had not meddled with them at all," said his wife. "Heaven grant that no harm may come of it."

As soon as Ali Cogia returned, his first thought was of his gold and he went at once to see Nouredin. "It is, indeed, good to see you back," said his false friend, "and now I suppose you will want your jar of olives. Here is the key of the warehouse where you placed it. No one has touched it since you left it there."

Ali Cogia, thanking him very much for his kindness, took his jar home, but was surprised to find, on turning out the olives, that the gold had been taken away. He hardly knew what to think. "My friend cannot be so dishonest as to have stolen it," said he. "He must have taken it out, meaning to repay me and now he has forgotten."

So he returned to Nouredin and told him that he had left a thousand pieces of gold in the jar besides the olives. "If you have taken them to use in trade," said he, "you are perfectly welcome to them, only give me your written word that you will return them." But Nouredin argued to himself that as Ali Cogia could not prove that there had ever been any gold in the jar, he was quite safe in keeping it, all the more because he was well known in the city, while Ali Cogia had been away for so long that people had more or less forgotten him.

Nor was he mistaken. After he had indignantly sent off Ali Cogia, saying that he knew nothing about his gold, Ali Cogia went to a judge with his complaint. But he got no satisfaction.

"It is true," said Nouredin to the judge, "that Ali Cogia, seven years ago, at his own request, left a jar in my warehouse, which he told me was filled with olives. He carried it there himself, left it where he pleased, and found it in the same place, covered as he left it. He did not leave it in my care as a treasure. He cannot prove that he put a treasure in it. Might he not as sensibly demand a jar of diamonds? I declare on my oath that I never had this money or knew that there was any in the jar."

The judge found that Ali Cogia had no proof to support his case, except his word, so he dismissed the complaint after letting Nouredin justify himself on oath. Ali Cogia, however, was not willing to put up so easily with his loss. He appealed to the Caliph and a day was fixed for the hearing. Nouredin was summoned to attend.

The evening before the trial, the Caliph and his Grand Vizier were walking in disguise about the city when they met a group of children playing in the park.

"Come," said one of the children, "let us play at being judge. I will be the judge. Bring Ali Cogia, and the merchant who cheated him of his gold before me."

Now the Caliph was interested to see how the children would play this game, so he sat down on a bench not far from them and motioned to his attendant to be silent.

The pretended judge took his seat. Then the boy

who was to represent Ali Cogia was brought in, and after making a low bow he told his story and begged the judge to deal fairly by him. The one who represented Noureddin next defended himself, saying just what the real merchant had said and offering to swear that he was innocent.

Another boy was about to administer the oath when the judge said :

“ Not so fast, let me see the jar of olives. Have you brought it here ? ”

“ No,” said Ali Cogia, “ but I can have it brought in a moment from my house.”

“ Do you both admit,” said the judge, after the jar was brought, “ that this is the jar that you are disputing about ? ”

Both men identified it, and the young judge then ordered it to be opened and pretended to eat some of the fruit.

“ These olives,” said he, “ are excellent. I cannot think that they have been kept for seven years. Send for a couple of olive merchants.”

Two other lads stood forward to testify, as olive merchants. The judge asked them how long olives would remain fit to eat.

“ Sir,” they answered, “ with the utmost care they lose their taste and colour by the third year and can no longer be eaten.”

“ Look, then,” said the young judge, “ into that jar, and tell me how old those olives are.”

The two imaginary merchants seemed to examine and taste the olives and reported them to be new and good.

“ New ! ” replied the judge. “ Noureddin is ready

to swear that they have stood seven years in his warehouse ! ”

“ It is impossible,” said the olive merchant ; “ we know better, and are sure that these olives are of this year’s growth.”

The imaginary criminal would have replied, but the judge would not hear him. “ You are a rogue,” said he, “ and ought to be hanged.” Then the children put an end to their play, by clapping their hands with joy and leading their prisoner away to execution.

The Caliph, meanwhile, was listening with great interest to the mock trial. After musing a few moments, he ordered his Grand Vizier to find the boy who had played the part of the magistrate and to bring him to the trial the next day. He also directed the judge and two olive merchants to attend, and sent orders to Ali Cogia that he should bring the jar of olives with him.

At the hour set for the trial the child was brought in and presented to the Caliph, who asked him if it was he who had tried the case the evening before at play. The boy answered modestly that it was he. The Caliph, seeing that the boy was awed by his presence tried to set him at his ease. “ You shall now, my boy,” said he, “ decide between the real parties. Come and sit down by me.”

The Caliph then took him by the hand and seated him on the throne at his side and asked for the two merchants. When they had come forward and bowed, he said to them : “ Plead now your cause before this boy and he will hear and do you both justice. If he seems to be at a loss, I will assist him.”

Every one present was very much interested in this

extraordinary trial where a boy was to be the judge. Ali Cogia and Noureddin pleaded against each other much in the same manner as the children had in their game. When Noureddin offered to take his oath, the boy stopped him saying: "It is too soon; let us first see the jar of olives."

The merchants now examined the olives and the Caliph tasted one. Everything that the children had done in play was repeated seriously before the Caliph. The treachery of Noureddin was apparent, but the child, at this point, instead of ordering him to be hanged, looked up to the Caliph and said: "Commander of the faithful, this is not play; it is your majesty who must mete out the punishment and not I, though I did it last night among my comrades."

The Caliph, fully convinced of Noureddin's villainy, ordered him into the hands of his ministers of justice to be punished, and gave back to Ali Cogia the money that rightfully belonged to him. Then turning to the judge, he reprimanded him severely and bade him learn from the child how to do his duty in the future. Before leaving, he embraced the boy and sent him home to his parents with a purse of a hundred gold pieces.

—FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard;
Consider her ways, and be wise:
Which having no chief, overseer, or ruler,
Provideth her meat in the summer,
And gathereth her food in the harvest.

CONTENT

My neighbour hath a little field,
Small store of wine its presses yield,
And truly but a slender hoard
Its harvest brings for barn or board.
Yet tho' a hundred fields are mine,
Fertile with olive, corn, and wine ;
Tho' Autumn piles my garners high,
Still for that little field I sigh.
For ah ! methinks no otherwhere
Is any field so good and fair.
Small tho' it be, 'tis better far
Than all my fruitful vineyards are,
Amid whose plenty sad I pine—
“ Ah, would the little field were mine ! ”
Large knowledge void of peace and rest,
And wealth with pining care possess—
These by my fertile lands are meant.
That little field is called Content.

—ROBERTSON TROWBRIDGE.

PALISSY THE POTTER

Four hundred years ago a little boy called Bernard Palissy was born in a village of France, not very far from the great river Garonne. The country around was beautiful at all times of the year—in spring with orchards in flower, in summer with fields of corn, in

autumn with heavy-laden vines climbing up the sides of the hills, down which rushing streams danced and gurgled. Further north stretched wide heaths gay with bloom, and vast forests of walnut and chestnut, through which roamed hordes of pigs, greedy after the fallen chestnuts that made them so fat, or burrowing about the roots of the trees for the truffles growing just out of sight.

But the forests of the province of Périgord contained other inhabitants than the pigs and their masters, and these were the workers in glass, the people who for generations had made those wonderful coloured windows which are the glory of French cathedrals. The glass-workers of those were set apart from all other traders, and in Italy as well as in France a noble might devote himself to this calling without bringing down on himself the insults and scorn of his friends. Still, at a time when the houses of the poor were generally built of wood, it was considered very dangerous to have glass furnaces, with the fire often at a white heat, in the middle of a town, and so a law was passed forcing them to carry on their trade at a distance. In Venice the glass-workers were sent to the island of Murano, where the factories still are; in Périgord they were kept in the forest, where they could cut down the logs they needed for their kilns, and where certain sorts of trees and ferns grew, which, when reduced to powder, were needed in the manufacture of the glass.

Whether the father of Palissy was a glass-maker or not—for nothing is quite certain about the boy's early years—Bernard must of course have had many companions among the children of the forest workers, and as he went through the world with his eyes always

open, he soon learned a great deal of all that had to be done in order to turn out the bits of glass that blazed like jewels when the sun shone through them. There were special kinds of earth, or rocks, or plants to be sought for, and when found the glass-maker must know how to use them, so as to get exactly the colour or thickness of material that he wanted. And when he had spent hours and hours mixing his substances and seeing that he had put in just the right quantity of each, and no more, perhaps the fire would be a little too hot and the glass would crack, or a little too cold and the mixture would not become solid glass, and then the poor man had to begin the whole process again from the beginning. Bernard stood by and watched, and noted the patience under failure, as well as the way that glass was made, and when his turn came the lesson bore fruit.

But after a while Palissy grew restless and before he was twenty he left home and travelled on foot over the south of France, gaining fresh knowledge at every step, as those do who keep their wits about them. He had no money, so he paid his way by the help of his pencil, as he was later to do in the little town of Saintes, taking portraits of the village inn-keeper or his wife, or drawing plans for the new rooms the good man meant to build now that business was so thriving, and measuring the field at the back of the house that he thought of laying out as a garden of fruits and herbs. And as the young man went he visited the cathedrals in the towns as well as the forges and the manufactories, and never rested till he found out why this city made cloth, and that one silk, and a third wonderful patterns of wrought iron.

We do not know exactly how long Palissy remained on his travels, but as there was no need for him to hurry and so much for him to see he probably was away for some years. On his return he seems to have settled down in the little town of Saintes, on the river Charente, where he supported himself by doing what we should call surveying work, measuring the lands of the whole department, and reporting on the kind of soil of which they were made, so that the government might know how to tax them.

In the year 1538 Palissy married, and a year later came the event which influenced more than any other the course of his future life. A French gentleman named Pons, who had spent a long while at the Italian court of Ferrara, returned to France, bringing with him many beautiful things, among others an "earthenware cup, wonderfully shaped and enamelled." Pons happened to meet Palissy, and finding that the same subjects interested them both, he showed him the cup. The young man could scarcely contain himself at the sight. For some time he had been turning over in his mind the possibility of discovering enamel, or glaze, to put on the earthen pots, and now here, in perfection, was the very thing he was looking for.

During the next two or three years, when he was busy surveying the lands about Saintes, in order to support his wife and little children, his thoughts were perpetually occupied with the enamelled cup, and how to make one like it. If he could only see a few more, perhaps something might give him a clue; but how was he to do that? Then one day in the winter of 1542 a pirate boat from La Rochelle, on the coast, sailed into port with a great Spanish ship

in tow, filled with earthenware cups from Venice, and plates and goblets from the Spanish city of Valencia, famous for its marvellously beautiful glaze. The news of the capture soon reached Palissy, and we may be sure he had made a study of the best of the pots before they were bought by the king, Francis I, and given away to the ladies of the French court. But the Venetian and Spanish treasures still kept their secret, and Palissy was forced to work on in the dark, buying cheap earthen pots and breaking them, and pounding the pieces in a mortar, so as to discover, if he could, the substances of which they were made.

All this took a long time, and Palissy gave up his surveying in order to devote his whole days to this labour of love. The reward, however, was very slow in coming, and if he had not contrived to save a little money while he was still a bachelor, his wife and children would have starved. Week after week went by, and Palissy was to be seen in his little workshop, making experiments with pieces of common pots, over which he spread the different mixtures he had made. These pieces, he tells us, "he baked in his furnace, hoping that some of these mixtures might, when hot, produce a colour"; white was, however, what he desired above all, as he had heard that if once you had been able to produce a fine white, it was comparatively easy to get the rest. Remembering how, as a boy, he had used certain chemical substances in staining the glass, he put these into some of his mixtures, and hopefully awaited the result.

But, alas! he "had never seen earth baked," and had no idea how hot the fire of his furnace should be, or in what way to regulate it. Sometimes the

substance was baked too much, and sometimes too little ; and every day he was building fresh furnaces in place of the old ones which had cracked, collecting fresh materials, making fresh failures, and altogether wasting a great deal of time and money.

Thus passed several years, and it is a marvel how the family contrived to live at all, and Madame Palissy had reason for the reproaches and hard words which she heaped on her husband. The amount of wood alone necessary to feed the furnaces was enormous, and when Palissy could no longer afford to buy it, he cut down all the trees and bushes in his garden, and when they were exhausted burned all the tables and chairs in the house and tore up the floors. Fancy poor Madame Palissy's feelings one morning when this sight met her eyes. His friends laughed at him and told tales of his folly in the neighbouring town, which hurt his feelings ; but nothing turned him from his purpose, and except for a few hours a week when he worked at something which would bring in money enough to keep his family alive, every moment, as well as every thought, was given up to the discovery which was so slow in being made.

Again he bought some cheap pots, which he broke into pieces, and covered three or four hundred fragments with his mixtures. These he carried, with the help of a man, to the kiln belonging to some potters in the forest, and asked leave to bake them. The potters willingly gave him permission, and the pieces were laid carefully in the furnace. After four hours Palissy ventured to examine them, and found one of the fragments perfectly baked, and covered with a splendid white glaze. " My joy was such," he writes, " that

I felt myself another man"; but he rejoiced too soon, for success was still far distant. The mixture which produced the white glaze was probably due to Palissy having added unconsciously a little more of some special substance, because when he tried to make a fresh mixture to spread over the rest of the pieces he failed to obtain the same result. Still, though the disappointment was great, he did not quite cease to "feel another man." He had done what he wanted once, and some day he would do it again, and always.

It seems strange that Palissy did not go to Limoges, which was not very far off, and learn the trade of enamelling at the old-established manufactory there. It would have saved him from years of toil and heart-sickness, and his family from years of poverty. But no! he wished to discover the secret for himself and this he had no right to do at the expense of other people.

However, we must take the man as he was, and as we read the story of his incessant toils we wonder that any human being should have lived to tell the tale. He was too poor to get help; perhaps he did not want it; but "he worked for more than a month night and day," grinding into powder the substances such as he had used at the moment of his success. But heat the furnace as he might, it would not bake, and again he was beaten. He had found the secret of the enamel, but not how to make it form part of the pots.

Each time victory appeared certain some fresh misfortune occurred, the most vexatious of all being one that seems due to Palissy's own carelessness. The mortar used by the potter in building his kiln was full of small pebbles, and when the oven became very hot

these pebbles split, and mixed with the glaze. Then the enamel was spread over the earthen pots, which at last were properly baked, and the surface of each vessel, instead of being absolutely smooth, became as sharp as a razor and tore the hands of any unlucky person who touched it.

To guard against such accidents Palissy invented some sort of cases—"lanterns," he calls them—in which to put his pots while in the kiln, and these he found extremely useful. He now plucked up heart and began to model lizards and serpents, tortoises and lobsters, leaves and flowers, but it was a long while before he could turn them out as he wished. "The green of the lizards," he tells us, "got burned before the colour of the serpents was properly fixed," and the lobsters, serpents, and other creatures were baked before it suited the potter, who would have liked them all to take the same time. But at length his patience and courage triumphed over all difficulties. By and by he learned how to manage his furnace and how to mix his materials; the victory had taken him sixteen years to win, but at last he, and not the fire, was master; henceforth he could make what he liked, and ask what price he chose.

—Abridged from MRS. LANG.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

WHAT MAKES A NATION?

What makes a nation? Bounding lines that lead
from shore to shore,
That trace its girth on silent hills or on the prairie
floor,
That hold the rivers and the lakes and all the fields
between—
The lines that stand about the land a barrier
unseen?

Or is it guns that hold the coast, or ships that sweep
the seas,
The flag that flaunts its glory in the racing of the
breeze;
The chants of peace, or battle hymn, or dirge, or
victor's song,
Or parchment screed, or storied deed, that makes a
nation strong?

What makes a nation? Is it ships or states or flags
or guns?
Or is it that great common heart which beats in all
her sons—
That deeper faith, that truer faith, the trust in one
for all
Which sets the goal for every soul that hears his
country's call?

This makes a nation great and strong and certain to
endure,
This subtle inner voice that thrills a man and makes
him sure ;
Which makes him know there is no north or south or
east or west,
But that his land must ever stand the bravest and the
best.

—W. D. NESBIT.

DUTY TO ONE'S COUNTRY

Political Duty is a form of patriotism, the duty, that is, of doing one's part in the government of one's country. For the most part every man over twenty-one years of age has the right to vote for other men who shall represent him, that is, stand for him, in the work of making and administering the laws. Each man is, therefore, a ruler in his country. His power and right as a voter bring along with it a very plain duty to exercise the right and use the power for the good of all. This signifies to the Canadian voter four things: He should keep himself well-informed on public questions. He should do his part by his words towards constituting a right public opinion, made up of a great sum of single opinions become powerful by union. He should vote according to his own convictions of truth and justice. He should not, as a rule, seek office, but he should be ready to hold it for the public good when called to it by the voice of his fellow-citizens.

There are, usually, in a free country some great questions of public policy on which political parties are formed. One party advocates a certain line of action; another would do differently if intrusted with the power of government. As each man by his single vote can affect the policy which is at last adopted by Parliament, he should cast this vote intelligently. He should enlighten himself as to public questions, and vote so that his conviction as to what the welfare of the country demands may be carried into effect. He should not be satisfied to take his opinions from the newspapers of the party with which he usually votes, and let them do his thinking for him, talking and voting as they say. He should read books written by able men who are not partisans, on the particular subjects in debate, and he should inform himself, generally, about the history of his country, and have some knowledge, the more the better, of the sciences of politics and economics. The intelligent citizen who knows for what he is voting, and why, is the mainstay of the nation. The illiterate voter who does not know what he is voting for, or why, is the greatest danger to free institutions.

It is the duty of every citizen who has thus formed an intelligent opinion on political matters to do his part in creating and sustaining a sound public opinion. This he can do by feeling and showing an interest in politics in the best sense of the word: this is not a selfish scramble for office, but the discussion and settlement of great public questions according to reason and right, through men of ability and character. Especially in the case of reform movements in political life is it the duty of each individual to stand up for

what he honestly believes to be the right, and to express himself openly and freely in favour of the specific measures which would save the country from harm. The history of all reforms proves how important is the duty resting upon the private citizen to use his right of free speech.

No man who has the right to vote has a moral right to refrain from voting whenever it is possible for him. The plainest part of his political duty, bound up with his very right, is to exercise the voting power. He is not doing his duty to his country when he stays away from the polls on election day, whatever the real cause may be—indifference, contempt, or absorption in business or pleasure. The one method that avails in Canada for procuring just laws and honest officials is to vote for capable and worthy men. Under this method each vote counts, and each voter should see that his own vote is cast. He is not responsible when the opposite party succeeds in electing a bad man or in carrying a wrong measure, if he has voted against them: the responsibility rests upon the other party. But he is responsible to the extent of his vote if his own party elects a bad man or passes a wrong law. Hence, he is bound not only to vote, and to vote intelligently, but to vote with a single eye to the public good, with a certain party or against it, according to his own reason and conscience.

Few men are qualified by their abilities or character to serve the country in high political positions. But in the civil service, as a whole, there is a proper opening for any one who desires to work for the town, the city, the Province, or the Dominion rather than for a private employer. This routine business of the government

has nothing to do with the political issues of the day, and should be kept apart from them and be conducted on strictly business methods and principles. When so conducted, it is open on equal conditions to every citizen who is capable and worthy, without regard to his politics. The representative offices should not be sought by the private citizens ; but when his fellow-citizens call upon him to represent them in the town or city government, in the Provincial Legislature, or in the Dominion Parliament, their summons should be heeded, unless there are strong reasons to the contrary. The talents and the worth of all its citizens are properly subject to the call of the community, and the public service should be esteemed by every one as the most honourable of all services.

In time of peace, then, the patriot thinks upon these political duties—his obligations to inform himself, to spread right views, to vote, and to hold office at the will of the people.

—NICHOLAS PAINE GILMAN.

THE DAWN OF PEACE

Awake ! awake ! the stars are pale, the east is russet
gray :
They fade, behold the phantoms fade, that kept
the gates of day ;
Throw wide the burning valves, and let the golden
streets be free,
The morning watch is past—the watch of evening
shall not be.

Put off, put off your mail, ye kings, and beat your
brands to dust !

A surer grasp your hands must know, your hearts
a better trust.

Nay, bend aback the lance's point and break the
helmet bar ;

A noise is on the morning winds, but not the noise
of war.

Among the grassy mountain paths the glittering
troops increase—

They come ! They come !—How fair their feet—
they come that publish peace !

Yea, victory ! fair victory ! our enemies' and ours !
And all the clouds are clasped in light, and all the
earth with flowers.

Ah, still depressed and dim with dew ; but yet a little
while,

And radiant with the deathless rose the wilderness
shall smile ;

And every tender living thing shall feed by streams
of rest ;

Nor lamb shall from the fold be lost, nor nursling,
from the nest.

For aye, the time of wrath is past, and near the time
of rest,

And honour binds the brow of man, and faithfulness
his breast,—

Behold, the time of wrath is past, and righteousness
shall be,

And the wolf is dead in Arcady, and the Dragon in
the sea !

—JOHN RUSKIN.

THE APOSTLE OF THE LEPERS

On a cold day in January, 1841, a little boy was born in the city of Louvain, in Belgium, to Monsieur and Madame Damien de Veuster. He had already a brother a few years older, and for some time the children grew up together, the younger in all ways looking up to the elder, who seemed to know so much about everything. We have no idea what sort of lives they led, but their mother was a good woman, who often went to the big church in the town, and no doubt took her sons with her, and taught them that it was nobler and better to help others than to strive for riches or honours. Their father, too, bade them learn to endure hardness and to bear without complaints whatever might befall them. And the boys listened to his counsel with serious faces, though they could be merry enough at times.

When he grew up, Joseph, the younger brother, decided that he would be a priest, and afterward he went out as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands. For several years he worked hard among the islands, making friends with the people, to whom he was soon able to talk in their own language. The young priest knew something about medicine and could often give them simple remedies, so that they learned to look up to him, and were willing to listen to his teaching. He was sociable and pleasant, and always ready to help in any way he could, and he was welcomed by many whose religious views differed from his own. Of course he had not been long there without finding out that the disease of leprosy was terribly common,

and that the Government had set apart the island of Molokai as a home for the lepers, in order to prevent the spread of the disease ; but the work given him to do lay in other directions, and, in spite of the intense pity he felt for these poor outcasts, he did not take part in actual relief.

In the year 1873 Father Damien happened to be sent to the island of Maui, where the great volcano has burnt itself out, and while he was there the bishop came over to consecrate a chapel, which had just been built. In his sermon he spoke of the sad condition of the colony at Molokai, and told how greatly he wished to spare them a priest who would devote himself entirely to them. But there was much to do elsewhere, and it was only occasionally that one could go even on a visit. Besides, added the bishop, life in Molokai meant a horrible death in a few years at latest, and he could not take it upon himself to send any man to that.

Father Damien heard, and a rush of enthusiasm came over him. He had done the work which he had been given faithfully and without murmuring, and now something higher and more difficult was offered. Without a moment's hesitation he turned to the bishop, his face glowing. "Some fresh priests have arrived at Hawaii," he said. "They can take my place. Let me go to Molokai." And he went, without losing an hour, for a cattle boat was sailing that very day for the island of the outcasts.

Every Monday a small steamer left Honolulu for Molokai, bearing any fresh cases of leprosy that had broken out since the departure of the last boat. Molokai was only seven hours distance from Hawaii, and on the north side, where the two leper villages lie situated,

are high precipices guarded by a rough sea. Inland there are dense groves of trees, huge tree-ferns, and thick-matted creepers. Here brilliant-plumaged birds have their home, while about the cliffs fly the long-tailed white bo'sun birds ; but as a whole Molokai cannot compare in beauty with the islands which Father Damien had left behind him.

A hospital had been built for the worst cases, and, when Father Damien arrived, it was quite full. He at once went to see the poor people and did all he could to relieve them a little ; and when that was impossible, he sat by their bedsides, speaking to them of the new life they were soon to enjoy, and often he dug their graves, if nobody else could be found to do it. The rest of the lepers had taken fright, and had built themselves wretched houses, or, rather, sheds, of branches of the castor-oil trees, bound together with leaves of sugar-cane or with coarse grass. They passed their time in senseless amusements, and very rarely took the trouble to wash either themselves or their clothes. But this was not altogether their fault. Molokai, unlike many of the other islands, was very badly off for water, and the lepers had to carry from some distance all that they used. Under these circumstances it was perhaps natural that they should use as little as possible.

Such was the state of things when Father Damien reached Molokai, and in spite of his own efforts, aided sometimes by a few of the stronger and more good-natured of the lepers, such it remained for many months. The poor creatures seemed to have grown indifferent to their miseries, or only tried to forget them by stupefying themselves with liquor. Happily

the end was at hand ; for when a violent gale had blown down all their huts it was plain, even to them, that something must be done, and Father Damien wrote at once to Honolulu the news of the plight they were in.

In a very short time a ship arrived with materials to enable the lepers to have comfortable houses, and carpenters came to put them up. Of course these carpenters lived quite apart from the inhabitants of the island, and as long as they did not touch the lepers or anything used by them, they were in no danger of catching the disease. In order to hasten matters the Father turned his own carpentering talents to advantage, and with the help of some of the leper boys built a good many of the simpler houses in which the poorer people were to live. Those who were richer, or who had rich friends, could afford more comforts ; but all the houses were made after one pattern, with floors raised above the ground, so that no damp or poisonous vapours might affect them.

But while all this was being done, Father Damien knew that it was impossible to keep the village clean and healthy unless it had a better supply of water. He had been too busy since he came to the island to explore the country in search of springs, but now he began to make serious inquiries, and found to his joy that there existed at no very great distance a large and deep lake of cold, fresh water, which had never been known to run dry. At his request, pipes were sent over from Honolulu by the next steamer, and Father Damien was never happier in his life than when he and some of the stronger men were laying them down from the lake to the villages, with their own hands. Of course there were still some who preferred to be

dirty, but for the most part the lepers were thankful indeed for the boon.

Now any one would have thought that, after all Father Damien had done and obtained for them, the lepers of Molokai would have been filled with gratitude to their priest. But among the inhabitants of the island there was a large number who met him sullenly, with downcast faces, and spoke evil of him behind his back. The priest took no notice, and greeted them as cheerfully as he did the rest, but he knew well the cause of their dislike, and he could take no steps to remove it. The reason was not far to seek ; he had tried, and at last succeeded, in putting down the manufacture of spirits from the ki tree, which grew all over the island, and made those who drank it, not stupid, but almost mad. He had been at Molokai for ten years before their enmity died out, and that was only when they knew that he, like themselves, was a leper !

For the doom, though long delayed, fell upon him. When he first suspected it, he consulted some of the doctors then on the island, as, besides the one always living there, there were others who came for a few months to study the disease under great precautions. They laughed at his words, and told him he was as strong as he ever was, and that no one else could have done what he had done for ten years without catching the disease, but that, as he had escaped so far, he was probably safe to the end. Father Damien did not contradict them. He saw that they really believed what they stated, and were not seeking to soothe his fears ; but he went to a German doctor who had not been present with the rest and told him the symptoms he had himself noticed. " You are right," said the

doctor after a pause, and Father Damien went out and sat in a lonely place by the sea.

In a little while he had faced it all and was master of himself again—and more ; as his condition became known, he felt that he was working with a new power. Those who had turned a deaf ear to him before listened to him now ; he was no longer a man apart from them, whose health had been preserved by some sort of charm, but one of themselves. And the awful curse had not fallen on him by accident, as it had fallen upon them, but he had sought it, wilfully, deliberately, for their sakes. Thus out of his distress came a new joy to Father Damien.

Father Damien lived for nearly six years after he became a leper, and as long as he was able he took his part in all that was going on. It was only three weeks before his death that his strength gave out, and he laid himself on his bed, knowing that he would nevermore rise from it. So he died, with his friends around him and the noise of the sea in his ears. His task was done, for he had “ set a light on fire ” in Molokai “ which should never be put out.”

—Abridged from MRS. LANG.

Be wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer ;
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
 Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time ;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

A GREAT REPENTANCE AND A GREAT FORGIVENESS

Liang-Sheng-Yü was one of the great generals of China. He had served his kingdom wisely for many years, when there was a war of four nations. Liang-Sheng-Yü conquered the other nations, and put them under the authority of his king. He was also called Seung-Foo, or the great Helper of the King. He was given this honourable title because he had served two generations of kings—father and son.

One day Liang-Sheng-Yü reproved the general, Liang-Po, in the presence of the king. Liang-Po was angry because of this and said to himself: "Although Liang-Sheng-Yü is a great general, he should not say these things to me in the king's presence. He has found fault before the king. I will now find fault with him and accuse him before the king. The king forgave me, only because he knew I had done many good things for the kingdom."

He went to his home, but he could not sleep, for his heart burned with anger. In the morning his face was yet cast down with sorrow, for he could not forget his great disgrace before the king. His wife questioned him: "What troubled you last night?" But he answered only: "Do not ask." A servant brought his morning meal, but it was to him as if it had no taste. And the wine servant gave him wine, but it tasted as water. Another servant brought him water to bathe, and he said: "It is too cold." But the water was such as it always had been.

Three days passed by and the heart of Liang-Po

changed not. Then he went to the house of a friend. On the way, while still at some distance, he saw Liang-Sheng-Yü coming, and he tried to meet him and talk with him. But Liang-Sheng-Yü walked by on the other side and would not see. Liang-Po said to himself: "This is a strange and terrible thing. I was never his enemy; why is he so long angry? Why will he not face me? With him I served the king many years. I cannot see why he should turn away from me. He is wrong, wrong."

He went home and wrote a letter to Liang-Sheng-Yü saying: "I saw you on the Wun-Chung Street to-day and I desired to meet you and tell you many things. I believe you wished not to see me, for you walked on the other side, with your face turned from me. So my heart has another sorrow. I would see you to-morrow, soon after the morning meal, and I invite you to come to my house and eat the noon meal with me." But when the servant had brought Liang-Sheng-Yü the letter and he had read it, he threw it into the fire and said not a word. The servant saw and went home and told Liang-Po.

Fifty days after this, word came that the Chaa-Kwa Kingdom was about to make war against the Juo Kingdom. The king, therefore, sent word to the general, Liang-Po, and to the great helper, Liang-Sheng-Yü, saying: "I want you to come at once to me, your king."

When he received the word, Liang-Po said: "I think there will be a great war with the Chaa-Kwa Kingdom." So he waited before going to the king, and gave orders that four thousand soldiers should make ready for battle. They made ready, and for two



THE TWO GENERALS

days Liang-Po delayed his going. But Liang-Sheng-Yü was already with the king. And in his heart he had fear, for he thought : " Liang-Po will not come. I have made him feel shame before the king. I have done wrong. But if he comes not, our nation is surely lost. We cannot go into battle without him."

The king asked him : " Why has not the general, Liang-Po, come into my presence ? We cannot have war without the general. Without him we cannot even send an answer to the Chaa-Kwa Kingdom."

Liang-Sheng-Yü answered and said : " Before I sleep this night, I will see the general." Then he went to his home and told his servants : " I have not time for food. I must see General Liang-Po." And he bade them cut a bundle of thorn sticks, which he took and carried to Liang-Po's house.

It was the time of Nyi-Kang (Everything Quiet) when Liang-Sheng-Yü came to General Liang-Po's house. He knocked on the door three or four times before the servants opened it and asked : " Who is here ? " He answered : " I am Liang-Sheng-Yü. Tell your master I must see him to-night, or I die."

Liang-Po dressed himself and came to the door. There he saw an old man with head so bowed as to conceal his face. He wore old clothes, and he carried a sword on his back and a bundle of thorn-sticks in his hands. And he knelt on the floor.

General Liang-Po said : " Who is this ? " Then Liang-Sheng-Yü, the great and proud helper of two generations of kings, said : " I wish to see General Liang-Po."

His face was still close to the floor and his voice trembled as he spoke. " General Liang-Po," he

said, "I was against you before the king and I have learned that the fault was mine. I found you right, and I am guilty, not you. I have done you great wrong. General Liang-Po, my sword is on my back and a bundle of thorn-sticks is in my hand. Take the sticks and beat me. Take the sword and cut off my head. We cannot make war to-morrow if we are not at peace to-night."

Then Liang-Po, the great general, helped Liang-Sheng-Yü upon his feet and said: "No, we have always been friends. We will be friends for ever, and together we will serve our king. I wish you to forgive me. I wish the king, too, to forgive me, for I have also made mistakes. We will all forgive and be forgiven—then we shall surely be friends."

The two great men bowed down together and worshipped the Creator, and they both swore that from that time they would have the same mind.

—MARY HAYES DAVIS AND CHOW-LEUNG.

OPPORTUNITY

I

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream :—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain ;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backwards, hemmed by foes.

A craven hung along the battle's edge,
 And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
 That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this
 Blunt thing—!" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
 And lowering crept away and left the field.
 Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
 And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
 Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
 And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
 Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down,
 And saved a great cause that heroic day.

—EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

II

MASTER of human destinies am I;
 Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait.
 Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
 Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
 Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
 I knock unbidden once at every gate.
 If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
 I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
 And they who follow me reach every state
 Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
 Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
 Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
 Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,
 I answer not and I return no more.

—JOHN J. INGALLS.

What is your duty? The claims of the day.

A GREAT NATURALIST

Agassiz was eminent for both his greatness and his modesty. He seemed not to realize his greatness. Tributes to his attainments appeared to surprise him. What he had attained was very insignificant to him in comparison with what remained to be known. He had only picked up a few pebbles on the shore, while the great ocean of science tempted him to fathom its mysteries. He claimed only the beginning of knowledge in his department, and often said that many things are uncertain now, even about laws and facts that are regarded as known.

An amusing incident that illustrates the foregoing remarks happened at a small village on the Atlantic coast. One or two years before his death, Agassiz spent four weeks there, studying fishes in the waters of that vicinity, and collecting specimens for his museum. One day, at the hotel where he stopped, a discussion on different kinds of fishes arose between him and several of the citizens. One citizen called his attention to a kind of fish that was always seen in schools, swimming with one fin out of water, and inquired what the professor knew of them. He replied that he knew nothing, for he had never seen them. One citizen asked him: "Which fin is out of water, the back or tail fin?" Without the least hesitation he replied: "Oh, it must be the back fin," answering, no doubt, according to some general theory in his mind.

A boy, ten years old, son of one of the citizens,—a bright, observant little fellow,—was standing by,

taking in every word of the distinguished naturalist ; and he could not contain himself, so full of the subject was his soul. He interrupted by saying : " I think it is the tail fin ; I've seen them." The men laughed, and Professor Agassiz laughed with them, and patted the boy on the head, commending his sharp observation, and expressing the hope that he would know all about it in his manhood.

The boy was not satisfied with the turn of affairs. On the next day he went down to the wharf, a few rods behind the hotel, and laid himself flat on his face to watch for a school of the fish. They were not plentiful, but he had seen them in the harbour, when they swam directly under the wharf. He watched several hours, but no fish appeared. On the next day he went thither and watched equally long, but he had only disappointment for his pains. Undismayed, he repaired to the same spot on the third day, and, after the lapse of an hour, he was rewarded by the appearance of the fishes he was seeking. The school swam directly under the wharf, in full view of his two large blue eyes. Imagine his interest and excitement as he made sure whether the back or tail fin was out of water. It was the tail fin ; he was positive of it. A second sharp, square look convinced him that the professor was wrong.

Quick as his feet could carry him to the hotel, he reported to Agassiz : " A school of those fish is in the harbour." The professor hurried down to the wharf, and saw, with his own eyes, the " tail fin out of water." The boy's fact had upset his theory ; and he complimented the lad for his intelligent observation. No one enjoyed the issue more than he. The episode had

added another fact to his museum of facts—a tail fin can be out of water. And the whole affair was in harmony with what he was ever teaching—that many things are uncertain, even about things we know. Great talents and learning are always modest.

—W. M. THAYER.

THE LAMP.

Hast thou a lamp, a little lamp,
Put in that hand of thine ?
And did He say, who gave it thee,
The world hath need this light should be,
Now, therefore, let it shine ?

And dost thou say, with bated breath,
It is a little flame ;
I'll let the lamps of broader wick
Seek out the lost and cheer the sick,
While I seek wealth and fame ?

But on the shore where thy small house
Stands dark, stands dark, this night,
Full many a wanderer, thither tossed,
Is driven on that rock and lost,
Where thou hast hid thy light.

Though but a candle thou didst have,
Its trimmed and glowing ray
Is infinite. With God, no light
Is great or small, but only bright,
As is His perfect day.

The world hath sorrow, nothing more,
 To give or keep for thee ;
 Duty is in that hidden flame,
 And soaring joy : then rise for shame
 That thou so dark shouldst be.

Rise, trim thy lamp ; the feeble past
 Behind thee put and spurn.
 With God it is not soon or late,
 So that thy light, now flaming great,
 Doth ever fiercer burn,—

Fierce with its love, and flaming great
 In its humility ;
 Shunning no soul in sinful need,
 Fearing no path where He may lead,
 Glowing consumingly.

Thou shalt not want for light enough,
 When earthly moons grow dim ;
 The dawn is but begun for thee,
 When thou shalt hand, so tremblingly,
 Thy empty lamp to Him.

—SARAH PRATT McLEAN GREENE.

Heigh ho ! daisies and buttercups,
 Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall ;
 A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,
 And fresh hearts, unconscious of sorrow and thrall ;
 Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its
 measure—
 God that is over us all.

SIR BEAUMAINS AND HIS QUEST

It was the time of Pentecost, and King Arthur was holding his court in Wales. Just before noon one day, as the king was going into the banquet prepared for him, a messenger entered the hall and announced that a strange party was approaching. There were three men on horseback, he said, accompanied by a dwarf. A little later the newcomers made their entrance, two of them being roughly dressed serving-men, while the third was a tall, broad-shouldered youth of striking appearance, although somewhat plainly clad.

Having made his obeisance to the king, the young man exclaimed :

“ King Arthur, I am come hither to claim three gifts of you. The first I will ask now, but the other two I will ask a year hence, when you again hold your feast.”

Arthur smiled on him graciously, and bade him proceed.

“ I will ask but this, O King,” continued the youth ; “ that you will grant me food and drink and lodging here for the next twelvemonth.”

“ That is but a small thing to ask,” replied the king ; “ is there nothing better you desire ? Come, ask what you will, for I think you are not what your dress would proclaim, but that you come of good family. What is your name, pray ? ”

To this the youth answered that he could not tell his name yet, and that he desired nothing more than to live at the king’s court, as he had said, and receive meat and drink for a twelvemonth. King Arthur

was curious to know more about this lusty youth, whose well-knit figure pleased him greatly, but as the other would say nothing further he called Sir Kay, his seneschal, and bade him treat the lad well.

Sir Kay cast a disdainful look upon his new charge, and sniffed contemptuously. "Things have come to a pretty pass, indeed," he said, "when any peasant's son who likes to come to court can have his lodging free, and feed at the king's expense the year round!"

"But he may be a great lord's son for all you know," said some of the knights present. "Even King Arthur suspects him of being of noble birth."

"Nonsense!" cried Sir Kay, angrily. "He is a country boor, I promise you. Had he been aught else he would have begged for horse, and armour, and a stout lance, and a knightly quest. But this great clown—this Beaumains (Fair Hands) as we will call him—will have naught but eating and drinking, so please you! And enough of that he shall have, for he shall take his fill in the kitchen with the others and stuff himself as fat as any pig!"

So Beaumains was given a seat among the king's serving-men and kitchen boys, and there he lived for twelve months, as Arthur had promised him. Every day he performed the same menial tasks as his fellows, taking Sir Kay's mocks and jeers in the best of good humours. But one thing could draw him from his work, and that was a jousting between any of the knights of the court. Then Beaumains would hie himself to the lists and watch eagerly how the knights bore themselves with lance and sword. And whenever there were any bouts of strength and feats of strength in which he might join, he was one of the

foremost ; and so strong was he that none of his fellows could beat him.

At the end of the year there came to King Arthur's court a damsel who demanded redress for her mistress's wrongs. Arthur was always ready to see justice done in his kingdom, and no one ever appealed to him in vain. " My mistress," said the damsel, " is in great peril, and prays your help. She is kept prisoner by a tyrant knight in a castle far away. Ask me not her name now, O king, for I may not tell it ; but I pray you send one of your noble knights to set her free."

Now when Arthur heard her say that she might not disclose her mistress's name, he declared that none of his knights should go on such a quest unless of his own free will. The king looked round the assembled court, but no knight proffered his services. He was about to speak again, when Beaumains suddenly thrust himself forward and knelt at Arthur's feet. " A boon, Sir King ! " he cried. " A boon. For twelve months have I sat at your table, and now is the time for me to ask the other two gifts you promised me."

" Say on," commanded the king.

" Well, then," continued Beaumains, " I beg you to grant me this adventure, and let me ride with this damsel to rescue her mistress. And secondly, grant that Sir Lancelot may dub me knight, for I would receive knighthood from none other save thyself, O king."

" 'Tis granted," cried Arthur ; " it shall be thy quest, boy, and may God send thee a safe ending to it."

All present rejoiced greatly at Beaumains' good fortune, for the youth was well liked; all, that is, except the damsel herself, who now turned angrily upon the king. "What!" she cried; "can I have no knight errant but one of thy kitchen boys? Then will I have none at all!" And so saying she called for her palfrey and rode away.

It was not long ere Beaumains was ready to follow her, for the same dwarf who had attended him before now appeared with a fine horse and a suit of armour. And so, well equipped, save for lance and shield, he spurred after the damsel.

Sir Kay, still scornful of his kitchen-boy's prowess, now got upon his horse and rode after Beaumains, thinking to humble his pride. "I will show you," he said to Sir Lancelot and the other knights, "how this braggart shall be taught his place."

When Beaumains heard the seneschal thundering along behind him he turned, and with his sword drawn charged full tilt at Sir Kay. The latter went down at the first shock and lay stunned, for the youth had dealt him a terrible blow upon his helm. Then Beaumains took the seneschal's shield and spear, and, arming himself with them, rode once more after the damsel.

Following close upon Sir Kay came Sir Lancelot who, calling out to Beaumains, bade him stop. "Will you joust with me Sir Lancelot?" asked the youth, joyfully.

"That I will," replied the knight, and thereupon they made ready for the fray.

At the first onset both went down together, and fighting on foot with their swords they battled fiercely



THE COMBAT

for a long time. Sir Lancelot was surprised to find what a formidable adversary Beaumains proved to be, for he himself was one of the foremost of the Round Table knights, and very few could withstand him in the field. At last Sir Lancelot cried : " Beaumains, I pray you fight not so strongly. We have no quarrel, and I am fain to rest awhile."

So the youth ceased fighting, and the two talked together. When Sir Lancelot pressed him, Beaumains acknowledged that he was truly of noble birth, and that he was Sir Gareth, the son of the king of Orkney. His mother, he said, had sent him to Arthur's court well equipped with knightly gear, but he had determined that what knighthood he won should be through his prowess alone, and not because of his high rank. And thus he had disguised himself as we know. Sir Lancelot gladly knighted the youth on hearing his story, for he felt assured that Beaumains was destined to do great deeds. Then, leaving him, he hastened back to Arthur's court.

On overtaking the damsel, who had hardly waited to see the result of the combat, Beaumains found himself greeted with anything but welcome words. " Faugh ! " said she, drawing away from him ; " has this scullion knave come back to me ? " And vowing that his clothes smelt of the kitchen she ordered him to be gone, for he should not ride with her.

Still Beaumains, for all that she laughed and scoffed at him, refused to abandon the quest, and they rode on together. On the way the youth overcame two knights who barred his passage at a ford in a river, and slew them ; but the damsel declared that he had killed them by mischance, and said that there was

an adventure before him that she warranted would make him flinch.

"Let that be as it may be," returned the youth; I will not give up this quest until I have rescued your mistress. And I care not who those doughty knights be who guard her so well."

It was not many hours later before they came to a forest wherein a tall black knight seated on a black charger met their view. All this knight's trappings, and even his shield and spear, were in black. At sight of him Beaumains couched his lance and pulled down the vizor of his helm. Presently the other knight bore down upon him, and with a crash as of thunder they dashed together. For a full hour or more they fought, and in the end Beaumains struck the other so sorely that the Black Knight fell from his horse and died.

Despite this deed the damsel still mocked her companion, declaring that chance alone had favoured him, and that he need not hope to escape from the knight's two brothers, whom he had yet to meet. To all of which the youth answered nothing, save to say that he was ready for whatever fortune might send him.

The second foe whom Beaumains encountered was a knight who was appavelled in green. This knight he served as he had done the other, but for sparing his life at the damsel's request. After this Beaumains thought she would soften towards him, but, nevertheless, she continued to jeer at him and call him "foul kitchen-boy," as before.

Riding on their way, they came in time to where the third of the brethren—he who was known as the Red Knight—was awaiting him. At a given signal the

two rushed together and shivered their lances on each other's shields. Then, fighting on foot, they fell to fiercely with their swords, until finally the Red Knight was overthrown and lay helpless on the ground. Beaumains now made ready to slay him, too, for he resolved that the damsel should again entreat him to show mercy. This at length she did, whereupon he bade the Red Knight rise and betake himself with his brother, the Green Knight, to Arthur's court, there to tell how they had been worsted and overthrown.

Yet another doughty adversary, Sir Persant of Inde, or the Blue Knight, had Beaumains to overcome; and only now, on his proving himself the victor once more, did the damsel leave off reviling him and begin to feel ashamed of her words. But Beaumains bore her no malice and forgave her readily. And to Sir Persant and the damsel, whose name was Lynette, he revealed his true name, much to their astonishment, for they all along deemed him to be of lowly birth.

When the Lady Lyonors, who was being held captive in the castle, was informed of the champion who was coming to release her, she sent word to her sister Lynette (for such the damsel was) to see to Beaumains' wants, and prepare him for the last battle that was before him. For he had yet to meet another famous Red Knight, who was stronger far than any of the others.

In due course Beaumains and the damsel arrived at the castle, and here the Red Knight rode out to do battle with him. Of all those whom the youth had encountered, this knight was indeed the fiercest, and he had hard work to contend against the other's

terrible blows. Eventually, however, he conquered, and the Red Knight had to sue for mercy.

So Beaumains, or Sir Gareth, as he should be rightly called, achieved his quest, and released Lynette's sister from her prison. Being himself sorely wounded, he remained some time in the castle, where he was nursed by the Lady Lyonors and ere long won her love. When they returned together to Arthur's court never was such a noble wedding as that of Sir Gareth and his lady. And of all, none was so pleased at the happy termination of the adventure as King Arthur, for he ever loved to see a man prove himself a worthy and valiant knight.

—FROM FAIRY TALES OLD AND NEW.

IF—

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you ;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you
But make allowance for their doubting too ;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise.

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master ;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim ;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same ;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
 Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
 Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
 And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
 And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
 And lose, and start again at your beginnings
 And never breathe a word about your loss ;
 If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
 To serve your turn long after they are gone,
 And so hold on when there is nothing in you
 Except the Will which says to them : " Hold on ! "

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
 Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
 If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
 If all men count with you, but none too much ;
 If you can fill the unforgiving minute
 With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
 Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
 And—what is more—you'll be a Man, my son !

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

God give us men ! A time like this demands
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands ;
 Men whom the lust of office does not kill ;
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy ;
 Men who possess opinions and a will ;
 Men who have honour—men who will not lie.

THE LOSS OF THE *OCEAN'S PRIDE*

I had grown into a good strong lad, and having from infancy had to fight all my own battles I was able now to hold my own pretty well with any one. Well it was for me that it was so. For now I was to sail on a ship where I was to be with a drunken skipper, fearless alike of God or man. I shipped this time as "fourth hand." The vessel's name was the *Ocean's Pride*. The cook, like myself, was a town waif sent to the fisheries as an apprentice. The skipper had once been admiral of our fleet, but had been turned out by the owners for the losses that some of his drunken escapades had caused them.

I need not say that all on board the smack were afraid of the "skipper," and his cruelty to the little cook, Charlie, was such that on our first time home, just as we were getting to sea again, we found that he had bolted and was nowhere to be found. His work fell on my shoulders, and though I did my best to give no cause for angering the skipper, many a blow and many a bucket of cold water were my portion before I turned in at night. Several times he made me stay on deck all night, when it was my time to be turned in; and that made him all the crankier the next day, because I was then unfit to do my work. When the voyage was up, and we reached home, we found that his master had had Charlie sent to prison for 'breaking the apprenticeship laws, and when we next went to sea, the poor lad was led down and put on board, so that he had no chance to escape. As for me, I should have escaped too, only I knew it was no good. I was half

afraid the skipper meant to kill Charlie, and I had some sort of hope that I might be of use to him. It was no good going and telling our master about it; he would only have told the skipper, for he never would listen to anything against his skippers, so long as they did well with fish. And our shipper was at least a good fisherman in this respect, for he would carry a whole sail when all the rest of the fleet had two reefs down, and so he managed to drag his net faster and further, perhaps. Anyhow, there was nothing to say in that respect, as we made "good voyages."

When we left, the skipper came aboard drunk. Once aboard, both he and the mate went below, and left us three youngsters to manage as best we could. After three days, during which we had not seen either of them on deck, we fell in with our fleet, and we had to go below and tell them so. Their liquor was gone now, and all they thought of was, "Is there a grog ship with them?"

In those days there was always a vessel, or perhaps more than one, with every large fleet, selling liquor. She did no fishing, but just bought—or stole—everything she could, in return for fiery gin or adulterated brandies. Hateful as these ships were to me, however, I was eager enough to see one now, for both skipper and mate would at least be off board for a short while, and Charlie and I could forget our miseries.

The fleet was fishing at this time on the rising ground near the coast of Denmark. They were all doing well, and there was no lack of grog vessels about, so we soon saw the backs of our chief officers. The mate came aboard next day, and did not leave us again, for without him we could not have handled the ship and done

the fishing. But the skipper we hardly saw again for a fortnight, except when he came off to get some fish to sell for grog, or later when he sold our spare gear, some of the sails, and a quantity of the ship's provisions. He couldn't possibly have drunk all he paid for, but he was in a half-dazed condition all the time, and I don't think he knew just what he was doing.

One day, at sundown, we saw a smack's boat adrift on the ocean, apparently with no one in her, so we bore down to pick her up. Picture our surprise when we found our own skipper stretched out in the bottom in a drunken sleep! When he came to himself, next day, he found he had been dumped in and cut adrift as there was nothing more to be got out of him.

The question now was what to do with our vessel. We must go home for fresh supplies, or get them from our comrades in other vessels. The first the skipper did not dare to do, for fear of arrest; the second he was either too proud to do, or too maddened to think of, for there is no doubt he would have got all he wanted. But in his disordered state of mind all he thought of was to lose the ship, and he swore, over and over again, that she should never more see Great Grimsby.

We took no more notice of this than we did of any other of his foolish remarks. But the same night, when the admiral signalled to shoot the nets, the skipper put the helm hard up, and we left the fleet with a fast wind for home. It was late the following night when the skipper himself was at the wheel, and had let all hands go below, that we were almost thrown out of our bunks by the smack suddenly running up on a reef. Breaking seas hit the vessel as she lay, driving her up farther and farther on the rocks,

and we soon saw that she must go to pieces. The skipper was like a fiend, yelling and shouting in delirious joy. But his mad triumph was short-lived, for a curling sea coming in over the rail swept him overboard, and his laughter was lost in the noise of the sea and the darkness. All the sailor qualities of the mate now came into play. He made us lash spars together to form a raft, himself directing matters as if he had been in the dock at home.

Right above us towered the gleaming light that marked the reef, which we now knew to be Borkum Reef, off the north coast of Holland. In spite of the furious seas, the stout old *Ocean's Pride* held together long enough to let us finish our work, and then we were all lashed on. By God's mercy our lives were thus spared, and the drink demon cheated of further victims.

We were sent home by the British consul as "shipwrecked mariners." But the story leaked out in time to save the owner from claiming the insurance, the skipper having long been hall-marked as unfit to take charge of a vessel. Thus poor Charlie was saved from his tormentor, and was partly avenged on a money-blinded master.

—Abridged from WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

From "*The Harvest of the Sea*" by kind
permission of Fleming H. Revell Company.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

HABIT

Every habit and faculty is maintained and increased by the corresponding actions : the habit of walking by walking, the habit of running by running. If you would be a good reader, read ; if a writer, write. But if you have not read for thirty days in succession, but have done something else, you will know the consequence. In the same way, if you have lain down ten days, get up and attempt to make a long walk, and you will see how your legs are weakened. Generally, then, if you would make anything a habit, do it ; if you would not make it a habit, do not do it, but accustom yourself to do something else in place of it.

So it is with respect to the affections of the soul : when you have been angry, you must know that not only has this evil befallen you, but that you have also increased the habit, and in a manner thrown fuel upon fire. He who has had a fever, and has been relieved from it, is not in the same state as he was before, unless he has been completely cured. Something of the kind happens also in diseases of the soul. Certain traces and blisters are left in it, and unless a man completely effaces them, when he is again lashed on the same places, the lash will produce not blisters, but sores.

If then you wish not to be of an angry temper, do not feed the habit ; throw nothing on it which will increase it ; at first keep quiet, and count the days on which you have not been angry. “ I used to be in a passion every day ; now every second day ; then

every third, then every fourth." But if you have intermitted thirty days, make a sacrifice to God. For the habit at first begins to be weakened, and then is completely destroyed. "I have not been vexed to-day, nor the day after, nor yet on any succeeding day during two or three months ; but I took care when some exciting things happened." Be assured that you are in a good way.

How then shall this be done ? Be willing at length to be approved by yourself, be willing to appear beautiful to God, desire to be in purity with your own pure self and with God. It is even sufficient if you compare yourself with noble and just men, whether you find one who is living or dead.

But in the first place, be not hurried away by the rapidity of the appearance ; but say : "Appearances, wait for me a little ; let me see who you are, and what you are about ; let me put you to the test." And then do not allow the appearance to lead you on and draw lively pictures of the things which will follow, for if you do, it will carry you off wherever it pleases. But rather bring in to oppose it some other beautiful and noble appearance, and cast out this base appearance. And if you are accustomed to be exercised in this way, you will see what shoulders, what sinews, what strength, you have. But now it is only trifling words, and nothing more.

This is the true athlete, the man who exercises himself against such appearance. Great is the combat, divine is the work ; it is for kingship, for freedom, for happiness. Remember God ; call on him as a helper and protector.

For take away the fear of death, and suppose as many thunders and lightnings as you please, and you will know what calm and serenity there is in the ruling faculty. But if you have once been defeated and say that you will conquer hereafter, and then say the same again, be assured that you will at last be in so wretched a condition and so weak that you will not even know afterwards that you are doing wrong, but you will even begin to make apologies for your wrongdoing.

—EPICTETUS.

KING OSWALD'S FEAST

The king had laboured all an autumn day
For his folk's good, and welfare of the kirk,
And now when eventide was well away,
And deepest mirk

Lay heavy on York town, he sat at meat,
With his great councillors round him and his kin,
And a blithe face was sat in every seat,
And far within

The hall was jubilant with banqueting,
The tankards foaming high as they could hold
With mead, the plates well heaped, and everything
Was served with gold.

Then came to the king's side the doorkeeper,
And said, "The folk are thronging at the gate,
And flaunt their rags and many complaints prefer,
And through the grate

“ I see that many are ill-clad and lean,
 For fields are poor this year, and food hard-won.”
 And the good king made answer, “ ’Twere ill seen,
 And foully done,

“ Were I to feast while many starve without ; ”
 And he bade bear the most and best of all
 To give the folk ; and lo, they raised a shout
 That shook the hall.

And now lean fare for those at board was set,
 But came again the doorkeeper and cried,—
 “ The folk still hail thee, sir, nor will they yet
 Be satisfied ;

“ They say they have no surety for their lives,
 When winters bring hard nights and heatless suns,
 Nor bread nor raiment have they for their wives
 And little ones.”

Then said the king, “ It is not well that I
 Should eat from gold when many are so poor,
 For he that guards his greatness guards a lie ;
 Of that be sure.”

And so he bade collect the golden plate,
 And all the tankards, and break up, and bear,
 And give them to the folk that thronged the gate,
 To each his share.

And the great councillors in cold surprise
 Looked on and murmured ; but unmindfully
 The king sat dreaming with far-fixèd eyes,
 And it may be

He saw some vision of that Holy One
Who knew no rest or shelter for His head,
When self was scorned and brotherhood begun.

“ 'Tis just,” he said :

“ Henceforward wood shall serve me for my plate,
And earthen cups suffice me for my mead ;
With them that joy or travail at my gate
I laugh or bleed.”

—ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

A GLANCE BACKWARD

For thirty years or more I have been afflicted with a sort of chronic homesickness, a longing for the old home where I was born, yonder amid the hills. Every season I go back there, and for a brief season the homesickness is allayed ; but it soon returns again, and then I discover that it is a longing for youth, for father and mother, and for the old days on the farm which cannot return.

The farm boy never outgrows his love of the farm ; how its memories cling to him, how the old scenes are interwoven with the very texture of his being ! One can go back to his natal spot, but how impossible to go back to the life he lived there, to resume again the days of his youth !

When I last visited the old home I went up on the Old Clump, a high, bald-top mountain in the lap of which

my father's farm lay, and where as a youth I had been scores of times to salt the sheep or to fetch them home. I drank at the cold spring just below the summit where I had so often drunk before, and then I sat down upon a rock and mused upon the landscape spread out at my feet. How unchanged to my outward eye, how changed to my inward vision !

From nearly every one of the dozens of homesteads within my view, the old people whom I had known so well were gone, and a new generation had taken their places. There in the distance, its open door just visible as a black spot, stands the little red school-house where I went to school, and there through the meadows below it meanders the little brook where we used to build ponds and swim and fish during the long summer noonings. In going to school we went a mile or more "cross-lots," and had to cross this stream. Once when it was swollen by a January thaw, in attempting to leap over it I slipped and fell my whole length in its icy current. I do not remember that it gave me a cold or that I suffered any inconvenience from it except that of wet clothes most of the day. I suspect that I sprang out of the water so quickly that little more than my feet and outer garments were much wetted.

We had a mile and a half to go to school, part of the way across a very windy hill, and during the severe blizzards of that high altitude, I used to suffer a good deal from the cold, frequently freezing my ears, and once one of my little fingers. But my feet suffered most, incased in stiff cowhide boots, unprotected by rubbers or arctics. Often I would reach the school-house with my boots frozen as stiff as if they were cast iron. And the chilblains I suffered from, and the intolerable

itching of my heels as they began to thaw out on the approach of spring, are not pleasant to think about.

Till the age of about twelve I went to school winter and summer ; but after that time my help was needed on the farm, and I went to school only in the winter. When about fifteen I began the study of algebra and grammar, and I recall what trouble I had to get the books. My father was a fairly prosperous farmer, but did not hold very liberal ideas on the subject of education. He thought reading, writing, and arithmetic enough for his boys, and it proved enough for all but me ; I wanted an algebra. This was a new-fangled notion that father did not approve of. He had never before heard of such a study, and refused to get the book. On Saturday when I was going to the village on some errand, I laboured with him the best I knew how—that is to say, I “ coaxed ” him all morning to allow me to buy an algebra. But he sternly refused, and I started off for the village with a heavy heart and wet eyes.

Mother was always on the side of her children, and had vigorously seconded my request before I started.

Before I had gone a quarter of a mile from the house, and while yet in sight of it, she made it so hot for father that he yielded and shouted to me that I might get the book. But my blood was up, and I resolved not to get it till I could get it with my own money ; this I was soon able to do. Sugar weather was at hand ; I tapped some trees and got some small cakes of very fine sugar in the market early. These brought me money to buy this and other books, among them my first grammar.

I had a kind father, but he had a way of saying “ no ” very loudly when his heart was saying “ yes,” and

often the more emphatic his denial, the more we felt encouraged to go on coaxing. His firmness in refusing the requests of his children was not deep-rooted, and often made up in bluster what it lacked in force. He was pretty sure to yield, if we kept up the siege long enough, especially if mother joined in.

Of my literary tendencies, father had no conception. It was a great departure from the traditions of the family, and I suspect he had to the last no appreciation of the ends I had in view, or of the results I achieved. Upon the subject of my writings he was always silent. He never to my knowledge read a page of my inditing, and his attitude towards this phase of my career was always one of curious reticence. But I was told that when in his old age some member of the family showed him my picture in some publication, he was moved to tears.

Sitting there upon the Old Clump and looking down upon the scene of his labours, the fields he cleared and improved, and where the vigour of his manhood was spent, I think of him with unspeakable tenderness; and of mother, too, who did even more than her share in the battle that they fought together.

When I was sixteen I had a strong desire to go away, for a term or two, to a boarding school in an adjoining town, and finally, reinforced by mother, obtained father's reluctant consent. The first and about the only ploughing I ever did was in September in getting the farm work advanced so that I could be spared. I worked at it diligently many days; cross-ploughing, I think it was, getting the ground ready for rye. But when the time came for me to go, father changed his mind; he had been counting the cost, and concluded he could not afford it. Besides that, none of

the rest of the children had had such privileges, and I was no better than they were. It was a bitter disappointment to me, but probably just as well for me that I did not go. It threw me back upon my own resources and made me determined to make the most of my home advantages.

I went that winter to the district school, studied hard, and in the spring felt qualified to teach such small fry as usually attend a summer school in the country. So I resolved to try teaching, and in April set out to look for a vacancy in an adjoining county. It was the first time I had ever seen a stage coach or had ridden upon one. I walked ten miles to the turnpike and awaited the coming of the coach. I well remember that I was under considerable excitement during the hour I hung about the stage house in the little village. I was about to begin a forty-mile journey in a public conveyance, and just how to deport myself, and what would be expected of me as a passenger in an imposing four-horse stage coach, were important questions. But I got along very well. The great chariot that rolled and thundered so proudly through these sequestered valleys did not quite overwhelm me, but put me down safe in the afternoon at my destination.

After looking about for a few days I found what I was in quest of—a district in want of a teacher and willing to give me a trial. I returned home, and then went back and began the school in two or three weeks. I engaged to teach for ten dollars a month for the first month, and eleven dollars thereafter for six months, if I suited, and “board around.” The trial month was satisfactory, and I stuck to it for the six

months. I had never before been from home but a few days at a time, and how homesick I became during some of those long spring and summer days, only few of my young readers can perhaps understand.

But the end came at last, and I went back home in the fall with more than fifty dollars in my pocket, all of my own earning. That winter I went to the seminary and paid my own way, and learned and experienced many things, and was much better qualified to teach the same school again, which I was engaged to do the following fall, at just double my former wages.

Recently, in driving through the country (after an absence of more than thirty years), I went out of my way to look again upon the scenes of my early experience in teaching a district school. How strange and melancholy the country looked to me—so much rougher and poorer than I had thought it to be! And the houses, too,—many of which were yet standing as I had left them,—how small and poor they looked! Probably if they had possessed eyes, I also should have looked small and poor to them. We had all been young together, and we know that nothing magnifies and exalts like youth.

I knew that all the old people whom I had known were gone, and many of the younger ones, too. I saw no face that I recognized. Yes, there comes one of my barefoot school-boys, Alonzo Davis, the very lad I once knew so well. It quite startled me; the same open, bright blue eyes, the short nose, the round face, and the brisk nonchalant air—an exact copy of his father at that age. He passed by without regarding me, but how my eye dwelt upon him, and how much he brought up before me of which he had no knowledge!

My Alonzo was a gray-haired man ; I probably saw him in a field cutting corn, but in his boy I again saw him exactly as he was a third of a century before.

I was not much of a student of the birds or of nature during those years. As a farm boy I had known all the common birds well, and had loved the woods and the fields passionately ; but my attention was not seriously turned to natural history till I was a man grown. But no one starts in the study of natural history with such advantages as he whose youth was passed on the farm. He has already got a great deal of it in his blood and bones ; he has grown up in right relations with bird and beast ; the study comes easily and naturally to him. The main things are simple tastes and a love of nature ; and who so likely to have these as the boy from the farm ?

—Abridged from JOHN BURROUGHS.

MY MOTHER

I was convalescing from one of the maladies peculiar to children,—measles or whooping-cough, I forget which,—and I had been ordered to remain in bed and to keep warm. By the rays of light that filtered in through the closed shutters, I divined the spring-time warmth and brightness of the sun and air, and I felt sad that I had to remain behind the curtains of my tiny white bed ; I wished to rise and go out ; but most of all I desired to see my mother.

The door opened and she entered, smiling. Ah, I remember it so well ! I recall so distinctly how she looked as she stood upon the threshold of the door. And I remember that she brought in with her some of the sunlight and balminess of the spring day.

I see again the expression of her face as she looked at me ; and I hear the sound of her voice, and recall the details of her beloved dress, that would look funny and old-fashioned to me now. She had returned from her morning shopping, and she wore a straw hat trimmed with yellow roses, and a shawl of lilac barege (it was the period of the shawl) sprinkled with tiny bouquets of violets. Her dark curls (the poor beloved curls of to-day, alas ! so thin and white) were at this time without a gray hair. There was about her the fragrance of the May day, and her face, as it looked that morning with its broad-brimmed hat, is still distinctly present with me. Besides the bouquet of pink hyacinths, she had brought me a tiny watering-pot, an exact imitation in miniature of the crockery ones used so much by the country people.

As she leaned over my bed to embrace me, I felt as if every wish was gratified. I no longer had a desire to weep, nor to rise from my bed, nor to go out. She was with me, and that sufficed.

—PIERRE LOTI.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their
streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the
old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by
thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!

From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn!

While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice
that sings :—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll !

Leave thy low-vaulted past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting
sea !

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE GREAT STONE FACE

One afternoon, when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage in a fertile and populous valley, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

This Great Stone Face was a work of nature, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, to resemble precisely the features of the human coun-

tenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height ; the nose with its long bridge ; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other.

It was a happy lot for the children in the valley to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people, the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds and infusing tenderness into the sunshine.

As the mother and her son, whose name was Ernest, continued to talk about the Great Stone Face, the boy said : " Mother, if I were to see a man with such a face I should love him dearly."

" If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, " we may see a man, sometime or other, with exactly such a face as that."

" What prophecy do you mean, dear mother ? " eagerly inquired Ernest. " Pray, tell me all about it ! "

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her when she herself was even younger than little Ernest ; a story not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come ; a story, nevertheless, so very old that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers,

to whom, as they said, it had been murmured by the mountain streams and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops. The story was that at some future day a child should be born hereabouts who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance in manhood should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from being a happy yet often pensive child, he grew up to be a mild, quiet, unobtrusive boy, sun-browned with labour in the fields, but with intelligence beaming from his face. Yet he had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement, responsive to his own look of veneration.

As time went on there were many apparent fulfilments of the ancient prophecy which had excited such hope and longing in the boy's heart. First came the merchant, Mr. Gathergold, who had gone forth from the valley in childhood and had now returned with great wealth. Ernest thought of all the ways by which a man of wealth might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and he waited the great man's coming, hoping to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain-



THE FACE ON THE MOUNTAIN

side. But he turned sadly away from the people who were shouting, "The very image of the Great Stone Face," and gazed up the valley, where, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had so impressed themselves into his soul.

Ten years later it began to be rumoured that one who had gone forth to be a soldier, and was now a great general, bore striking likeness to the Great Stone Face. Again, when Ernest was in middle life, there came a report that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the shoulders of an eminent statesman. But in both soldier and statesman the cherished hopes of the dwellers in the valley were doomed to disappointment, and Ernest became an aged man with his childhood's prophecy yet unfulfilled.

Meantime Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Wise and busy men came from far to converse with him. While they talked together, his face would kindle, unawares, and shine upon them as with mild evening light. Passing up the valley as they took their leave, and pausing to look at the Great Stone Face, his guests imagined that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a new poet had made his way to fame. He likewise was a native of the valley. The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. As he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so kindly.

"O majestic friend," he murmured, addressing

the Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet had not only heard of Ernest, but had also meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man, whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning found him at Ernest's cottage.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

"You have read these poems," said he. "You know me, then,—for I wrote them."

Again and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features. But his countenance fell; he shook his head and sighed.

"You hoped," said the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face, and you are disappointed. I am not worthy to be typified by yonder image. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived—and that, too; by my own choice—among poor and mean realities." The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So likewise were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his custom, Ernest was to preach to the people in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice

behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants. At a distance was seen the Great Stone Face, with solemnity and cheer in its aspect.

At a small elevation, set in a rich framework of vegetation, there appeared a niche spacious enough to admit a human figure. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon the audience. He began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived.

The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistened with tears as he gazed reverently at the venerable man. At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression so imbued with benevolence that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft and shouted:

“Behold! behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!”

Then all the people looked, and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm and walked slowly homewards, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

—Adapted from NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THRIFT

Thrift is a quality essential to success—thrift of time, of strength, of money. There are so many waking hours in each day—so many hours for work and so many for recreation, for both are necessary. The day should be so planned that every work hour shall be turned to account, that no work hour shall be lost through recreation, and no recreation hour through work. Go into the offices of the men who stand in the front in any world work and see how carefully the golden minutes are husbanded. This is one of the secrets of their success. And when the work hours are ended, these men turn to that recreation which fits them for the labours of the next day. He who neglects the legitimate pleasures of life in his passion for work, makes a mistake just as surely as he who neglects the work of life for its pleasures. The object of all recreation is to increase our capacity for work, to keep the blood pure and the brain bright and the temper kindly and sweet. Thrift says to excess in either work or recreation: "I can't afford."

There is a thrift in physical and mental effort. The extreme athleticism on the college campus and in the college hall to-day is dissipating the physical and mental vitality of too many of our brightest youths. The dissipation of these four feverish years is too frequently followed by an enforced thrift through weakened body and fagged brain. And in the business arena it is much the same. Due thrift of the powers which Nature planned for these three-score years and ten is an elemental condition of success.

There is a thrift in money matters, in spending as in saving. He who spends more than he earns is a slave, I had nearly said a savage, for he has a leading characteristic of the savage, namely improvidence. The self-denial involved in saving strengthens the character, as the money saved fosters an independence. Spending develops the generous instincts. "Save generously, spend thriftily."

"If," says Munger, "I were to name a general principle to cover the whole matter of spending, I would say: *spend upward*, that is, for the higher faculties. Spend for the mind rather than for the body; for culture rather than for amusement. The very secret and essence of thrift consists in getting things into higher values. As the clod turns into a flower, and the flower inspires a poet; as bread becomes vital force, and vital force feeds moral purpose and aspiration, so should all our saving and out-go have regard to the higher ranges and appetites of our nature. If you have a dollar, or a hundred, to spend, put it into something above the average of your nature, that you may be attracted to it. Beyond what is necessary for your bodily wants and well-being, every dollar spent for the body is a derogation of manhood. Get the better thing, never the inferior." True thrift lies near to all the virtues and antagonizes all the vices.

—SELECTED.

Wish not to taste what doth not to thee fall;
Do well thyself, before thou striv'st to lead,
And truth shall thee deliver without dread.

OUR MOTHER TONGUE

Beyond the vague Atlantic deep,
Far as the farthest prairies sweep,
Where forest-glooms the nerves appal,
Where burns the radiant western fall,
One duty lies on old and young,—
With filial piety to guard,
As on its greenest native sward,
The glory of the English tongue.
That ample speech! That subtle speech!
Apt for the need of all and each:
Strong to endure, yet prompt to bend
Wherever human feelings tend.
Preserve its force—expand its powers;
And through the maze of civic life,
In Letters, Commerce, even in Strife,
Forget not it is yours and ours.

—RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

A HERO OF THE FISHING FLEET

On one occasion our fleet was fishing on the shallow ground that stretches away off the “Sylt.” Fish were plentiful then on the sandy ground there, but it was a big risk for so many vessels to go so far back in shallow water in a bight like that. We were in all a hundred and thirty sail, yet we had such complete trust in the capability of our admiral, and were so keen

on getting more fish than any one else, that in we all went. Our skipper ventured in the farthest of all, as he always did, without thought of consequences. We made a big haul that day, right in sight of the land. At sundown the wind was still off shore, and only a nice fresh fishing breeze at that. So the admiral showed his lights for a first night haul over the same ground, and we crept in even nearer under the shore. The wind freshened before midnight into a two-reef breeze, and some of the more cautious men hauled their nets and made a good offing for themselves. Not so our skipper. He was cheerily singing away in one of his reckless moods, and the little *Osprey* went flying along, her lee rail almost under water, but with never an inch of canvas shortened, for she was gathering the haddocks up into her net in a way that meant more comforts for the "Toe-biters."

Suddenly the wind chopped right round on to the land. Rockets at once flashed up into the sky, telling the fleet to haul at once, and make for the open. The leemost vessels were ten miles from the admiral, however, and long before they got their nets on board a very nasty sea was running. For it took us a long while to haul, in those days, and a sea makes very quickly in shallow water. Our big catch now nearly proved our ruin, for "Darkie Jim" never lost a haddock that he could possibly save, and it took us full two hours to heave nearly three tons of fish aboard. There were no lights in sight when we started to beat to windward, for we learned afterwards that the skippers of no less than forty vessels had chopped away their valuable gear to save time, and perhaps their vessels and crews. Not so "Darkie Jim": he wasn't built

that way. But that is the only reason that, in spite of his gigantic strength and coolness, we were the last vessel to start into the wind's eye that night. After what seemed to me ages, we were at last all ready, and the bow-line was loosed and away tore our stanch little craft.

It was pitch dark now, and we could neither see when we must tack nor tell whether we were gaining or losing ground. To help the vessel do herself justice in that confined space, the skipper held on each way, till even down below we could hear the breakers on the land roaring above the howling of the storm. Having ordered all hands below, the skipper himself remained on deck, lashed to the wheel. Only at the moment we were head on to sea, at the tacks, were we allowed to rush forward and change over the sails. We hadn't shortened an inch of canvas, and now we could not if we wished to. Luckily our topsails had blown to rags and eased us a little, for the wind kept freshening. Of course we had all the driving power we could handle, and the only marvel was that none of the huge seas hit us, or came aboard. How many hundreds must just have missed us, I don't know. Now and again the tail end of a spiteful one that had missed us by not more than a yard or so, would drop a ton of water over our rail as it swung by, wash down the cabin stairway, and give us a foot of water on the floor to show us what it could have done if only it had hit us fair and square. But these things only served to make the skipper more cheery, and as he sang out, "All right below, boys?" he always added one of his quaint bits of talk to the sea, chaffing it as if it was alive and could understand him.

Hour after hour went by, the skipper still at the wheel, nursing the ship he loved so as to save every inch of ground, and dodging the seas rather by instinct than by sight, for morning seemed to be endlessly delayed. Like all good things, however, it came to those who waited, and we could make out that, owing to the necessity of nursing the ship from the breaking seas, we had put very little distance yet between us and the breakers under our lee. The skipper seemed as fresh as paint still, prattling to the ship as if it were one of his own "Toe-biters," encouraging her and praising her whenever she escaped a sea by a hair's breadth.

Suddenly he sang out: "Come and take the wheel, Bill. There is some poor fellow to wind'ard clean swept. I'll go aloft and try to make him out."

I was at the wheel in a second, for you may be sure no one had his boots off that night. The skipper went aloft, and as we rose and fell over the seas, I could see him straining his eyes through the driving spume. At last he came aft again, clawing his way, like a great crab, by the life line he had rigged.

"It's the *Sarah and Anne*," he roared. "She's clean swept. The men are still on deck, and they've got a bit o' buntin' on the mast stump. Skipper Jack's got kids ashore. We must make a try for them."

"You don't mean you are going to try and get the boat out, do you?"

"Here, take the wheel," he fairly shouted at me. "There's no time to waste. Don't leave the wheel, yourself, Bill, and for God's sake watch her. I'll go below and get some one to come with me. All hands on deck!" he bawled, and almost as soon as he spoke the three others came tumbling up from below.

"What? get the boat out in a sea like this? Why, there ain't no chance whatever."

We were all certain of that, and thought it simply madness to suggest it.

"I'd go with you anywheres, skipper," said Tom, our third hand, "if there was the leastest scrap of a chance. But a life boat wouldn't live in *that* sea, and besides we could never get her out anyhow."

"Farrard and get the gripes loose," he shouted. "Bill, old lad, heave her to, and have an eye to the boat as long as you can. Take the ship home, if I don't come back. I'll go alone, if no one will come."

In next to no time the boat was on the rail, and almost as quickly she was flying down the deck before a lumping sea, her bilge stove in as she struck the capstan with a heavy thud.

"Quick, boys! that old paraffin tin and some spun yarn," he shouted; and almost before we knew it, she was on the rail again, a great patch of tin, oakum, canvas, and tarry spun yarn over the hole.

"Now!" he roared; and then a sea shot her out like an arrow, taut to the end of the stout bass painter, and in a moment she was hammering into our lee quarter and the skipper was in, his jackknife open in his teeth; and the next, the painter cut, he was only a speck visible as his boat rose on the crest of a larger wave than usual. But not before Tom had tumbled into the boat with him.

"I didn't expect to see you any more, Bill," he told me afterwards, "but I couldn't stay and see the old man go alone."

The very first sea they met swept away both their oars like so much matchwood, and all Tom can remember is that he and the skipper set to work bailing for their lives with their sou'westers, for the same sea had more than half filled the boat. Tom never thought a moment about the *Sarah and Anne*. He never had thought they had any chance of reaching her, anyhow, so he forgot all about everything but getting the water out, till suddenly a sea flung them alongside something like a sunken rock. Somehow the water in the bottom of the boat was alive with half a dozen men, and then once more they were clear again, and working away at the water as before. You must know we never row our small boats to windward, even when boarding fish in fine weather: we always run down to them after they have drifted past the fish carrier, and pick them up.

Though I had sent our deckie to the cross-trees the moment the boat left, we had lost sight of both her and the wreck almost immediately, and had seen nothing since. What should I do? Run to leeward on a fool's errand and so lose all the ground we had fought so hard for all night, or accept the inevitable and let the story of one more fisherman's self-sacrifice be forgotten, except in the desolate little home to which we could carry nothing but a flag half-mast? "Mind you take her home safe if you can," had been almost the skipper's last words. For the ship was his own, the one result of his life's labours, and all that there would be left to provide for his loved ones. Our cook lad, only fifteen years of age, was eager to risk everything for the skipper's life; for the man had been a father to him. It looked like running into the very

gates of hell, as we looked at the mass of white foam behind us, and the pitiless headlands on each side of us, now plainly visible. We seemed caught like a rat in a trap.

Thank God we tried it. While I sent the lad forward to loose the sheets, I was watching a chance to let her pay off without being caught in the trough of the sea. At last we were round, and on we flew before the gale, till it seemed certain that to go any farther meant striking the sands. I was about to "heave to" again and have one more struggle to save the ship, when the deckie began waving frantically over our starboard bow. He swung down the throat halyards in half a moment, and as I wrenched at the tiller lanyards with every ounce of strength I had, to give her a port helm, I heard him yelling, "The boat! the boat!" He ran forward with the log line, and stood waiting as the good old *Osprey* shot up into the wind once more. There was suddenly a loud crash. It was the boat pounding itself to pieces against our counter; and then I saw eight figures sprawling on our deck.

I have often noticed, when the storm seems to have done its worst and has been beaten, it suddenly goes down. So it was on this occasion. A very slight change in the wind's direction gave us just what we needed, so that on our very next tack we were able to head up, till we cleared the Southern Head, and forty-eight hours later we were abreast of dear Old Flamborough light.

Such things were done, and soon forgotten, by men that neither expected nor received reward or praise for their noble deeds. Their only spur was the generous impulse of their own big hearts, and their

real meed the fact that they proved themselves worthy of the traditions of the sailor.

—Abridged from WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

*From "The Harvest of the Sea" by kind
permission of Fleming H. Revell Company.*

"IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING"

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea :
Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with His eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear child ! dear girl ! that walkest with me here
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine :
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year ;
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine.
God being with thee when we know it not.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Not by the Power of Commerce, Art, or Pen,
Shall our great Empire stand, nor has it stood,
But by the noble deeds of noble men—
Heroic lives and heroes' outpoured blood.

JUSTICE, MERCY, CHARITY

These three words are very frequently used in books, newspapers, and speech of different kinds, and as the way in which they are used gave me a great deal of trouble when I was a boy, it is no doubt the same with some other young people. If a man has broken one of the public rules, that is, laws, we mean that it is just that he should bear the punishment named by the law ; and that is what we call doing justice. We also call it doing justice, or being just, when we pay what we owe or fulfil a bargain. It is very seldom, indeed, that the fulfilling of a bargain can be wrong,—it is nearly always a high duty,—but yet it might sometimes be unjust.

For instance, if I were a surgeon, and had promised to go and set a broken arm at a given time for such and such a fee, but were to hear, on my way to this patient, that another had just split an artery, and was bleeding to death, it would be just that I should go first and tie up the artery, even though I broke my promise to the man with the injured arm. It would be just, because it would be treating things according to their proportions, or as they really are ; but it is still simpler to say it would be Right—a word which takes in mercy and justice, and charity too. We shall come back to this word “ right ” in a minute.

But though it is so very, very seldom right to break a bargain that we can almost say it is never right, it would rather more frequently be right to break or pass by the laws or rules as to punishment if it could be done with safety. In school or home-life this is done,

and it is safe, because the parent or the schoolmaster knows all about the offence and the offender ; no, not all, but enough to guide him better than a magistrate or judge can be guided.

It is very easy to see that you cannot possibly make laws that shall always be just. If a man kills another, really meaning to do it outright, it is murder, and he is liable to be put to death under our laws. If a man who has money neglects to supply, we will say, his poor mother with food, or does not give her enough, and she dies, he is not liable to be put to death—it would be impossible, for reasons that would take long to tell, to make laws which would deal justly with every case of the kind. Yet here everybody calls it just to hang the man who has committed the murder, and let off with a long imprisonment the man who has not taken care of his mother. And it is just—in the sense that it is keeping to what the law says ; and it is right, too, or at least may be right ; because if we were always altering the law at our own pleasure, nobody would know what to expect from it, and so we should be farther than ever from what is just.

There are other ways in which what we call justice cannot always be just. The law usually gives the judge power to make a punishment lighter or severer according to what he thinks of the guilty person ; for instance, it says that if a man does so-and-so, the judge shall have him put in prison for not less than three months, and not more than twelve. Thus, if a man that was half-starving stole something, he would not be as severely punished as if he had stolen for stealing's sake, or because he was lazy. In a case where a man is sentenced to death, if the jury think he was very much

provoked to do what he did, they "recommend him to mercy," as it is called, and perhaps he is imprisoned instead. Sometimes a guilty person is "strongly recommended to mercy": that is, because the jury feel that, though it would be "just" in one sense to do against him all that the law says, it would still not be right; that is to say, "just" in the sense of making the punishment in fair proportion to the crime.

There are other ways in which the most just laws we can invent will always be a little unjust in some cases. A punishment which hurts one person very much will scarcely hurt another person at all. Again, some persons have been better taught their duty than others. And we might go through a good many of such things. But the fact is, that in all cases where the whole of a punishment is not put upon a man, because he does not quite deserve the whole, though the law says he ought to have it,—in all such cases, I say, though we may call it mercy and may speak as if we were doing something not quite just, we are simply doing what is right. It is convenient to use the words justice and mercy; that is all.

There are two other cases in which a guilty person may be forgiven the whole or part of the punishment which is called just. In these cases, also, we use the word Mercy, and it is then a much more fit word. Yet we are still only doing right when we show mercy; that is to say, supposing our reasons for not putting on the whole, or even any, of the punishment are good reasons.

Before we mention these two cases, let us see why there are any punishments at all. One reason is, to mark the difference between right and wrong conduct,

and show that pain is the due of wrong ; the other reason is, to help the guilty person to be better, by giving a motive—a low motive, but better than none—not to do wrong again.

Now let us suppose that we know, of a certainty—what a judge in public can never know—that an offender has utterly and truly repented of his offence, and now loves what is right and good, and will strive to do it. In that case, if we are free to do as we think well, we show mercy, we do not punish, and we feel that God would be angry with us if we did. Now, why is that ? What makes us know and feel this is God's spirit teaching us by a silent voice in our inmost souls, and we cannot help obeying it. But there is a reason for everything, and there is a reason here. The reason is, that when an offender has truly repented and turned to the Right, both the uses of punishment are fulfilled, so that to cause more pain would be cruelty, and waste. First, if a man has truly repented, we know that he must have suffered very great pain in his own soul ; and, secondly, he has found already, and feels already, a motive to do right, which is far better than any that a fresh punishment of our own making would give him. There is yet another reason. All the punishments in the world cannot and do not work out as much for increasing goodness in other people as the free repentance of those who have done wrong. When they turn again to the Right, all men see how strong the Right is ; that it can sometimes get itself done without the help of our laws, and can do what our laws by themselves never can do, namely, turn out the evil thing in a man's heart, and show itself right and beautiful before the world. This is

the reason, or part of the reason, why it is said that there is such great joy in the presence of the angels in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.

There is yet another kind of case in which we speak of showing mercy—or, as we then sometimes call it, *charity*, or charitable consideration. We have been coming step by step to the grand point of all, and we are now very near it. The case I mean is, where we treat with actual kindness and attention a person who has done a wrong thing. We sometimes do this, and our consciences not only tell us we are right, but they severely condemn those who do otherwise. Can we tell what is the reason of this?

Well, some time ago a woman who was staying with her relations, and who had done a wrong thing, was very ill in a way that makes most people feel great compassion towards the sufferer. But this woman's relations were so angry with her for the wrong that they sent her out of the house, ill as she was, in a cart, and she died before she could get a doctor. In our beloved country, and in most others indeed, an act like this is a crime, and the people were severely and most justly punished for causing the woman's death. But, why do we feel that her relations ought to have paid her every necessary kindness and attention, although she had been doing wrong? The reason is one that very few young people can entirely understand, and, indeed, which a good many grown people do not think as much of as they ought. Let us try and say as much of it as we can.

Although when people do wrong they ought to be punished—they always are, in some way—and though we are bound to keep to our laws and rules, yet the laws

and rules were not made for their own sake, but to help us all to take care of something that is better than laws and rules, and above them—above them, not as a bad king who breaks the laws is above them, but as God is above us all. That something is Love, and Love is greatest of all things, and must be attended to, whether it speaks as pity or kindness, or in whatever way ; or else we do ourselves and others more harm than any law we can invent will do us good, and, in time, we should eat each other up with hatred and neglect, and there would be nothing worth making laws for. And the closer the suffering comes to the roots of love in all of us—you will understand this better some day—the greater is our wickedness if we do not listen to the voice of pity when it speaks in our hearts.

So true is this, that there are even cases in which, when there is no proof of repentance in one who has done wrong, it may still be our duty to take off the whole or part of the punishment. If father and mother, and brother and sister, and wife and friend, or some of them, were all to come pleading to me in behalf of some one who had done a wrong, from the punishment of which I could shield him, there are many cases in which I should be bound to forgive ; because, if I did not, the hurt which would certainly be done to Love would be greater than the hurt which might be done by not keeping to the law.

We have now come to Charity, but that is a word which we must look at with some care before we can be sure we know all it means.

In the first place, it is quite true that when we give the name of charity to the relief which we give to the

poor, we do not use the word in its full meaning ; but, at the same time, our reasons for helping the poor are a part of the reasons for charity of every kind. For one thing, we have feelings which make us pity those who need help, and we find we really cannot avoid obeying those feelings in some way and degree. But when we come to think about it we find the feelings are reasonable in themselves, and that we could not cut these out of our hearts without cutting out a great deal more—such as friendship, justice, religion, and all kinds of compassion towards the weak and suffering.

Let us consider. No human being ever made himself ; God is the maker of all things ; but human beings follow each other, like the links of a chain, generation after generation, and not one of us came into the world of his own accord, or could come into the world without help. Any one may die without help ; but it is a dreadful thing when it happens, and of course no one can bury himself ! Then there are dangers and accidents and illnesses of various kinds, and we find we can help each other in these, or most of them ; that we feel the better for having done it ; and that the happiness of the world is, in many ways, made much greater by such help as we can give to each other when it is needed. And we can never tell beforehand how much the happiness of all the world may be increased by an act of kindness.

Perhaps you know that when Sir Isaac Newton was born, he was not expected to live, he was such a weak little thing. Now, suppose I had picked him up in the street when an infant, it would have been my duty to take care of him, or get him taken care of ; and I should have been a bad man if my feelings had

not made me glad to do it. But consider what we might have lost if the baby Newton had been left to perish because he seemed so weak as to be likely to give a great deal of trouble, and perhaps never be able to take care of himself ! If any child should say that the baby might grow up to be a bad man, the answer is that that would be partly our fault, partly his fault, and partly that of those who went before him ; but that God invites every one to be good, and that there are more good than bad people born. I, myself, might have got no good (except in my own heart) by taking care of such an infant ; but my children would have been all the better for his discoveries, and so would every man, woman, and child to be born afterwards, as long as the world stands.

This is only one supposition—we might make a thousand—but it will help to show a little of what I mean when I say that we all belong to each other, and are prudent as well as right when we do an act of kindness. Our hearts do not wait for the reason, for God has made us to feel that He wishes us all to be happy, and an act of kindness is a pleasure to most of us. We may say that Charity is love, the family love that there is among all human beings, because God, our Father, has put it in our hearts, while our heads tell us that it is right and reasonable. How monstrous it would be for a creature who did not begin his own life,—who cannot even remember his beginning, or what was done for him during the years in which others had to help him, or else he could not live at all, to behave afterwards as if he were an independent creature, and tell others that unless they can help themselves they must go without help ! We are none of

us independent, and God only can know when, and how much, and in what way we are debtors to each other, and to those who have lived before us.

Charity, then, we will call the family love of God's household. It is a brother-and-sister feeling, and makes us take especial care of those things which help to show that we are brothers and sisters. When a man has very little of this kind of feeling we call him inhuman, which means that he does not feel that he is one of the great family. Thus the people who put that sick woman into a cart were inhuman, because they did not remember that, though the woman had brought her suffering on herself by her own fault, it was suffering of a kind which should be treated with great tenderness, because it had so much to do with our brother-and-sister feelings.

—WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

*From "Lilliput Lectures" by kind
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SERINGAPATAM

"The sleep that Tippoo Sahib sleeps
Heeds not the cry of man ;
The faith that Tippoo Sahib keeps
No judge on earth may scan ;
He is the lord of whom ye hold
Spirit and sense and limb,
Fetter and chain are all ye gain
Who dared to plead with him."

Baird was bonny and Baird was young,
His heart was strong as steel,
But life and death in the balance hung,
For his wounds were ill to heal.
“Of fifty chains the Sultan gave
We have filled but forty-nine :
We dare not fail of the perfect tale
For all Golconda’s mine.”

That was the hour when Lucas first
Leapt to his long renown ;
Like summer rains his anger burst,
And swept their scruples down.
“Tell ye the lord to whom ye crouch,
His fetters bite their fill :
To save your oath I’ll wear them both,
And step the lighter still.”

The seasons came, the seasons passed,
They watched their fellows die ;
But still their thought was forward cast,
Their courage still was high.
Through tortured days and fevered nights
Their limbs alone were weak,
And year by year they kept their cheer,
And spoke as freemen speak.

But once a year, on the fourth of June,
Their speech to silence died,
And the silence beat to a soundless tune
And sang with a wordless pride ;

Till when the Indian stars were bright,
And bells at home would ring,
To the fetters' clank they rose and drank
"England! God save the King!"

The years came, and the years went,
The wheel full-circle rolled;
The tyrant's neck must yet be bent,
The price of blood be told:
The city yet must hear the roar
Of Baird's avenging guns,
And see him stand with lifted hand
By Tippoo Sahib's sons.

The lads were bonny, the lads were young,
But he claimed a pitiless debt;
Life and death in the balance hung,
They watched it swing and set.
They saw him search with sombre eyes,
They knew the place he sought;
They saw him feel for the hilted steel,
They bowed before his thought.

But he—he saw the prison there
In the old quivering heat,
Where merry hearts had met despair
And died without defeat;
Where feeble hands had raised the cup
For feebler lips to drain,
And one had worn with smiling scorn
His double load of pain.

" The sleep that Tippoo Sahib sleeps
 Hears not the voice of man ;
 The faith that Tippoo Sahib keeps
 No earthly judge can scan ;
 For all the wrong your father wrought
 Your father's sons are free ;
 Where Lucas lay no tongue shall say
 That mercy bound not me."

—HENRY NEWBOLT.

SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT

When the demands of industry are found to press upon the resources of inventors, the same idea is usually found floating about in many minds ; such has been the case with the steam-engine, the safety-lamp, the electric telegraph, and other inventions. Many ingenious minds are found labouring in the throes of invention, until at length the master mind, the strong, practical man, steps forward, and straightway delivers them of their ideas, applies the principle successfully, and the thing is done. Then there is a loud outcry among all the smaller contrivers, who see themselves distanced in the race ; and hence men such as Watt, Stephenson, and Arkwright have usually to defend their reputation and their rights as practical and successful inventors.

Richard Arkwright was born in 1732. His parents were very poor, and he was the youngest of thirteen children. He was never at school ; the only education he received he gave himself, and to the last he was only able to write with difficulty. When a boy, he was

apprenticed to a barber, and after learning the business, he set up for himself in an underground cellar, over which he put up the sign, "Come to the subterraneous barber—he shaves for a penny." The other barbers found their customers leaving them, and reduced their prices to his standard, when Arkwright, determined to push his trade, announced his determination to give "A clean shave for a halfpenny."

After a few years he quitted his cellar, and became an itinerant dealer in hair. At that time wigs were worn, and wig-making formed an important branch of the barbering business. Arkwright went about buying hair for the wigs. He was accustomed to attend the hiring-fairs throughout Lancashire, resorted to by young women, for the purpose of securing their long tresses; and it is said that in negotiations of this sort he was very successful. He also dealt in a chemical hair-dye, which he used adroitly, and thereby secured a considerable trade. But he does not seem, notwithstanding his pushing character, to have done more than earn a bare living.

The fashion of wig-wearing having undergone a change, distress fell upon the wig-makers; and Arkwright, being of a mechanical turn, was consequently induced to turn machine inventor or "conjurer," as the pursuit was then popularly termed. Many attempts were made about that time to invent a spinning-machine, and our barber determined to launch his little bark on the sea of invention with the rest. Like other self-taught men of the same bias, he had already been devoting his spare time to the invention of a perpetual-motion machine; and from that the transition to a spinning-machine was easy. He followed his

experiments so diligently that he neglected his business, lost the little money he had saved, and was reduced to great poverty.

In travelling about the country Arkwright had become acquainted with a person named Kay, a clock-maker, who assisted him in constructing some of the parts of his perpetual-motion machinery. It is supposed that he was informed by Kay of the principle of spinning by rollers ; but it is also said that the idea was first suggested to him by accidentally observing a red-hot piece of iron become elongated by passing between iron rollers. However this may be, the idea at once took firm possession of his mind, and he proceeded to devise the process by which it was to be accomplished, Kay being able to tell him nothing on this point. He now abandoned his business of hair-collecting, and devoted himself to the perfecting of his machine, a model of which, constructed by Kay under his direction, he set up in the parlour of the free grammar school at Preston.

The exhibition of his machine in a town where so many work-people lived by the exercise of manual labour proved a dangerous experiment ; ominous growlings were heard outside the school-room from time to time, and Arkwright wisely determined on packing up his model and removing to a less dangerous locality. He went accordingly to Nottingham, where he applied to local bankers to provide capital for his enterprise. Some of them consented to advance him a sum of money on condition of sharing in the profits of the invention. The machine, however, not being perfected so soon as they had anticipated, the bankers recommended Arkwright to apply to Messrs. Strutt

and Need, the former of whom was the ingenious inventor and patentee of the stocking-frame. Mr. Strutt at once appreciated the merits of the invention, and a partnership was entered into with Arkwright, whose road to fortune was now clear. The patent was secured in the name of "Richard Arkwright, of Nottingham, clock-maker," and it is a circumstance worthy of note, that it was taken out in 1769, the same year in which Watt secured the patent for his steam-engine. A cotton-mill was first erected, driven by horses; and another was shortly after built, on a much larger scale, turned by a water-wheel, from which circumstance the spinning-machine came to be called the water-frame.

Arkwright's labours, however, were, comparatively speaking, only begun. He had still to perfect all the working details of his machine. It was in his hands the subject of constant modification and improvement, until eventually it was rendered practicable and profitable in an eminent degree. But success was secured only by long and patient labour; for some years, indeed, the speculation was disheartening and unprofitable, swallowing up a very large amount of capital without any result. When success began to appear more certain, then the Lancashire manufacturers fell upon Arkwright's patent to pull it in pieces. Arkwright was even denounced as the enemy of the working people; and a mill which he built was destroyed by a mob in the presence of a strong force of police and military. The Lancashire men refused to buy his materials, though they were confessedly the best in the market. Then they refused to pay patent right for the use of his machines, and combined

to crush him in the courts of law. To the disgust of right-minded people, Arkwright's patent was upset. After the trial, when passing the hotel at which his opponents were staying, one of them said, loud enough to be heard by him, "Well, we've done the old shaver at last;" to which he coolly replied, "Never mind, I've a razor left that will shave you all." He established new mills, and the amount and the excellence of his products were such, that in a short time he obtained so complete a control of the trade, that the prices were fixed by him, and he governed the main operations of the other cotton spinners.

Arkwright was a man of great force of character, indomitable courage, much worldly shrewdness, with a business faculty almost amounting to genius. At one period his time was engrossed by severe and continuous labour, occasioned by the organizing and conducting of his numerous manufactories, sometimes from four in the morning till nine at night. At fifty years of age he set to work to learn English grammar, and improve himself in writing and orthography. After overcoming every obstacle, he had the satisfaction of reaping the reward of his enterprise. He died in 1792. Be it for good or for evil, Arkwright was the founder in England of the modern factory system, a branch of industry which has unquestionably proved a source of immense wealth to individuals and to the nation.

—SELECTED.

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.

THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE OF
AGINCOURT

Enter the English Host: GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD,
EXETER, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND.

Glo. Where is the king ?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full three-score
thousand.

Exe. There's five to one ; besides, they are all
fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us ! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all ; I'll to my charge.

If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu !

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury ; and good luck go
with thee !

Exe. Farewell, kind lord ; fight valiantly to-day !
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness, Princely
in both.

Enter the KING.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day !

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?
 My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin.
 If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
 To do our country loss; and if to live,
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
 God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
 By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
 Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
 It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires;
 But if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive.
 No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England.
 God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
 As one man more, methinks, would share from me
 For the best hope I have. Oh, do not wish one more!
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
 That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
 Let him depart. His passport shall be made,
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse.
 We would not die in that man's company
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.
 This day is call'd the feast of Crispian.
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand on tiptoe when this day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
 He that shall live this day, and see old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
 And say, "To-morrow is Saint Crispian."
 Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
 And say, "These wounds I had on Crispian's day."
 Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
 But he'll remember with advantages

What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,
Be in their flowing cups freshly rememb'red.
This story shall the good man teach his son ;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be rememberèd;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition ;
And gentlemen in England, now abed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispian's day.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE HAPPY LIFE

I turn now to see the satisfaction which comes from physical exertion, including brain work. Everybody knows some form of activity which gives him satisfaction. Perhaps it is riding on a horse, or rowing a boat, or tramping all day through woods or along beaches with a gun on the shoulder, or climbing a mountain, or massing into a ball or bloom a paste of sticky iron in a puddling furnace, or wrestling with the handles of a plunging, staggering plough, or tugging

at a boat's tiller when the breeze is fresh, or getting in hay before the shower.

There is real pleasure and exhilaration in bodily exertion, particularly with companionship either of men or animals and competition. There is pleasure in the exertion even when it is pushed to the point of fatigue, as many a sportsman knows, and this pleasure is, in good measure, independent of the attainment of any practical end. There is pleasure in mere struggle, so it be not hopeless, and in overcoming resistance, obstacles, and hardships.

When to the pleasure of exertion is added the satisfaction of producing a new value, and the further satisfaction of earning a livelihood through that new value, we have the common pleasurable conditions of productive labour. Every working man who is worth his salt, I care not whether he works with his hands and brains, or with his brains alone, takes satisfaction first in the working ; secondly, in the product of his work ; and thirdly, in what that product yields to him. The carpenter who takes no pleasure in the mantel he has made, the farm labourer who does not care for the crops he has cultivated, the weaver who takes no pride in the cloth he has woven, the engineer who takes no interest in the working of the engine he directs is a monstrosity.

It is an objection to many forms of intellectual labour that their immediate product is intangible and often imperceptible. The fruit of mental labour is often diffused, remote, or subtile. It eludes measurement, and even observation. On the other hand, mental labour is more enjoyable than manual labour in the process. The essence of the joy lies in the doing,

rather than in the result of the doing. There is a life-long and solid satisfaction in any productive labour, manual or mental, which is not pushed beyond the limit of strength.

The difference between the various occupations of man in respect to yielding this satisfaction is much less than people suppose ; for occupations become habitual in time, and the daily work of every calling gets to be so familiar that it may fairly be called monotonous. My occupation, for instance, offers, I believe, more variety than that of most professional men ; yet I should say that nine tenths of my work, from day to day, was routine work, presenting no more novelty, or fresh interest to me than the work of a carpenter or blacksmith, who is always making new things on old types, presents to him.

The Oriental, hot climate figment that labour is a curse, is contradicted by the experience of all progressive nations. The Teutonic stock owes everything that is great and inspiring in its destiny to its faculty of overcoming difficulties by hard work, and of taking heartfelt satisfaction in this victorious work. It is not the dawdlers and triflers who find life worth living ; it is the steady, strenuous, robust workers.

Once, when I was talking with Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes about the best pleasures in life, he mentioned as one of the most precious, frequent contact with quick and well-stored minds in large variety ; he valued highly the number, frequency, and variety of quickening intellectual encounters. We were thinking of contact in conversation ; but this pleasure, if only to be procured by personal meetings, would obviously be within the reach, as a rule, of only a very limited number of persons.

Fortunately for us and for posterity, the cheap printing-press has put within easy reach of every man who can read, all the best minds both of the past and of the present. For one tenth part of a year's wages, a young mechanic can buy, before he marries, a library of famous books which, if he masters them, will make him a well-read man. For half-a-day's wages, a clerk can provide himself with a weekly paper which will keep him informed for a year of all important current events. Public libraries, circulating libraries, school libraries, and book clubs nowadays bring much reading to the door of every household and every solitary creature that wants to read.

This is a new privilege for the mass of mankind ; and it is an inexhaustible source of intellectual and spiritual nutriment. It seems as if this new privilege alone must alter the whole aspect of society in a few generations. Books are the quietest and most constant of friends ; they are the most accessible and wisest of counsellors, and the most patient of teachers. With his daily work and his books, many a man, whom the world thought forlorn, has found life worth living.

It is a mistake to suppose that a great deal of leisure is necessary for this happy intercourse with books. Ten minutes a day devoted affectionately to good books—indeed, to one book of the first order, like the English Bible or Shakespēare, or two or three books of the second order, like Homer, Virgil, Milton, or Bacon—will in thirty years make all the difference between a cultivated and an uncultivated man, between a man mentally rich and a man mentally poor.

—CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT.

POLONIUS TO LAERTES

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all—to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The man who is strong to fight his fight,
And whose will no front can daunt,
If the truth be truth, and the right be right,
Is the man that the ages want.

ANSELMO

There was once a young Italian noble, whose elder brother loved him much ; he had moreover saved his life, and had reconciled him to his father, who had become greatly offended with him. As might be expected, the youth returned this affection, and after the death of the father these brothers lived together, the younger obeying the elder, and behaving to him in all respects like a son.

Once, on a certain day, however, a long separation came between the brothers ; for the elder went out in the morning as usual, but he did not return again to his house. His young brother was first surprised, then alarmed. He proclaimed his loss, he searched the country, caused the waters to be searched, and sought in all the recesses of that old Italian city ; but it was of no avail ; his brother was gone, and none could tell him whither.

Anselmo heard nothing from his brother for more than six months. Then, one night, as he was knocking at his own door for admittance a figure in a domino came up to him and put a note into his hand, at the same time whispering his brother's name. It was during the time of the carnival, when it is so much the custom for people to wear disguises that such things excite no surprise. Anselmo would have seized the stranger by the hand, but he quickly disappeared in the crowd ; and full of wonder and anxiety, the young man read the letter which had been thrust into his hand.

“ Anselmo, I live ! I am well ! I beseech thee, as thou lovest me, fail not to do for me what I shall require. Go thou every night down the lane that leads along the

south wall of the palace ; ten paces from the last window thou shalt find a narrow slit in the wall ; bring with thee a dark lantern, and into that slit do thou place it, turning the light inwards, that thou mayest not be discovered. Thou shalt be at the place every night at twelve, and thou shalt stay until the clock striketh one. So do, and one night I shall meet thee there. Thy loving brother prays thee not to fail."

That very night Anselmo went out, unattended, in hopes of meeting his brother. He carried a lantern, and proceeded to the unfrequented lane pointed out in the letter. It was a desolate place, in a thinly populated quarter of the city. By the faint light of the moon he counted the windows, and found the slit in the wall, which was deep, and fenced on the river side with an iron grating. Into this slit he placed his lantern, and then began to look about him and consider why his brother should have chosen such a place for their meeting.

Not far off ran the river ; and he did not doubt that by water his brother would come, for it was evident that he feared to show himself in the streets of the city. Anselmo started once or twice during his solitary watch, for he thought he distinguished the splash of an oar, and then an advancing footstep ; but he was mistaken. His brother did not come to meet him that night, nor the next, nor the one after ; and when he had come to await him every night for a fortnight, he began to get sick at heart. And yet there was no way but this ; he was to watch until his brother came. It was his only chance of seeing him ; and he went on without once failing for eleven months and twenty days. In order that he might do this more secretly, he frequently changed his lodgings ; for, as the time wore on, he began to fear that

his brother might have enemies, and he felt that the greatest caution was required, lest his constant visits to that quarter of the city might lead to suspicion.

A strange piece of blind obedience, and of trust in his brother this seemed, even to himself. What appeared to him the strangest part of the letter was the entreaty that he would always bring a lantern. "As if there could be any fear," he thought, "of my not recognizing his step, or as if it could be likely that more men than one could be standing by that solitary corner." But Anselmo watched on, though hope became faint, even in his strong and patient heart.

The clock struck one. "Eleven months," said he, "and one-and-twenty days ! I shall watch for thee the year out." He put his hand into the slit in the wall and withdrew his lantern ; it was dying in the socket. "What," said he, "is the light also weary of watching?"

He turned, and as he did so a heavy stone near his feet was raised from beneath, and up from under the earth came his brother.

"Thy cloak—quick ! Cover me with it," he whispered. "Hide my prison garments."

"Thy prison garments !" repeated Anselmo faintly ; for he was startled and amazed.

His brother took the cloak and wrapped himself in it. It was not so dark but that Anselmo could see that his feet were bare and his face haggard. He took the lantern and threw it down, beckoning toward the river. "Let it lie," he said to his young brother.

"I am sorry the light has gone out just when it is wanted," said Anselmo ; for he was still amazed, and scarcely knew what he was talking about.

"Eleven months and twenty-one days hath it served

me well," his brother replied ; " nothing else, whether alive or dead, saving thyself only, will serve me so well again."

What a strange thing this was to hear ; but the walls of the old Italian city echoed the sound so softly that none awoke to listen, and the two figures, gliding under the deep shadow of the houses, passed away, and were seen no more. By morning dawn a vessel left the harbour, and two brothers stood upon the deck, bidding farewell to their native country. One was young, the other had a wan face, and hands hardened by labour ; but the prison dress was gone, and both were clad in the usual costume of their rank and order.

" And now that we are safe and together," said Anselmo, " I pray thee tell me thy story. Why didst thou keep me waiting so long, and where didst thou rise from at last ? "

" That I can tell thee at all is thy doing," answered his brother, " because thou didst never fail to bring me the lantern."

And then, while the gray Italian shores grew faint in the sunny distance, and all hearts began to turn toward the new world, whither the vessel was bound, Anselmo's brother descended into the cabin, and there told him, with many expressions of affection, the story of his imprisonment and escape.

On the night when he disappeared he was surrounded by a number of his enemies, and after making a desperate defence he was overpowered and thrown into prison. In a dreadful dungeon he lay until his wounds were healed, and then, for some reason unknown to himself, he was given into the keeping of his worst enemy. By this enemy he was taken to the palace and confined in a

dungeon, that, as he said, " nothing it seemed could have broken through, unless his teeth had been strong enough to eat through the wall." Almost every hour in the day his enemy came and looked at him through a hole in the door, his food was given him by means of this same hole ; and when he complained of the want of bedding, they gave him, also by means of the small opening, a thin mattress and two coarse rugs to cover him.

This dungeon contained nothing but one large chest, placed against the wall and half filled with heavy stones. In the daytime light came through the little slit in the wall ; but in daylight he could do nothing for his enemy's eyes were frequently upon him. From twelve o'clock till three in the night were the only hours when all his jailers slept ; and then it was dark, and he could do nothing but feel the strength and thickness of the wall. A hopeless task, indeed, to break it down with one poor pair of hands !

But, after months of misery and despair, one of the jailers took pity on him, and asked him whether there was anything he could do to help him to endure his captivity better. " Yes," said the poor prisoner ; " I have been a studious man, and if I could now read, it would help me to forget my misery. I dare not read in the daytime, for my enemy would not allow me to have such a solace ; but in the night, if I could have a light in the slit, I could read while my enemy sleeps."

The jailer was frightened, and told him not to think of it ; yet, when he looked at the height of the slit and its small size, and heard the words which were to convey this request for a light, and knew that they told nothing as to where Anselmo's brother was, he consented to convey them, first getting a promise that he would

never attempt to speak to his brother, even if he should find it possible. Whether this jailer felt certain that the prisoner never could escape, whether he was partly willing to aid his escape, or whether he pitied him, and thought no harm could come of the light, is not known ; certain it is that he searched the dungeon diligently every night, and examined the iron protections of the slit. It was far above the prisoner's head, and when the jailer found that all was safe, he appeared satisfied ; yet the work of breaking through the wall began the first night of the lantern, and never ceased until it came to a triumphant conclusion.

The great chest, as has been said, was half full of heavy stones. As soon as the light enabled him to act with certainty and perfect quiet, he laid his mattress and rugs beside it, opened its lid, took every stone out in turn, and placed it on the mattress. Then, exerting all his strength, he lifted the chest away, and began to undermine the stones behind it and under it. With wonderful skill and caution he went gradually on ; but it took twenty minutes of labour to empty the chest, and twenty minutes to fill it, with equal quiet. There remained, therefore, only twenty minutes in which to perform the rest of his labour. But for the light, he would have been obliged to handle the stones with less certainty, and, of course, the least noise would have caused all to be discovered. How little could be done each night becomes evident when it is remembered that the stone and rubbish which he displaced had to be put back again, and the chest returned to the same position before the light was withdrawn.

For nine months he made little progress, and for the next two months the difficulty of disposing of the

rubbish daunted him ; but the last night such a quantity of earth caved in that he resolved to make a daring effort to escape. He crept through the hole, and shielding his head with one arm, pushed upwards with the other. More and more earth fell, and at last, nearly suffocated, he applied all his strength to the flat stone that it had left bare, pushed it up, and escaped to life and freedom.

—JEAN INGELow.

MARCO BOZZARIS

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power :
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror ;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard ;
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring :
 Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king ;
 As wild his thoughts, as gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
 There had the Persian's thousands stood,
 There had the glad earth drunk their blood
 On old Plataea's day ;

And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour pass'd on—the Turk awoke ;
That bright dream was his last ;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
“To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!”
He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud ;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band :
“Strike—till the last armed foe expires ;
Strike—for your altars and your fires ;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires ;
God—and your native land ! ”

They fought—like brave men, long and well ;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;
They conquer'd—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their loud hurrah,
And the red field was won ;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

* * * * *

Bozzaris ! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,

Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
 Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume
 Like torn branch from death's leafless tree
 In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
 The heartless luxury of the tomb;
 But she remembers thee as one
 Long loved and for a season gone;

For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
 Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
 For thee she rings the birthday bells;
 Of thee her babe's first lisping tells;
 For thine her evening prayer is said
 At palace couch and cottage bed;
 Her soldier, closing with the foe,
 Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
 His plighted maiden, when she fears
 For him, the joy of her young years,
 Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;
 And she, the mother of thy boys,
 Though in her eye and faded cheek
 Is read the grief she will not speak,
 The memory of her buried joys,
 And even she who gave thee birth,
 Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
 Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's:
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die.

—FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

FRIENDSHIP AMONG NATIONS

Let us suppose that four centuries ago some far-seeing prophet dared to predict to the duchies composing the kingdom of France that the day would come when they would no longer make war upon each other. Let us suppose him saying: "You will have many disputes to settle, interests to contend for, difficulties to resolve; but do you know what you will select instead of armed men, instead of cavalry, and infantry, of cannon, lances, pikes, and swords?"

"You will select, instead of all this destructive array, a small box of wood, which you will term a ballot-box, and from which shall issue—what? An assembly—an assembly in which you shall all live; an assembly which shall be, as it were, the soul of all; a supreme and popular council, which shall decide, judge, resolve everything; which shall say to each: 'Here terminates your right, there commences your duty: lay down your arms!'

"And in that day you will all have one common thought, common interests, a common destiny; you will embrace each other, and recognize each other as children of the same blood and of the same race; that day you shall no longer be hostile tribes—you will be a people; you will be no longer merely Burgundy, Normandy, Brittany, Provence—you will be France! You will no longer make appeals to war; you will do so to civilization."

If, at that period I speak of, some one had uttered these words, all men would have cried out: "What a dreamer! what a dream! How little this pretended

prophet is acquainted with the human heart ! ” Yet time has gone on and on, and we find that this dream has been realized.

Well, then, at this moment we who are assembled here say to France, to England, to Spain, to Italy, to Russia : “ A day will come, when from your hands also the arms they have grasped shall fall. A day will come, when war shall appear as impossible, and will be as impossible, between Paris and London, between St. Petersburg and Berlin, as it is now between Rouen and Amiens, between Boston and Philadelphia.

“ A day will come, when you, France ; you, Russia ; you, Italy ; you, England ; you, Germany ; all of you nations of the continent, shall, without losing your distinctive qualities and your glorious individuality, be blended into a superior unity, and shall constitute a European fraternity, just as Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, Lorraine, have been blended into France. A day will come when the only battle-field shall be the market open to commerce, and the mind open to new ideas. A day will come when bullets and shells shall be replaced by votes, by the universal suffrage of nations, by the arbitration of a great sovereign senate.

Nor is it necessary for four hundred years to pass away for that day to come. We live in a period in which a year often suffices to do the work of a century.

Suppose that the people of Europe, instead of mistrusting each other, entertaining jealousy of each other, hating each other, became fast friends ; suppose they say that before they are French or English or German they are men, and that if nations form countries, human kind forms a family. Suppose that the enormous sums spent in maintaining armies should be spent in

acts of mutual confidence. Suppose that the millions that are lavished on hatred, were bestowed on love, given to peace instead of war, given to labour, to intelligence, to industry, to commerce, to navigation, to agriculture, to science, to art.

If this enormous sum were expended in this manner, know you what would happen ? The face of the world would be changed. Isthmuses would be cut through. Railways would cover the continents ; the merchant navy of the globe would be increased a hundredfold. There would be nowhere barren plains nor moors nor marshes. Cities would be found where now there are only deserts. Asia would be rescued to civilization ; Africa would be rescued to man ; abundance would gush forth on every side, from every vein of the earth at the touch of man, like the living stream from the rock beneath the rod of Moses.

—VICTOR HUGO.

IDEALS

To weigh the material in the scales of the personal, and measure life by the standard of love ; to prize health as contagious happiness, wealth as potential service, reputation as latent influence, learning for the light it can shed, power for the help it can give, station for the good it can do ; to choose in each case what is best on the whole, and accept cheerfully incidental evils involved.

To put my whole self into all that I do, and indulge no single desire at the expense of myself as a whole ;

to crowd out fear by devotion to duty, and see present and future as one ; to treat others as I would be treated, and myself as I would my best friend ; to lend no oil to the foolish, but let my light shine freely for all ; to make no gain by another's loss, and buy no pleasure with another's pain ; to harbour no thought of another which I would be unwilling that other should know ; to say nothing unkind to amuse myself, and nothing false to please others.

To take no pride in weaker men's failings, and bear no malice toward those who do wrong ; to pity the selfish no less than the poor, the proud as much as the outcast, and the cruel even more than the oppressed ; to worship God in all that is good and true and beautiful ; to serve Christ wherever a sad heart can be made happy or a wrong will set right ; and to recognize God's coming kingdom in every institution and person that helps men to love one another.

—SELECTED.

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
 My tough lance thrusteth sure,
 My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure.
 The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,
 The splinter'd spear shafts crack and fly,
 The horse and rider reel :

They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.
How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall !
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall :
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine :
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill ;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.
When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns :
Then by some secret shrine I ride ;
I hear a voice but none are there ;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chants resound between.
Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark ;
I leap on board : no helmsman steers :
I float till all is dark.

A gentle sound, an awful light !

Three angels bear the holy Grail :
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.

Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God !

My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne

Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.

The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail ;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.

I leave the plain, I climb the height ;
No branchy thicket shelter yields ;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given

Such hope, I know not fear ;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.

I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,

Whose odours haunt my dreams ;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armour that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.



SIR GALAHAD

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And thro' the mountain walls
 A rolling organ-harmony
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear :
 ' O just and faithful knight of God !
 Ride on ! the prize is near.'
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the holy Grail.

—LORD TENNYSON.

THE END OF THE JOURNEY

[The last entries in Captain Scott's diary]

Friday, March 16 or Saturday 17.—Lost track of dates, but think the last correct. Tragedy all along the line. At lunch, the day before yesterday, poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on ; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping-bag. That we could not do, and induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him he struggled on and we made a few miles. At night he was worse and we knew the end had come.

Should this be found I want these facts recorded. Oates' last thoughts were of his Mother, but immediately before he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he

met his death. We can testify to his bravery. He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint and to the very last was able and willing to discuss outside subjects. He did not—would not—give up hope to the very end. He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night before last, hoping not to wake; but he woke in the morning—yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, "I am just going outside and may be some time." He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since.

I take this opportunity of saying that we have stuck to our sick companions to the last. In the case of Edgar Evans, when absolutely out of food and he lay insensible the safety of the remainder seemed to demand his abandonment, but Providence mercifully removed him at this critical moment. He died a natural death and we did not leave him till two hours after his death. We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death, but though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit, and assuredly the end is not far.

I can write only at lunch and then only occasionally. The cold is intense,—40° at midday. My companions are unendingly cheerful, but we are all on the verge of serious frost-bites, and though we constantly talk of fetching through I don't think any one of us believes it in his heart.

We are cold on the march now, and at all times except meals. Yesterday we had to lie up for a blizzard and to-day we move dreadfully slowly. We are at No. 14 pony camp, only two pony marches from

One Ton Depot. We leave here our theodolite, a camera, and Oates' sleeping-bags. Diaries, etc., and geological specimens carried at Wilson's special request, will be found with us or on our sledge.

Sunday, March 18.—To-day, lunch, we are 21 miles from the depot. Ill fortune presses, but better may come. We have had more wind and drift from ahead yesterday; had to stop marching; wind N.W., force 4, temp. 35°. No human being could face it, and we are worn out nearly.

My right foot has gone, nearly all the toes—two days ago I was proud possessor of the best feet. These are the steps of my downfall. Like an ass I mixed a small spoonful of curry powder with my melted pemmican—it gave me violent indigestion. I lay awake and in pain all night; woke and felt done on the march; foot went and I didn't know it. A very small measure of neglect and have a foot which is not pleasant to contemplate. Bowers takes first place in condition, but there is not much to choose after all. The others are still confident of getting through—or pretend to be—I don't know! We have the last half fill of oil in our primus and a very small quantity of spirit—this alone between us and thirst. The wind is fair for the moment, and that is perhaps a fact to help. The mileage would have seemed ridiculously small on our outward journey.

Monday, March 19.—Lunch. We camped with difficulty last night, and were dreadfully cold till after our supper of cold pemmican and biscuit and a half a pannikin of cocoa cooked over the spirit. Then, contrary to expectation, we got warm and all slept well. To-day we started in the usual dragging manner.

Sledge dreadfully heavy. We are $15\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the depot and ought to get there in three days. What progress! We have two days' food but barely a day's fuel. All our feet are getting bad—Wilson's best, my right foot worst, left all right. There is no chance to nurse one's feet till we can get hot food into us. Amputation is the least I can hope for now, but will the trouble spread? That is the serious question. The weather doesn't give us a chance—the wind from N. to N.W. and -40° temp. to-day.

Wednesday, March 21—Got within 11 miles of depot Monday night; had to lay up all yesterday in severe blizzard. To-day forlorn hope, Wilson and Bowers going to depot for fuel.

Thursday, March 22 and 23.—Blizzard bad as ever—Wilson and Bowers unable to start—to-morrow last chance—no fuel and only one or two of food left—must be near the end. Have decided it shall be natural—we shall march for the depot with or without our effects and die in our tracks.

Thursday, March 29.—Since the 21st we have had a continuous gale from W.S.W. and S.W. We had fuel to make two cups of tea apiece and bare food for two days on the 20th. Every day we have been ready to start for our depot 11 miles away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for any better things now. We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far.

It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more.

R. SCOTT.

For God's sake look after our people.

OPPORTUNITY

How shall I live? How shall I make the most of my life and put it to the best use? How shall I become a man and do a man's work? This, and not politics or trade or war or pleasure, is the question. The primary consideration is not how one shall get a living, but how he shall live, for if he live rightly, whatever is needful he shall easily find.

Life is opportunity, and therefore its whole circumstance may be made to serve the purpose of those who are bent on self-improvement, on making themselves capable of doing thorough work. Opportunity is a word which like so many others that are excellent, we get from the Romans. It means near port, close to haven. It is a favourable occasion, time, or place for learning or saying or doing a thing. It is an invitation to seek safety and refreshment, an appeal to make escape from what is low and vulgar and to take refuge in high thoughts and worthy deeds, from which flows increase of strength and joy. It is omnipresent.

What we call evils, as poverty, neglect, and suffering, are, if we are wise, opportunities for good. Death itself teaches life's value not less than its vanity. It is the background against which its worth and beauty stand forth in clear relief. Its dark form follows us like our shadows, to bid us win the prize while yet there is time; to teach that if we live in what is permanent, the destroyer cannot blight what we know and love; to urge us, with a power that belongs to nothing else, to lay the stress of all our hoping and doing on the things that cannot pass away.

“Poverty,” says Ouida, “is the north wind that lashes men into Vikings.” What is more pleasant than to read of strong-hearted youths, who, in the midst of want and hardships of many kinds, have clung to books, feeding like bees to flowers? By the light of pine logs, in dim-lit garrets, in the fields following the plough, in early dawns when others are asleep, they ply their blessed task, seeking nourishment for the mind, athirst for truth, yearning for full sight of the high worlds of which they have caught faint glimpses; happier now, lacking everything save faith and a great purpose, than in after years when success shall shower on them applause and gold.

Life is good, and opportunities of becoming and doing good are always with us. Our house, our table, our tools, our books, our city, our country, our language, our business, our profession,—the people who love us and those who hate, they who help and they who oppose—what is all this but opportunity? Wherever we may be, there is opportunity of turning to gold the dust of daily happenings.

If snow and storm keep me at home, is not here an invitation to turn to the immortal silent ones who never speak unless they are addressed? If loss or pain or wrong befall me, shall they not show me the soul of good there is in things evil? Good fortune may serve to persuade us that the essential good is a noble mind and a conscience without flaw. Success will make plain the things in which we fail: failure shall spur us on to braver hope and striving. If I am left alone, yet God and all the heroic dead are with me still. If a great city is my dwelling-place, the superficial life of noise and haste shall teach me how blessed a thing

it is to live within in the company of true thoughts and high resolves.

Whatever can help me to think and love, whatever can give me strength and patience, whatever can make me humble and serviceable, though it be a trifle light as air, is opportunity, whose whim it is to hide in unconsidered things, in chance acquaintance and casual speech, in the falling of an apple, in floating weeds, or the accidental explosion in a chemist's mortar.

Wisdom is habited in plainish garb, and she walks modestly, unheeded by the gaping and wondering crowd. She rules over the kingdom of little things, in which the lowly-minded hold the places of privilege. Her secrets are revealed to the careful, the patient, and the humble. They may be learned from the ant, or the flower that blooms in some hidden spot, or from the lips of husbandmen and housewives.

He is wise who finds a teacher in every man, an occasion to improve in every happening, for whom nothing is useless or in vain. If one whom he has trusted proves false, he lays it to the account of his own heedlessness and resolves to become more observant. If men scorn him, he is thankful that he need not scorn himself. If they pass him by, it is enough for him that truth and love still remain. If he is thrown with one who bears himself with ease and grace, or talks correctly in pleasantly modulated tones, or utters what can spring only from a sincere and generous mind,—there is opportunity. If he chance to find himself in the company of the rude, their vulgarity gives him a higher estimate of the worth of breeding and behaviour.

The happiness and good fortune of his fellows add

to his own. If they are beautiful or wise or strong, their beauty, wisdom, and strength shall in some way help him. The merry voices of children bring gladness to his heart ; the songs of birds wake melody there.

Whoever anywhere, in any age, spoke noble words or performed heroic deeds, spoke and wrought for him. For him Moses led the people forth from bondage ; for him the three hundred perished at Thermopylæ ; for him Homer sang ; for him Demosthenes denounced the tyrant ; for him Columbus sailed the untravelled sea ; for him Galileo gazed on the starry vault ; for him Christ died. He knows that whatever diminishes his good-will to men, his sympathy with them, even in their blindness and waywardness, makes him poorer, and he, therefore, finds means to convert faults even into opportunities for loving them more.

May we not make the stars and the mountains and the all-enduring earth minister to tranquillity of soul, to elevation of mind, and to patient striving ? Have not the flowers and the human eye and the look of heaven when the sun first appears or departs, power to show us that God is beautiful and good ? It seems scarcely possible to live in the presence of nature and not be cured of vanity and conceit. When we see how gently and patiently she effaces or beautifies all traces of convulsions, agonies, defeats, and enmities, we feel that we are able to overcome hate and envy and all ignoble passions.

—THE RT. REV. JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words,—health, peace, and competence.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

PART I

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
 And bring to me my richest mail,
 For to-morrow I go over land and sea
 In search of the Holy Grail ;
 Shall never a bed for me be spread,
 Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
 Till I begin my vow to keep ;
 Here on the rushes will I sleep,
 And perchance there may come a vision true
 Ere day create the world anew."

Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
 Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
 And into his soul the vision flew.

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
 In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
 The little birds sang as if it were
 The one day of summer in all the year,
 And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees :
 The castle alone in the landscape lay
 Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray :
 'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
 And never its gates might opened be,
 Save to lord or lady of high degree ;
 Summer besieged it on every side,
 But the churlish stone her assaults defied ;
 She could not scale the chilly wall,
 Though round it for leagues her pavilions tall

Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight ;
Green and broad was every tent,
And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
Had cast them forth : so, young and strong.
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart ;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
And gloomed by itself apart ;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome
gate,
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate ;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came ;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armour 'gan shrink and crawl,

And midway its leap his heart stood still
 Like a frozen waterfall ;
 For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
 Rased harshly against his dainty nature,
 And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
 So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust :
 " Better to me the poor man's crust,
 Better the blessing of the poor,
 Though I turn me empty from his door ;
 That is no true alms which the hand can hold ;
 He gives nothing but worthless gold
 Who gives from a sense of duty ;
 But he who gives but a slender mite,
 And gives to that which is out of sight,
 That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
 Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
 The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
 The heart outstretches its eager palm
 For a god goes with it and makes it store
 To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

PART II

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
 The bare boughs rattled shudderingly ;
 The river was dumb and could not speak,
 For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun ;
 A single crow on the tree-top bleak
 From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun ;

Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitley
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in the earldom sate ;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail ;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,
For it was just at the Christmas time ;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long-ago :
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played
And waved its signal of palms.

“ For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms ; ”—
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,

The leper, lank as the rain-blanch'd bone,
 That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
 And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
 In the desolate horror of his disease.

And Sir Launfal said, " I behold in thee
 An image of him who died on the tree ;
 Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—
 Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,
 And to thy life were not denied
 The wounds in the hands and feet and side :
 Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me ;
 Behold, through him, I give to thee ! "

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
 And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
 Remembered in what a haughtier guise

He had flung an alms to leprosie,
 When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
 And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
 The heart within him was ashes and dust ;
 He parted in twain his single crust,
 He brake the ice on the streamlet's brink,
 And gave the leper to eat and drink,
 'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
 'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
 Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
 And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
 A light shone round about the place ;
 The leper no longer crouched at his side,
 But stood before him glorified,

Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the
pine,

And they fell on Sir Launfal as snow on the brine
That mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon ;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
“ Lo, it is I, be not afraid !

In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail ;
Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now ;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water his blood that died on the tree.
The Holy Supper is kept indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need :
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare ;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and me.”

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoond :
“ The Grail in my castle here is found !
Hang my idle armour up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall ;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail.”
The castle gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall

As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough ;
 No longer scowl the turrets tall,
 The Summer's long siege at last is o'er ;
 When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
 She entered with him in disguise,
 And mastered the fortress by surprise ;
 There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
 She lingers and smiles there the whole year round ;
 The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
 Has hall and bower at his command ;
 And there's no poor man in the North Countree
 But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE GENTLEMAN

Morals and manners, which give colour to life, are of much greater importance than laws, which are but their manifestations. The law touches us here and there, but manners are about us everywhere, pervading society like the air we breathe. Good manners, as we call them, are neither more nor less than good behaviour ; consisting of courtesy and kindness ; benevolence being the preponderating element in all kinds of mutually beneficial and pleasant intercourse amongst human beings. " Civility," said Lady Montagu, " costs nothing and buys everything." The cheapest of all things is kindness, its exercise requiring the least possible trouble and self-sacrifice. " Win hearts," said Burleigh to Queen Elizabeth, " and you have all men's hearts and purses."

If we would only let nature act kindly, free from affectation and artifice, the results on social good-humour and happiness would be incalculable. The little courtesies which form the small change of life may separately appear of little intrinsic value, but they acquire their importance from repetition and accumulation. They are like the spare minutes, or the groat a day, which proverbially produce such momentous results in the course of a twelvemonth, or in a lifetime.

The cultivation of manner—though in excess it is foppish and foolish—is highly necessary in a person who has occasion to negotiate with others in matters of business. Affability and good breeding may even be regarded as essential to the success of a man in any eminent station and enlarged sphere of life; for the want of it has not infrequently been found in a great measure to neutralize the results of much industry, integrity, and honesty of character. There are, no doubt, a few strong tolerant minds which can bear with defects and angularities of manner, and look only to the more genuine qualities; but the world at large is not so forbearing, and cannot help forming its judgments and likings mainly according to outward conduct.

Another mode of displaying true politeness is consideration for the opinions of others. It has been said of dogmatism, that it is only puppyism come to its full growth; and certainly the worst form this quality can assume, is that of opinionativeness and arrogance. Let men agree to differ, and, when they do differ, bear and forbear. Principles and opinions may be maintained with perfect suavity, without coming to blows or uttering hard words; and there are

circumstances in which words are blows, and inflict wounds far less easy to heal. As bearing upon this point, we quote an instructive little parable spoken some time since by an itinerant preacher: "As I was going to the hills," said he, "early one misty morning, I saw something moving on a mountain side, so strange-looking that I took it for a monster. When I came nearer to it I found it was a man. When I came up to him I found he was my brother."

There never yet existed a gentleman but was lord of a great heart. And this may exhibit itself under the hodden-gray of the peasant as well as under the laced coat of the noble. There may be a homeliness in externals, which may seem vulgar to those who cannot discern the heart beneath; but, to the right-minded, character will always have its clear insignia.

The true gentleman has a keen sense of honour—scrupulously avoiding mean actions. His standard of probity in word and action is high. He does not shuffle or prevaricate, dodge or skulk; but is honest, upright, and straightforward. His law is rectitude—action in right lines. When he says *yes*, it is a law: and he dares to say the valiant *no* at the fitting season.

A fine trait of character was shown in the noble and gentle deed of Ney during the Peninsular War. Charles Napier was taken prisoner, desperately wounded; and his friends at home did not know whether he was alive or dead. A special messenger was sent out from England with a frigate to ascertain his fate. Baron Clouet received the flag, and informed Ney of the arrival. "Let the prisoner see his friends," said Ney, "and tell them he is well, and well treated." Clouet lingered, and Ney asked, smiling, "what more

he wanted ? ” “ He has an old mother, a widow, and blind.” “ Has he ? then let him go himself and tell her he is alive.” As the exchange of prisoners between the countries was not allowed, Ney knew that he risked the displeasure of the Emperor by setting the young officer at liberty ; but Napoleon approved the generous act.

The wreck of the *Birkenhead* off the coast of Africa on the 27th of February, 1852, affords a memorable illustration of the chivalrous spirit of men of which any age might be proud. The vessel was steaming along the African coast with 472 men and 166 women and children on board. The men belonged to several regiments then serving at the Cape, and consisting principally of recruits who had been only a short time in the service. At two o'clock in the morning, while all were asleep below, the ship struck with violence upon a hidden rock which penetrated her bottom ; and it was at once felt that she must go down. The roll of the drums called the soldiers to arms on the upper deck, and the men mustered as if on parade. The word was passed to *save the women and children* ; and the helpless creatures were brought from below, mostly undressed, and handed silently into the boats. When they had all left the ship's side, the commander of the vessel thoughtlessly called out, “ All those who can swim, jump overboard, and make for the boats.” But Captain Wright, of the 91st Highlanders, said : “ No ! if you do that, *the boats with the women must be swamped* ” ; and the brave men stood motionless. There was no boat remaining and no hope of safety, but not a heart quailed ; no one flinched from his duty in that trying moment. “ There was

not a murmur nor a cry amongst them," said a survivor, "until the vessel made her final plunge." Down went the ship, and down went the heroic band, firing a "feu de joie" as they sank beneath the waves. Glory and honour to the gentle and the brave! The examples of such men never die, but, like their memories, are immortal.

There are many tests by which a gentleman may be known; but there is one that never fails—How does he exercise power over those subordinate to him? How does he conduct himself towards women and children? How does the officer treat his men, the employer his servants, the master his pupils, and in every station those who are weaker than himself? The discretion, forbearance, and kindness with which power in such cases is used, may, indeed, be regarded as the crucial test of gentlemanly character. When La Motte was one day passing through a crowd, he accidentally trod upon the foot of a young fellow, who forthwith struck him on the face: "Ah, sir," said La Motte, "you will surely be sorry for what you have done, when you know that *I am blind*." He who bullies those who are not in a position to resist may be a snob, but cannot be a gentleman.

He who tyrannizes over the weak and helpless may not be a coward, but he certainly is no true man. The tyrant, it has been said, is but a slave turned inside out. Strength, and the consciousness of strength, in a right-hearted man imparts a nobleness to his character; but he will be most careful how he uses it; for

It is excellent

To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous

To use it like a giant.

Gentleness is indeed the best test of gentlemanliness. A consideration for the feelings of others, for his inferiors and dependants as well as his equals, and respect for their self-respect, will pervade the true gentleman's whole conduct. He will rather himself suffer a small injury, than by an uncharitable construction of another's behaviour incur the risk of committing a great wrong. He will be forbearant of the weaknesses, the failings, and the errors of those whose advantages in life have not been equal to his own. He will be merciful even to his beast. He will not boast of his wealth, or his strength, or his gifts. He will not be puffed up by success, or unduly depressed by failure. He will not obtrude his views upon others, but speak his mind freely when occasion calls for it. He will not confer favours with a patronizing air. Sir Walter Scott once said of Lord Lothian: "He is a man from whom one may receive a favour, and that's saying a great deal in these days."

The quaint old Fuller sums up in a few words the character of the true gentleman and man of action in describing that of the great admiral, Sir Francis Drake: "Chaste in his life, just in his dealings, true of his word; merciful to those that were under him, and hating nothing so much as idleness; in matters especially of moment, he was never wont to rely on other men's care, how trusty or skilful soever they might seem to be, but, always contemning danger, and refusing no toil, he was wont himself to be one (whoever was a second) at every turn, where courage, skill, or industry was to be employed."

—SAMUEL SMILES.

“GENTLEMEN, THE KING!”

When I was a child and knelt on a big hassock in the rectory pew of a Suffolk church, I used to wonder, while flies droned against the green-tinted diamond paned windows, and the crowing of roosters came with drowsy sunshine through the open door, whether the dear, sad-faced lady in a widow's cap, whose picture hung in our nursery above the gray rocking-horse, knew that my father was praying for her good health.

I used to wonder, too, whether she ever reflected how at that particular moment, from one end of England to the other, men were breathing her woman's name into the hearing of the King of Kings, Lord of Lords, the only Ruler of princes. How wonderful for that little lady to think of this universal supplication—how humbling, how uplifting! Did she bow her head very, very low, I wondered, as the choric prayer of England rose in the hush of those Sabbath morns from city to town, from village and hamlet—the voice of her great little England approaching the confidence of God on her behalf.

“Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favour to behold our most gracious Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, and so replenish her with the grace of Thy Holy Spirit, that she may always incline to Thy will, and walk in Thy way. Endue her plenteously with heavenly gifts; grant her in health and wealth long to live; strengthen her that she may vanquish and overcome all her enemies; and finally, after this life, she may obtain everlasting joy and felicity.”

The innocent wonder of childhood lies far behind me on the dusty road of life. He who prayed and she for whom he prayed have both out-soared the shadow of our night. Other children play in that Suffolk glebe, a different voice wakes the Sabbath echoes in that village church, and another inhabits the majestic splendour of the throne of England.

Here in Canada, far away in the West, with the croon of the Pacific Ocean in my ears and the scents of a deep, cool, pine forest stealing into the candles through the opening of a tent, I find my wonderment following the ancient trail of a far-away childhood. Does Edward the Seventh, I asked myself, ever reflect that in all the zones of the world, night after night, year in, year out, at the old familiar call, “Gentlemen, the King!”—men of Shakespeare’s blood and Alfred’s lineage spring to their feet, as at the sound of a trumpet and the local welkin rings with the anthem of the British? Is he conscious, wheresoever he be at this moment, of the low, strong rumbling Amen of our anthem, which rolls through the tent as we set down our glasses and resume our chairs—“The King!—God bless him.” Every night, in every quarter of the globe, as constant as the stars, as strong as the mountains, this pledge of loyalty, this profession of faith by the clean-hearted British—“The King!—God bless him.”

Presently the chairman rises to propose another toast, but my thoughts cling to the ancient trail. I see a vision of Windsor Castle, with the Royal Standard streaming out against a sky of summer turquoise, exactly as it shone for my boyish eyes in a box of bricks. The fragrance of England’s May-breathing

hedgerows and the deep earthy scents of her glimmering woods of oak and elm, come to me from the fields of memory. All that makes England demi-Paradise—her rose-hung hedges, her green woods, her creeping rivers, her April orchards, and her March-blown hills—all this gracious pageantry rises in a green and tender mirage to the eyes of my musing. And as I feel the spell and magic of "this other Eden" I feel also the pomp and splendour of the British throne, I understand how it is that whithersoever I go in Canada, men stand up like soldiers at the toast of the King, and, though but a moment hence they were laughing over a light story, sing with exaltation the anthem of the British: "The King!—God bless him." He is to these dwellers in a far land, these English Esaus, who "tramp free hills and sleep beneath blue sky," the magic name which opens for them the gates of the past, and shows again the pleasant vision of childhood. At the name of the King rises the vision of England, Windsor Castle, the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey—all the crowded historic greatness of free and glorious England—this memory, with childhood's picture of Yeomen of the Guard, Lord Mayor processions, and the swirl of craft under the Thames bridges, leaps in one fond yearning affection to the exiled heart at the toast of the King. All that men learned of England at the knees of their mothers comes like a vision at the call of the King. At that name Esau dreams his dream of home.

How great and good a thing to be the head and fountain of a world-wandering people! What a sublime reflection for a single individual that men and women, scattered across the great globe, and sundered from

each other by every sea that rolls beneath the stars, regard his name as a band binding them in a great communion. To be the captain of the British people—is there higher office on the earth? To feel oneself the symbol and the sigil of a great race marching to wider freedom—is there nobler inspiration under heaven?

How often I have raised my glass in London to the toast of his Majesty, and murmured like a school-boy repeating his lesson the concordant affirmation, “The King!—God bless him.” But here, separated by a continent and an ocean from the shores of England, what significance there is in the toast, and what emotion in the voices of those who stand to drink! Here in the Island of Vancouver, all formality slips from the proceeding, and our toast is sacred, like a religious service. We are men seeking to express communion. We are free people uttering the ritual of our unity. The flag which drapes the table enfolds an empire. The name of the King knits us into a common family. With what a proud challenge it rings out: “The King!—the King!” And then, quietly, under the breath, the short emphatic prayer: “God bless him!”

My thoughts go back over the long journey from Quebec to the city of Victoria. Scarce has a day passed but in some city or village we have stood to drink the loyal and ancient toast. Not only in the proud club-houses and hotels of prosperous cities, but in little lake-side hamlets, in new-built prairie towns, and in the midst of the Rocky Mountains. And, not only have we been called upon to drink that toast by the millionaire, the politician, and the university

professor, but by broken men, who drift from land to land, from city to city, who drink too deeply and who live too madly, but in whose tempestuous and all but lawless brains beats still the lilt of England's song. "Gentlemen—the King!" For that moment we are all gentlemen. For that moment Esau wears the European livery of his brother Jacob.

It is thus throughout the vast Dominion of Canada. It is thus in the mighty Empire of India. It is thus in ancient Egypt. It is thus in South Africa. It is thus in Australia. Shore calls to shore the ancient pledge, and the ships that sail between link voice to voice. Hark, how it rings across the world, that cry, "The King!—God bless him!"—from one whole continent, from a hundred peninsulas, from five hundred promontories, from a thousand lakes, from two thousand rivers, from ten thousand islands, and from seventy out of every hundred ships at sea. What pride, what pomp, what honour, what responsibility—to be the inspiration of that prayer.

—HAROLD BEGBIE.

RECESSIONAL

(1897)

God of our fathers, known of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
 Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget !

The tumult and the shouting dies ;
The captains and the kings depart :
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

Far-called our navies melt away ;
On dune and headland sinks the fire :
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord ! Amen.
—RUDYARD KIPLING.

But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost
And ever is justice done.

ST. AGNES' EVE

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon :
My breath to heaven like vapour goes :
 May my soul follow soon !
The shadows of the convent-towers
 Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
 That lead me to my Lord :
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
 As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
 That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
 To yonder shining ground ;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
 To yonder argent round ;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
 My spirit before Thee ;
So in mine earthly house I am,
 To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far,
 Thro' all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, Thy bride, a glittering star,
 In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors ;
 The flashes come and go ;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
 And strows her lights below,

And deepens on and up ! the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with His bride !

—LORD TENNYSON.

OFF HELIGOLAND

Ghostly ships in a ghostly sea,
(Here's to Drake in the Spanish main !)
Hark to the turbines, running free,
Oil-cups full and the orders plain.
Plunging into the misty night,
Surging into the rolling brine,
Never a word, and never a light,
—This for England, that love of mine !

Look ! a gleam on the starboard bow,
(Here's to the *Fighting Temeraire* !)
Quartermaster, be ready now,
Two points over, and keep her there.
Ghostly ships—let the foemen grieve.
Yon's the Admiral, tight and trim,
And one more—with an empty sleeve—
Standing a little aft of him !

Slender, young, in a coat of blue,
 (Here's to the *Agamemnon's* pride !)
 Out of the mists that long he knew,
 Out of the *Victory*, where he died,
 Here, to the battle-front he came.
 See, he smiles in his gallant way !
 Ghostly ships in a ghostly game,
 Roaring guns on a ghostly day !

There, in his white silk smalls he stands,
 (Here's to Nelson, with three times three !)
 Coming out of the misty lands
 Far, far over the misty sea.
 Now the Foe is a crippled wreck,
 Limping out of the deadly fight.
 Smiling yond, on the quarterdeck
 Stands the Spirit, all silver-bright.

—J. E. MIDDLETON.

THE RUDDER

Of what are you thinking, my little lad, with honest
 eyes of blue,
 As you watch the vessels that slowly glide o'er the
 level ocean floor ?
 Beautiful, graceful, silent as dreams they pass away
 from our view,
 And down the slope of the world they go, to seek
 some far-off shore.

They seem to be scattered abroad by chance, to move
at the breezes' will,
Aimlessly wandering hither and yon, and melting
in distance gray ;
But each one moves to a purpose firm, and the winds
their sails that fill,
Like faithful servants speed them all on their
appointed way.

For each has a rudder, my dear little lad, with a
stanch man at the wheel,
And the rudder is never left to itself, but the will of
a man is there ;
There is never a moment, day or night, that the vessel
does not feel
The force of the purpose that shapes her course
and the helmsman's watchful care.

Some day you will launch your ship, my boy, on life's
wide treacherous sea ;
Be sure your rudder is wrought of strength, to stand
the stress of the gale ;
And your hand on the wheel, don't let it flinch, whatever
the tumult may be,
For the will of man with the help of God, shall
conquer and prevail.

—ANONYMOUS.

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